VOGUE

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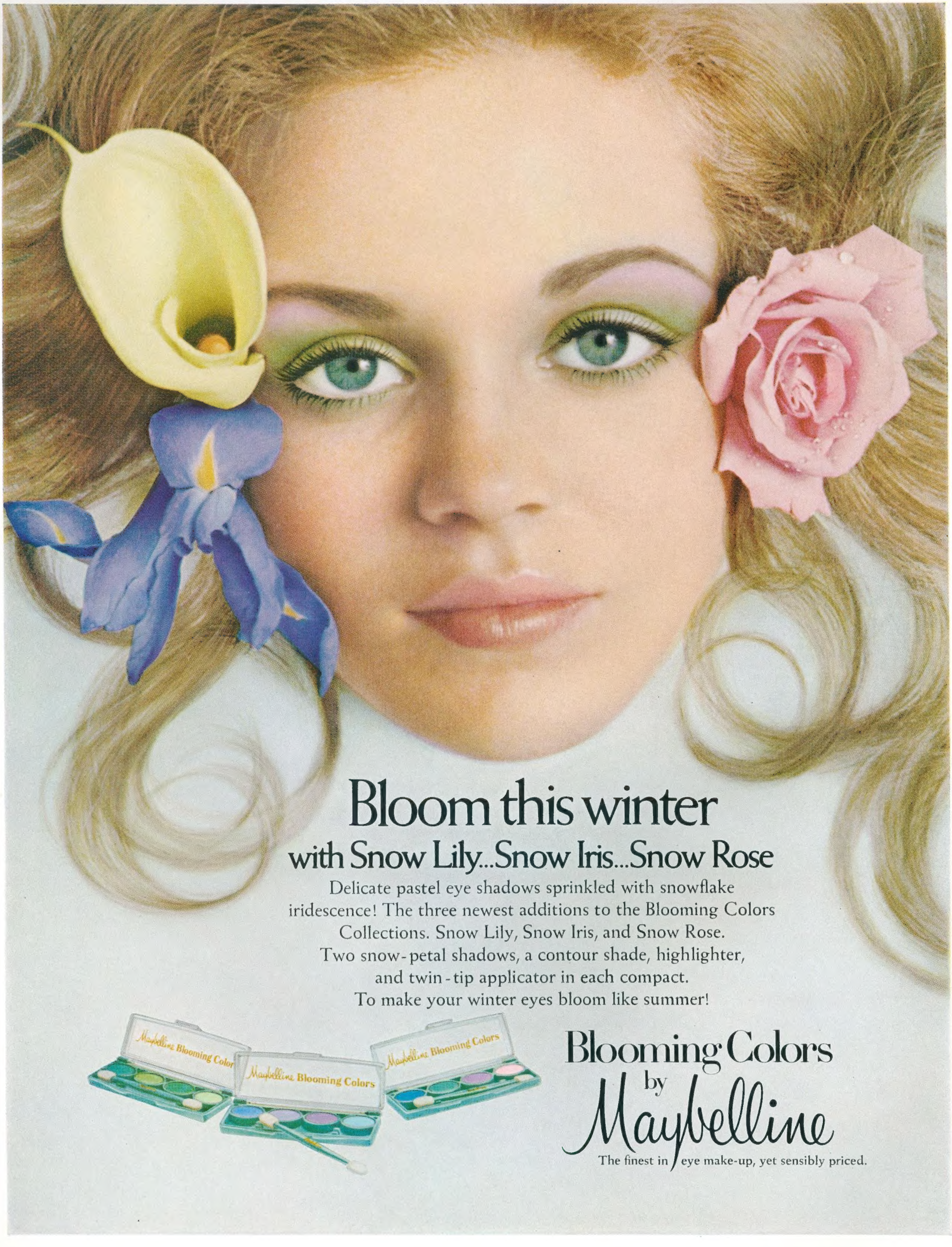
HOW TO HAVE
THE DISCIPLINE
THAT MAKES YOU
LOOK LIKE A BEAUTY
DELICIOUS SECRETS
FROM THE LIVES OF
GREAT BEAUTIES

THE PERFECT BOSOM
PLASTIC SURGEONS
TELL YOU
HOW TO HAVE IT

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

HAIRDRESSERS
TELL YOU HOW TO
GO 6 WEEKS
WITHOUT THEM

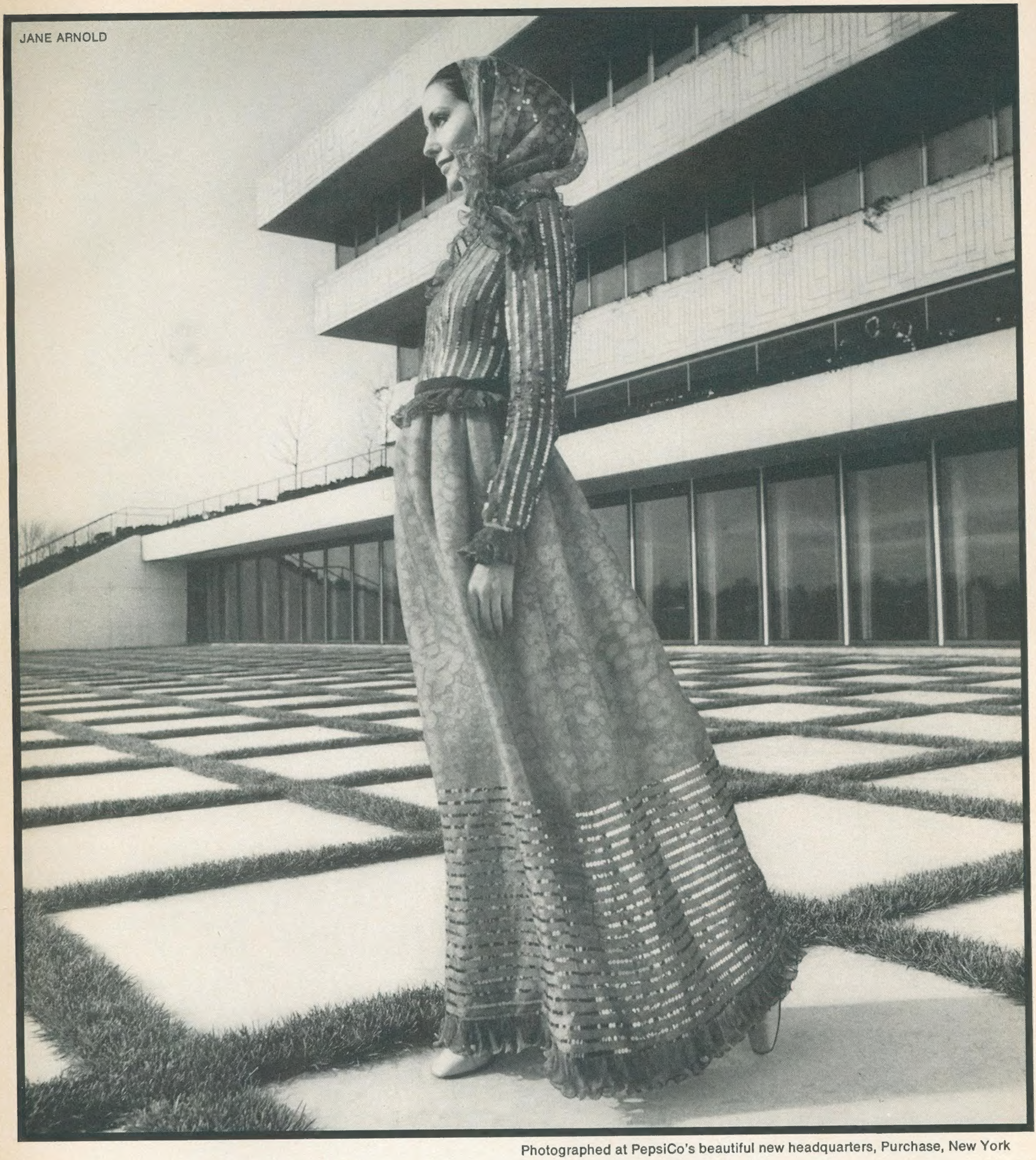
SEX
AND THE IMPORTANCE
OF LOVING YOURSELF


Maybelline Blooming Colors
Maybelline Blooming Colors
Maybelline Blooming Colors

Bloom this winter
with Snow Lily...Snow Iris...Snow Rose

Delicate pastel eye shadows sprinkled with snowflake iridescence! The three newest additions to the Blooming Colors Collections. Snow Lily, Snow Iris, and Snow Rose. Two snow-petal shadows, a contour shade, highlighter, and twin-tip applicator in each compact. To make your winter eyes bloom like summer!

Blooming Colors
by
Maybelline
The finest in eye make-up, yet sensibly priced.



JANE ARNOLD

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Martha

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EXCLUSIVE

OSCAR DE LA RENTA BOUTIQUE, sashaying into denim.
A whirl of red-white-and-blue cotton. $130.

JANUARY 15, 1971 INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

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ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

COVER: Super!—The Blue Denim Look for anytime—anywhere, and the girl who wears it here, Catherine Jourdan, young French actress of the movie *Le Rendez-vous dans la forêt*. Pierre d'Alby pocketed and saddle-stitched battle-jacket and skirt of Dacron and cotton. About $70. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin. Martine Murat choker. . . . Super-pretty with blue denim: The super-good glow of Little Toasty translucent makeup and spirited Racing Bronze lipstick from Bonne Bell.

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Andrea lashes out at what you can do without

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the safe, gentle way

with new
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CREME BLEACH

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Hair problems fade . . . when you lighten those unwanted hairs with this latest product of Andrea's advanced beauty thinking. Quick, like light'ning, superfluous hairs blend into natural skin tones. Simple . . . effective . . . medically tested and approved for even the most sensitive skin.

Save 50¢ while introductory offer lasts! Reg. $3.00 . . . NOW $2.50

A great looking pair of boots pulled your winter midis together, but what are you going to do for resort and the long hot summer?

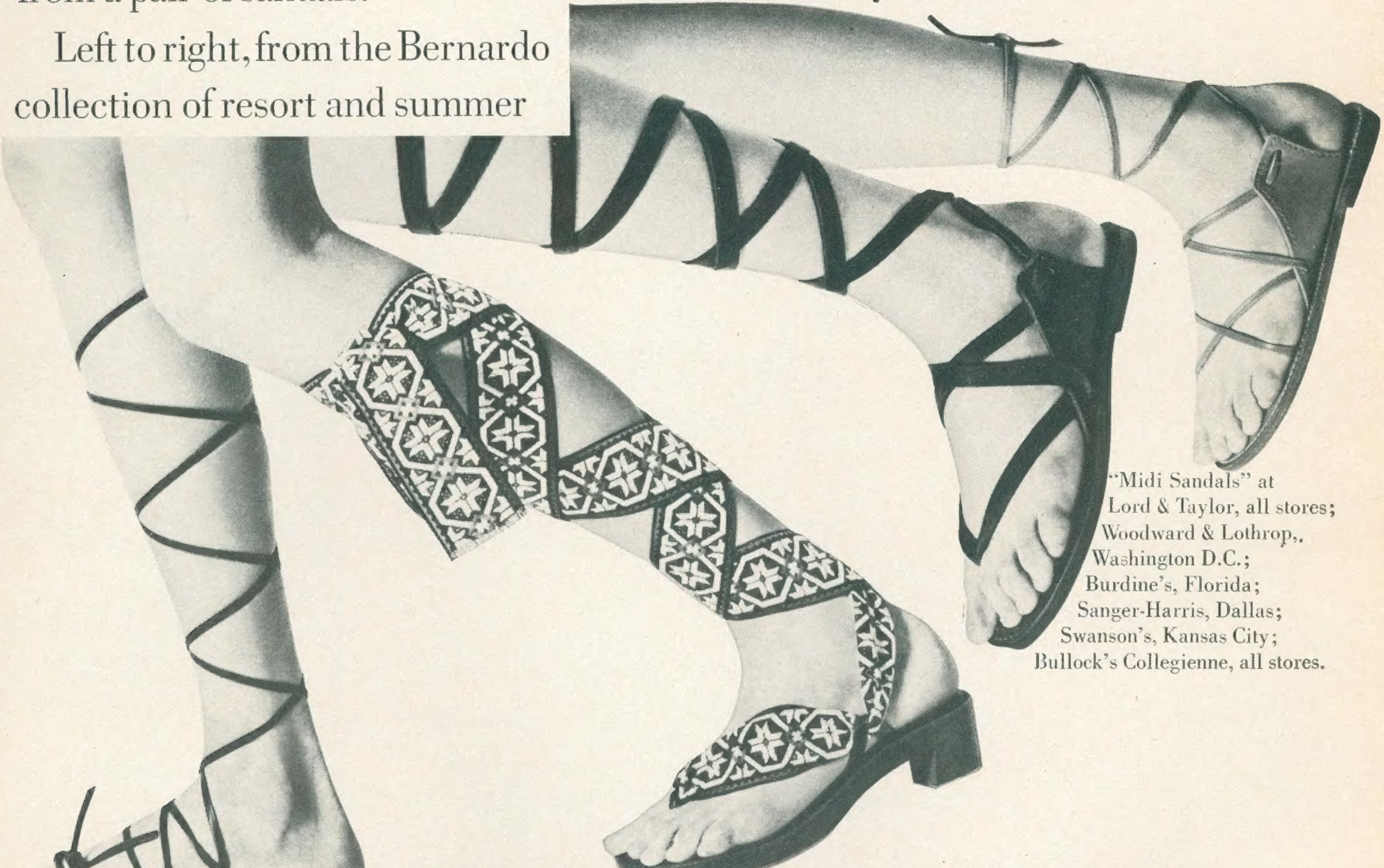
Bernardo has come up with "Midi Sandals". You get all the cover-up the midi asks without losing one whit of the coolness and comfort of summering in sandals.

Bernardo's "Midi Sandals" climb to varied heights and come in traditional leathers, suedes and fabrics you didn't expect to sprout from a pair of sandals.

Left to right, from the Bernardo collection of resort and summer "Midi Sandals": stripling leather that winds and re-winds, 17.00; Indian ribbon brocade to change off with any other ribbon that suits your mood, on a wooden clog sole, 24.00; the rough-hewn look of elephant leather that stands staunch on a flat sole, 14.00; the four story climber in suede or leather, 15.00.

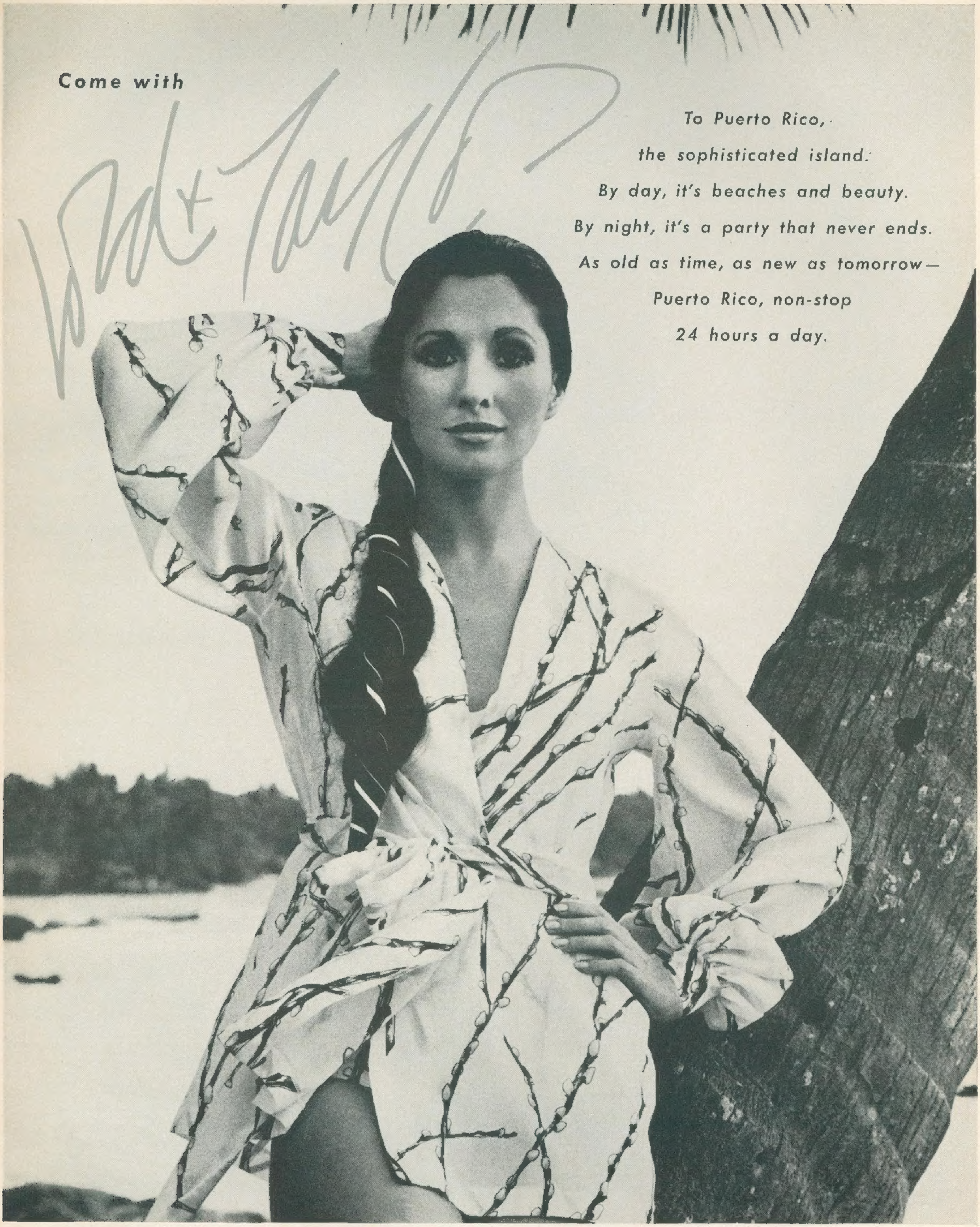
Slip out of your winter boots into resort "Midi Sandals". Write Bernardo, 17 East 22 St., N.Y.

Midi Sandals by BERNARDO



"Midi Sandals" at
Lord & Taylor, all stores;
Woodward & Lothrop,.
Washington D.C.;
Burdine's, Florida;
Sanger-Harris, Dallas;
Swanson's, Kansas City;
Bullock's Collegienne, all stores.

When you get to Acapulco, slip out of your boots and into your Midi Sandals.

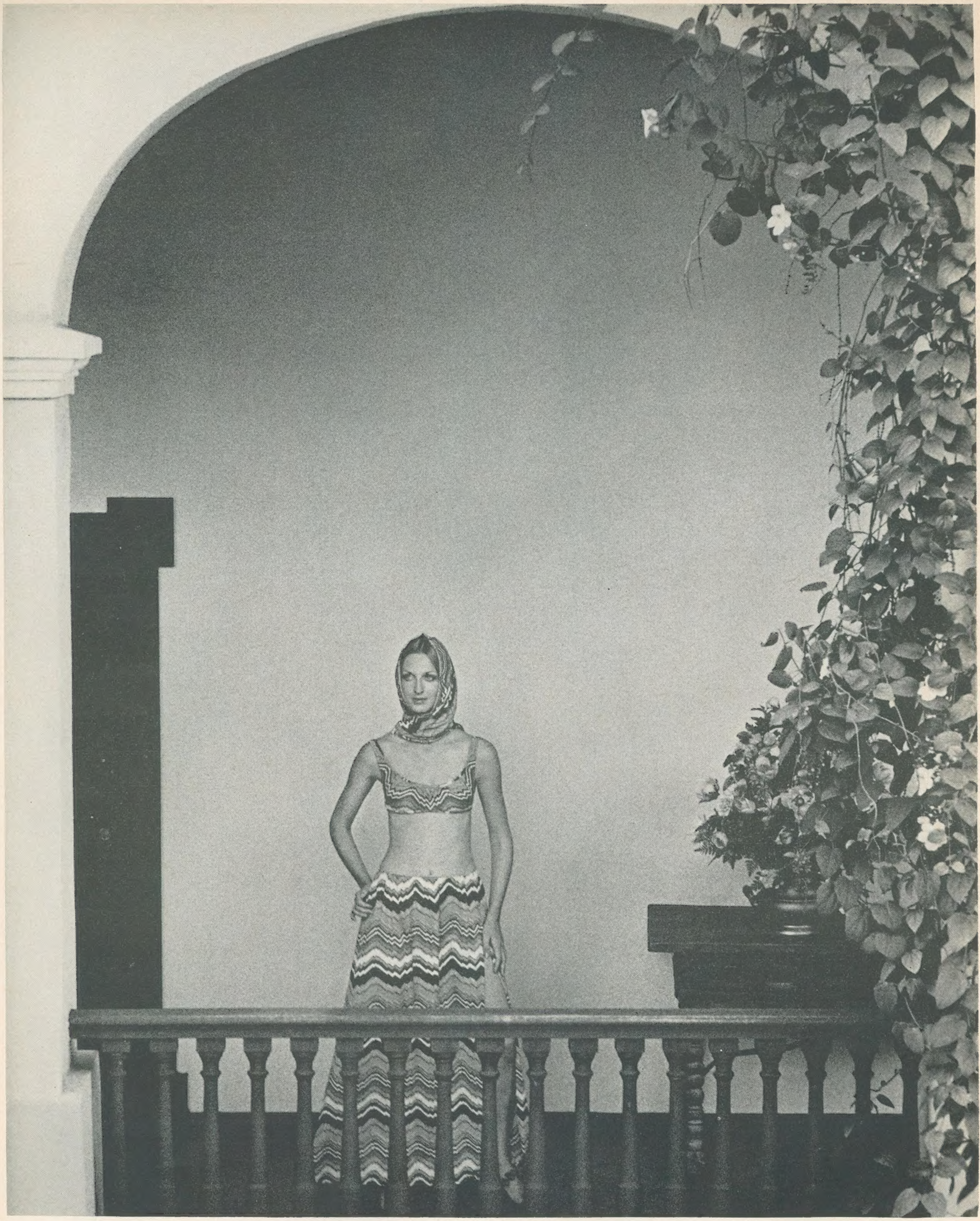


Come with Lord & Taylor

To Puerto Rico,
the sophisticated island.
By day, it's beaches and beauty.
By night, it's a party that never ends.
As old as time, as new as tomorrow—
Puerto Rico, non-stop
24 hours a day.

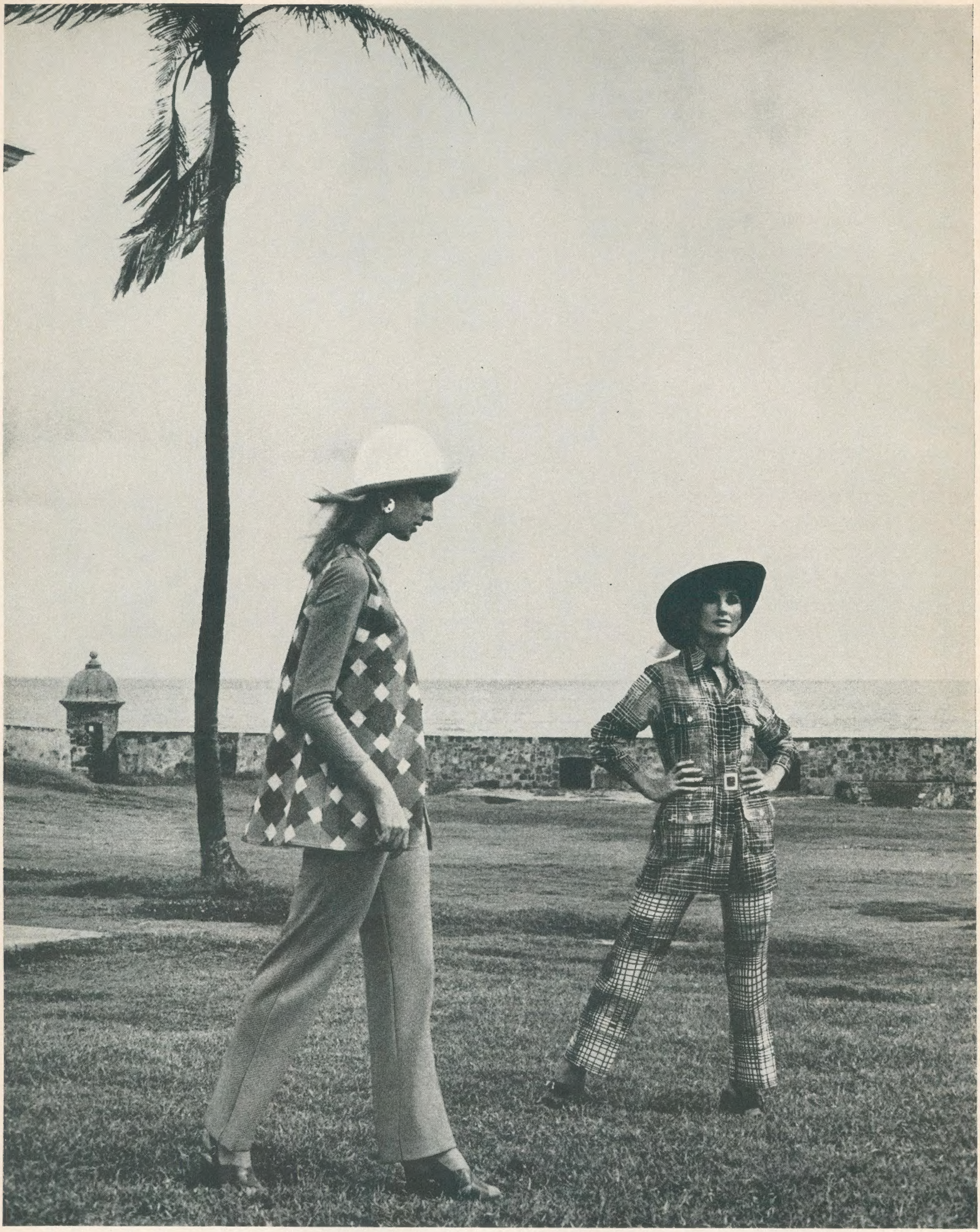
Wear our Bill Blass pussywillow swimming costume to Dorado Beach. Polyester wrap, S, M, 38.00 Matching nylon maillot, 8 to 16, 33.00 North and South Shop, Fifth Floor, **Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York**

All photographs by Robert Randall

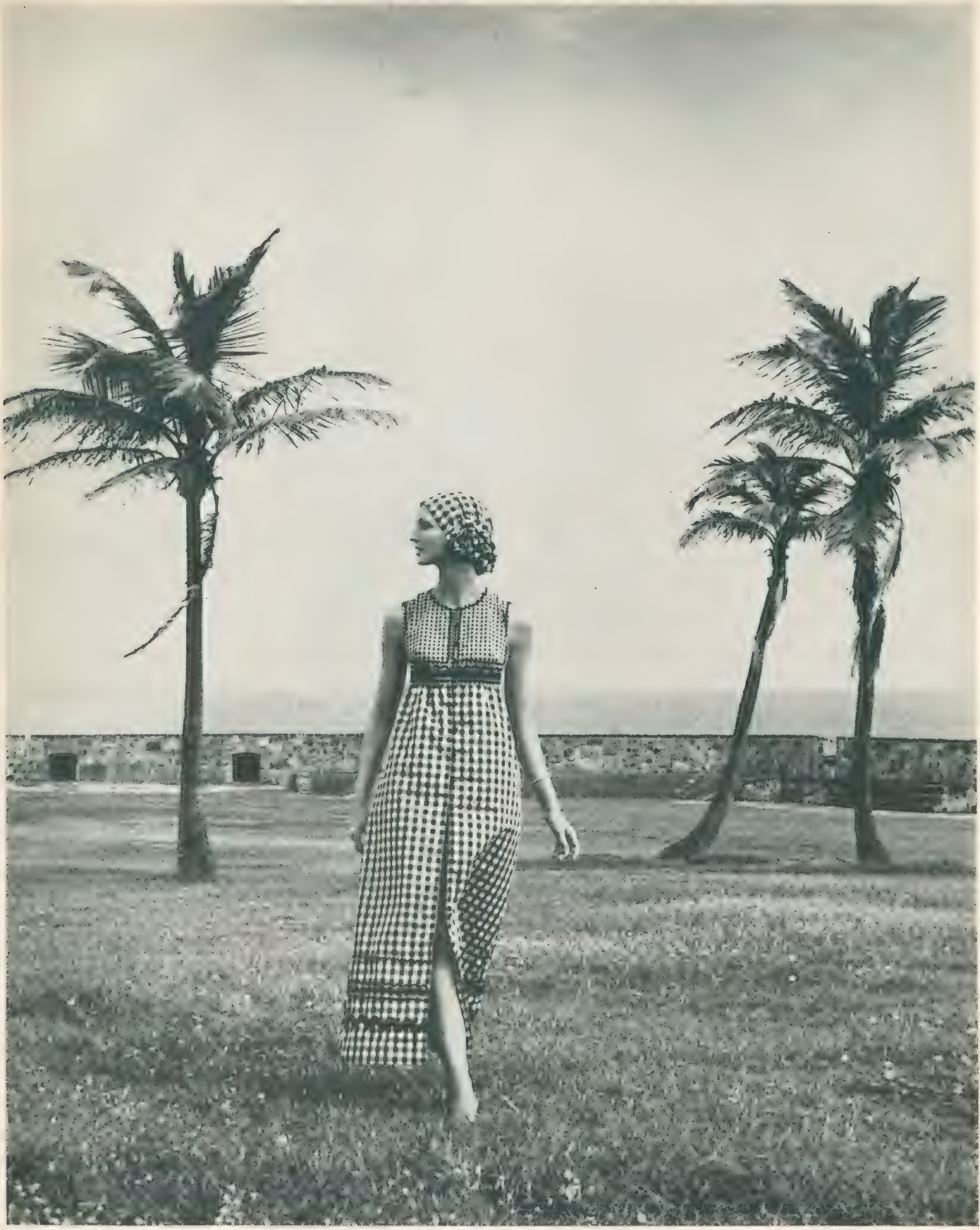


The dynamics of the new, the drama of the old Puerto Rico are captured in Brigance Waterclothes designed for us alone. Lightning stripes of blue, purple, lavender and orange on a nylon bikini, 8 to 14, 18.00; skirt and shawl, S, M, 30.00 North and South Shop, **Lord & Taylor, all stores**

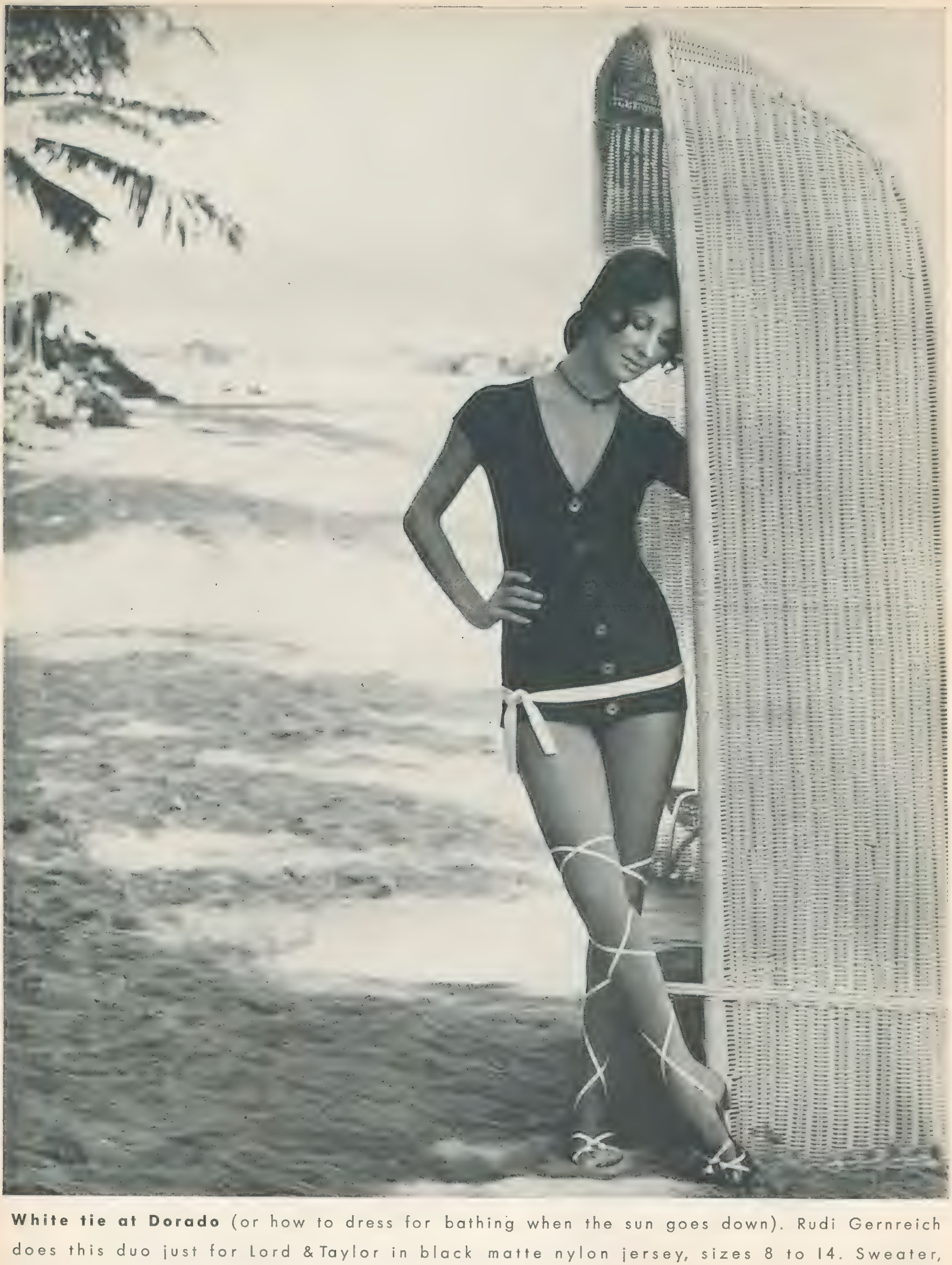
Old San Juan, 451 years old this year. Join us at El Convento, ancient convent turned hostelry, where Donald Brooks garbs the night bathers in poppies on white-red-black for us alone. Sleeved swimsuit, S, M, L, 40.00; skirt, 35.00 Nylon, for Sinclair. North and South Shop, **Lord & Taylor, all stores**



Dorado, and Brigance Waterclothes: pin-striped pants, 20.00; sleeved swimsuit, 24.00 Both, 8 to 16. Vest, S, M, L, 24.00 Red or green polyester. Evan-Picone cotton twill pants, 20.00; polyester-cotton voile shirt, 26.00 Ours alone, navy-white, 8 to 18. North and South Shop, **Lord & Taylor, all stores**

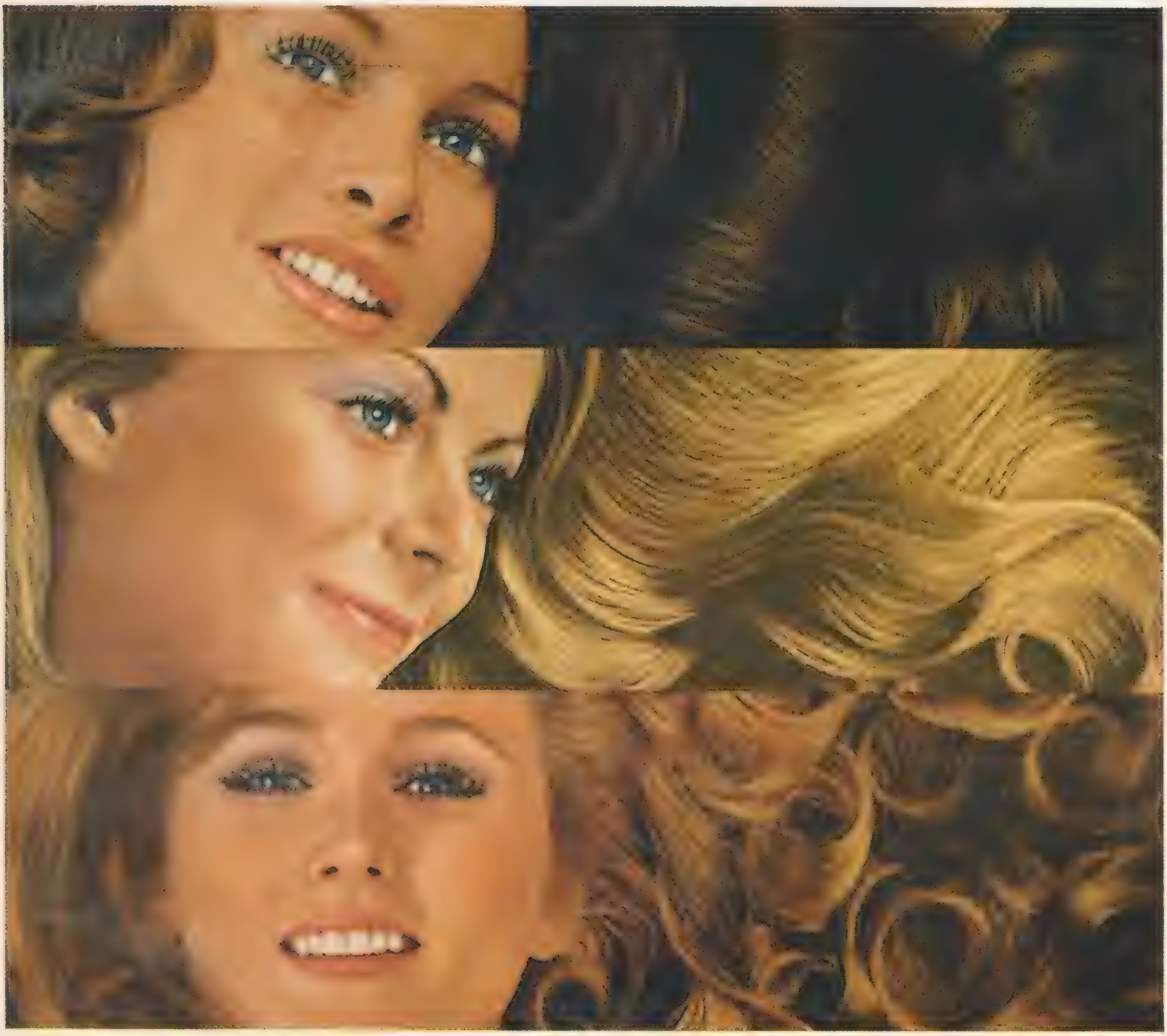


Dorado, where the fun never sets. Dress for it in black-and-white gingham checks done for us by Bob Cunningham. Long coverup takes you from beach to patio, S,M,L, 45.00; polka-dot bikini for the surf, 8 to 14, 19.00 North and South Shop, Fifth Floor, **Lord & Taylor, all stores**



White tie at Dorado (or how to dress for bathing when the sun goes down). Rudi Gernreich does this duo just for Lord & Taylor in black matte nylon jersey, sizes 8 to 14. Sweater, 36.00; minimal bikini, 25.00 North-and South Shop, Fifth Floor, **Lord & Taylor, all stores**

DISCOVER BRECK SELF-ADJUSTING HAIR COLOR



Breck® Color works with your hair's own color chemistry to give you a beautiful shade uniquely your own

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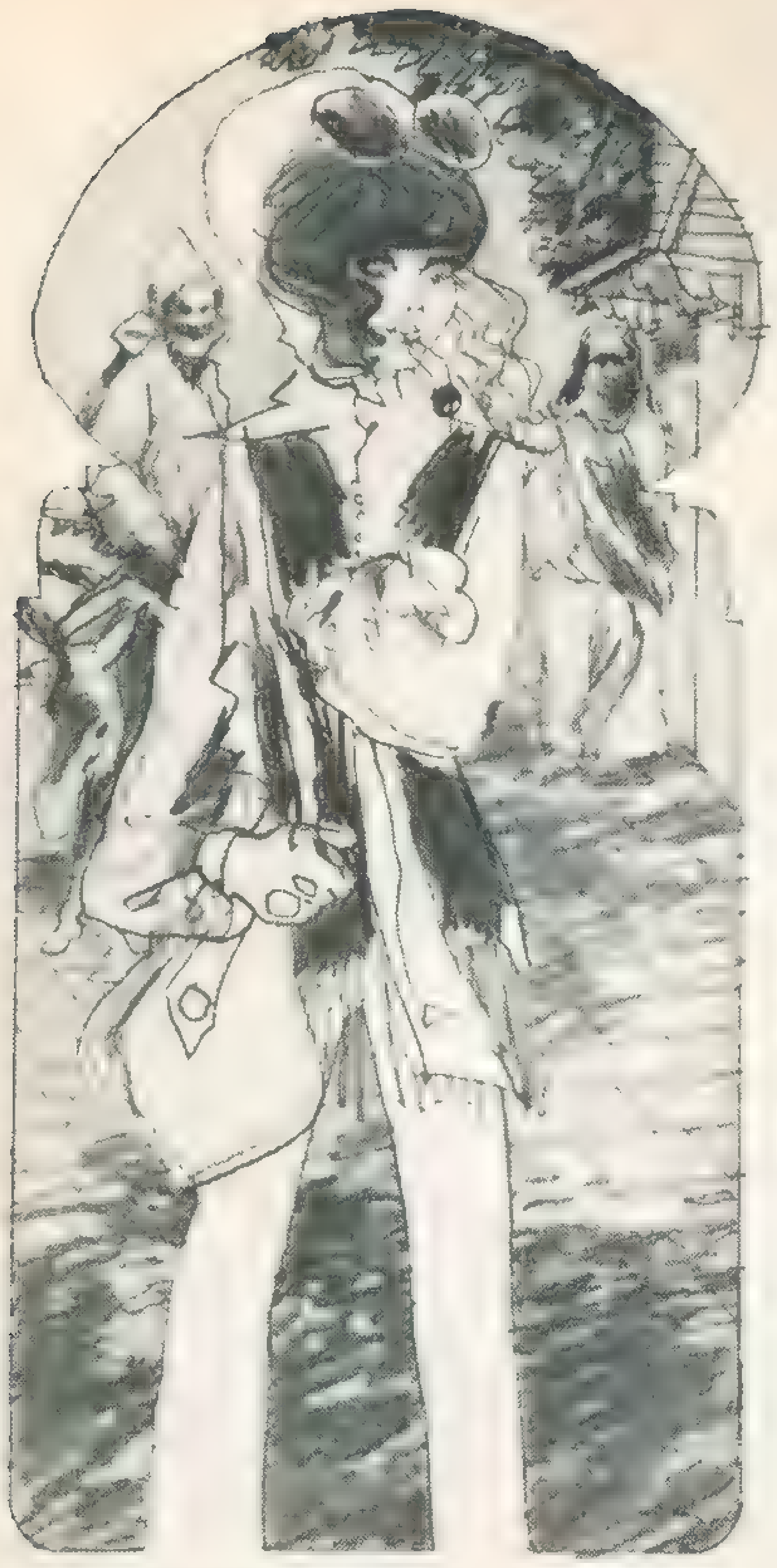
COLOR

This is subtle, beautiful color that stays that way.
Color that covers grey completely.
Now have soft, silky hair color
that belongs to you and nobody else.

Choose from Breck's 15 Self-Adjusting Shades.

BRECK COLOR



Old-fashioned pain-killers just hide monthly discomfort. PAMPRIN® Pre-Period Tablets help prevent it.

Pamprin is today's way to relieve menstrual cramps and tension. It goes to work before pain starts. Pamprin helps relieve a basic cause of discomfort: temporary water-weight build-up.

Five days or so before your period begins, excess water starts to accumulate, causing painful pressure on nerves and tissues. That's the time to take Pamprin—at the first sign of water-weight gain. Pamprin eases tomorrow's discomfort today.

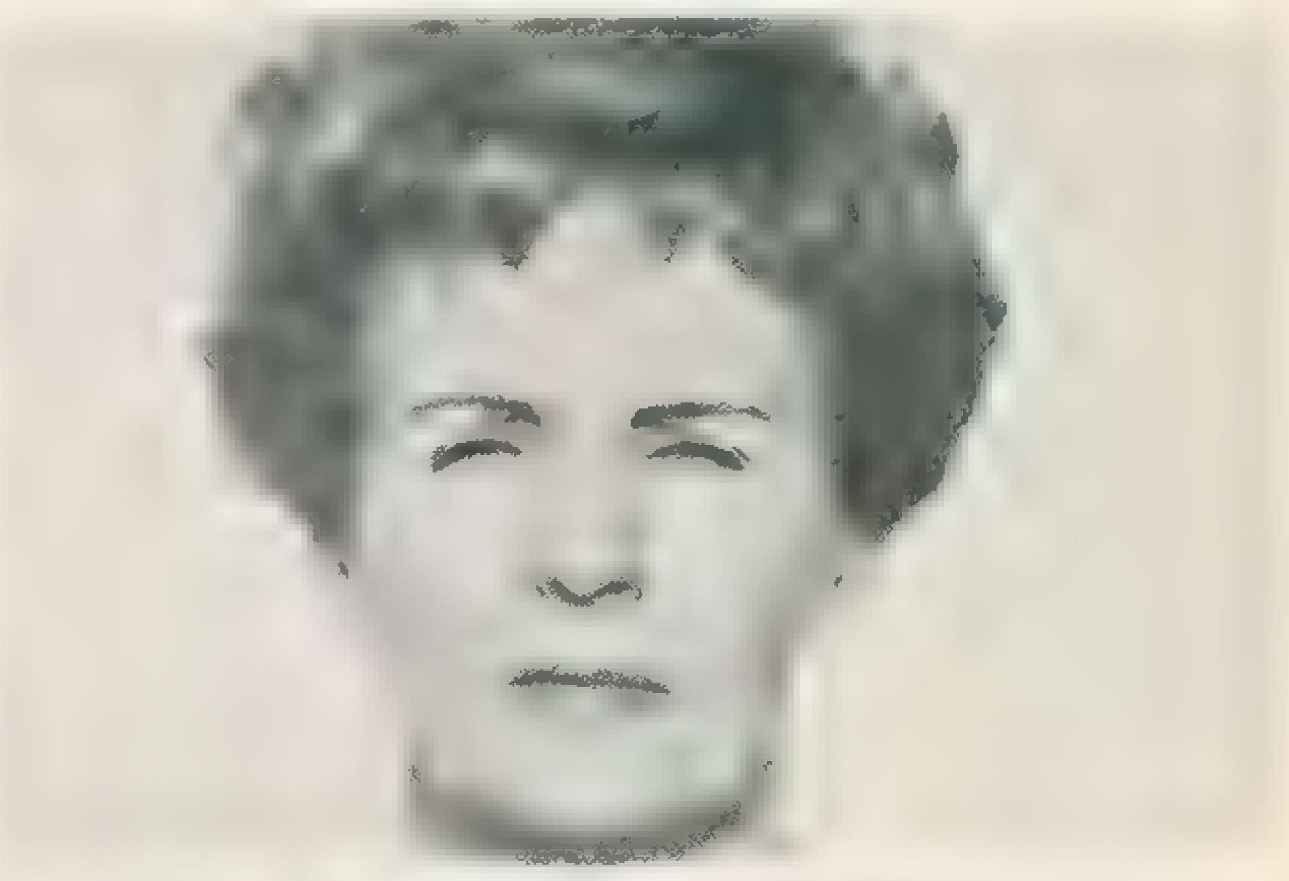
Today's way is Pamprin.

Try new clinically tested PAMPRIN® Concentrated Douche Powder, too.

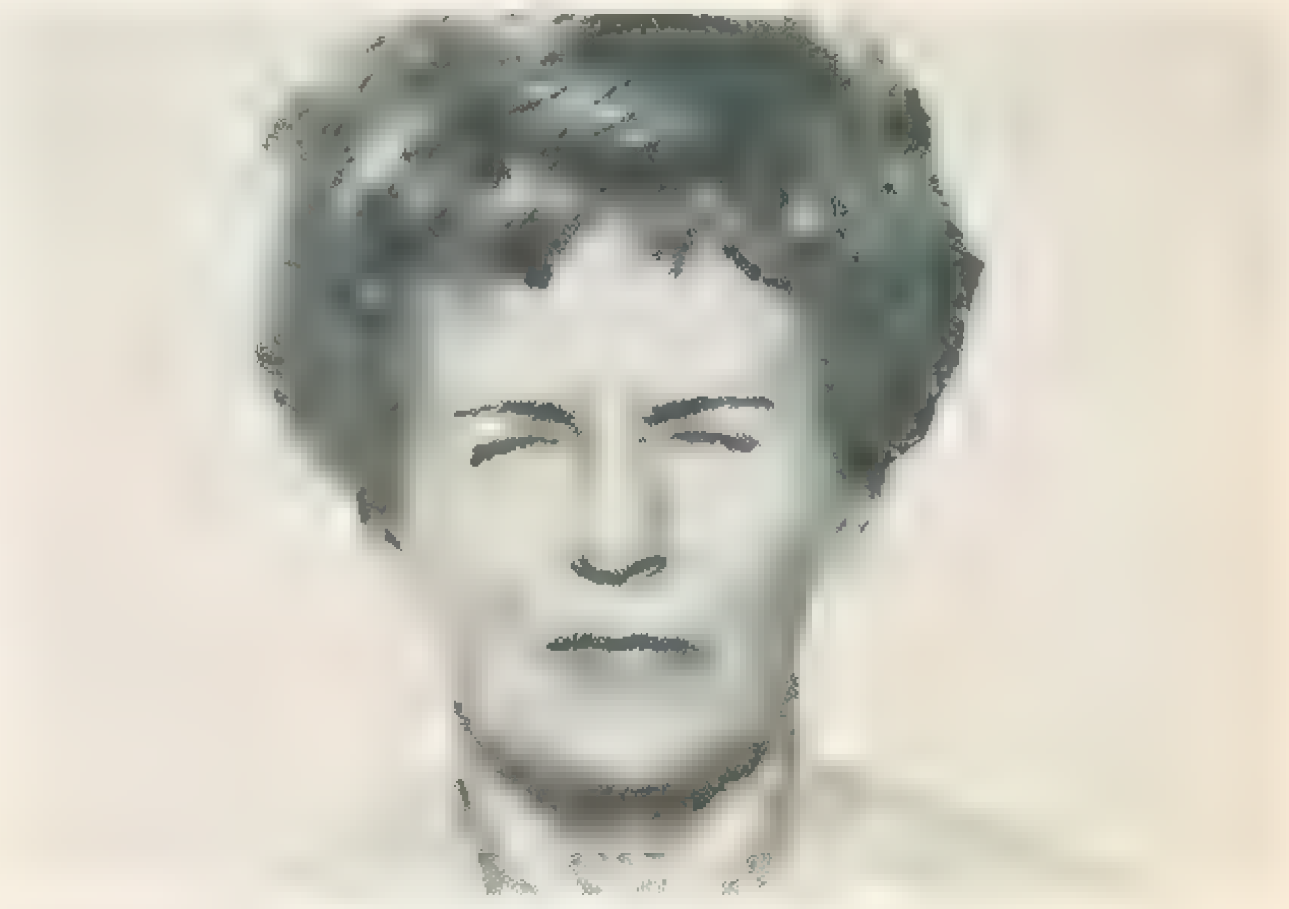
BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Fie on flabby faces

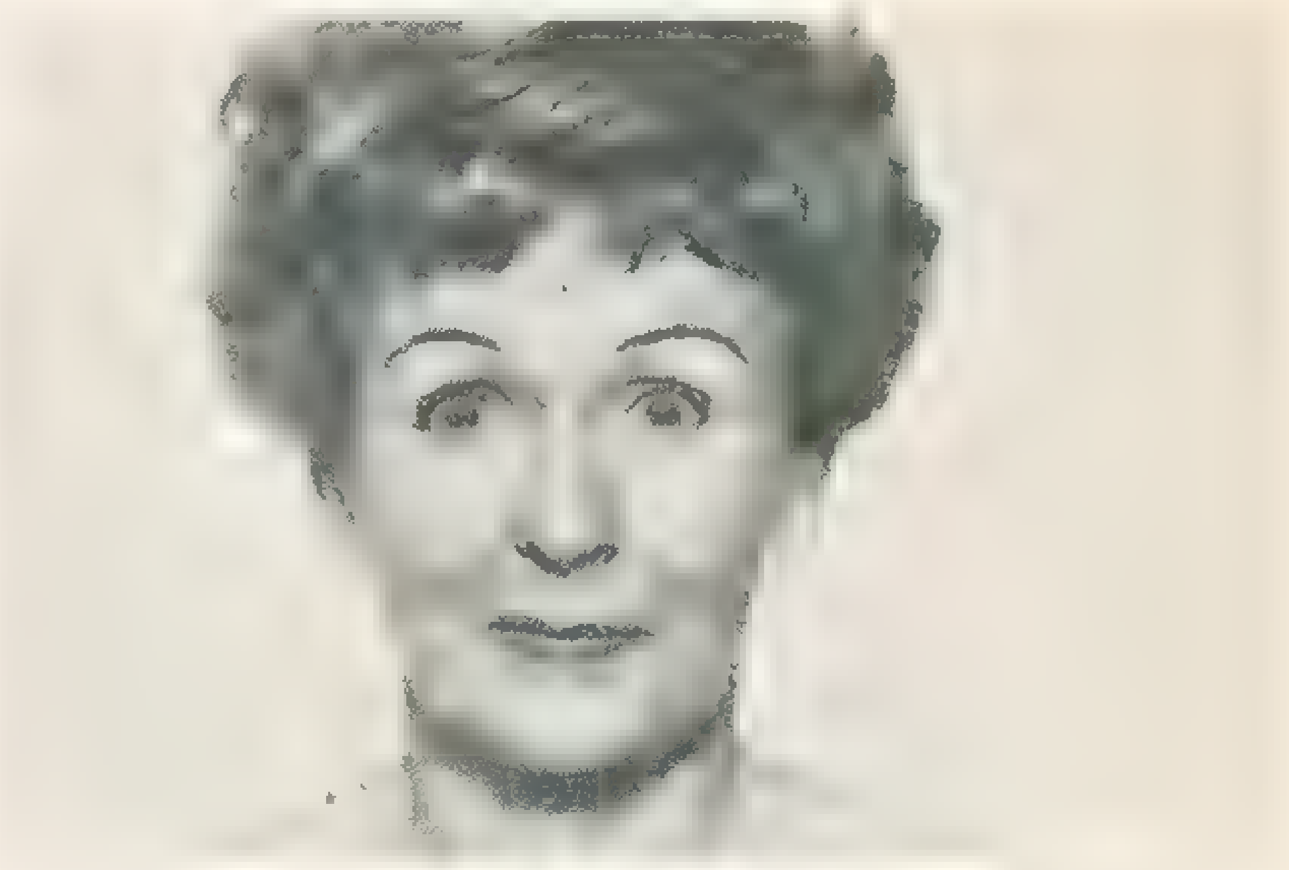
Faces that flab, and collapse into lines and puffs—those are the ones being fied upon now by Miss Craig, that intrepid shape-up lady who's high on the charts again now with a new book that does for faces what her earlier book did for bodies. Since most of this vexing face-destruction happens when a face loses its muscle tone, she has devised a way of saving faces from this sorry fate, sets it all down with her usual good-sense approach, and calls it *Miss Craig's Face-Saving Exercises*—a six-day plan for learning how to shape up a face. "In time, everything tends to sag," says the sagacious Miss Craig, "so we must give it all a lift instead." In this book, she teaches us how to give ourselves a cheering amount of face-lift in a natural way, by giving the facial muscles a regular workout. No hands—the face does it on its own, by *moues* that make these muscles get into action and regain their firmness and tone. (Skin can only be as firm and young as the flesh it covers, and everything hangs on to muscles.) All the facial exercises are illustrated by Miss Craig herself, explaining exactly how and why they're done. Included with each exercise: a diagram of the muscles in the face and neck, all precisely named—the Masseter, for instance, is the one that keeps your mouth closed—with an indication showing which muscles are being used. Miss Craig has found that when pupils see where the muscle is and how it's placed, the exercise comes easier. Shown here—her Defrowner, an exercise that discourages frown lines by putting the defrowning muscles to work. Directions tell us to (1) frown hard, (2) frown harder, (3) then lift eyebrows as high and wide as we can. According to Miss Craig, for every facial muscle that puts a line into the face, there is a counteracting muscle that takes the line away again. Trouble is, most of us use only the line-making muscles, forgetting about the line-erasing ones and the face-firming ones that just sit there getting lazy until we get after them. Miss Craig (a fine figure of a face—and body) is a living testimonial to her own time-deFieing advice. . . . *Miss Craig's Face-Saving Exercises;* Random House; $5.95.



For frown lines, frown . . .



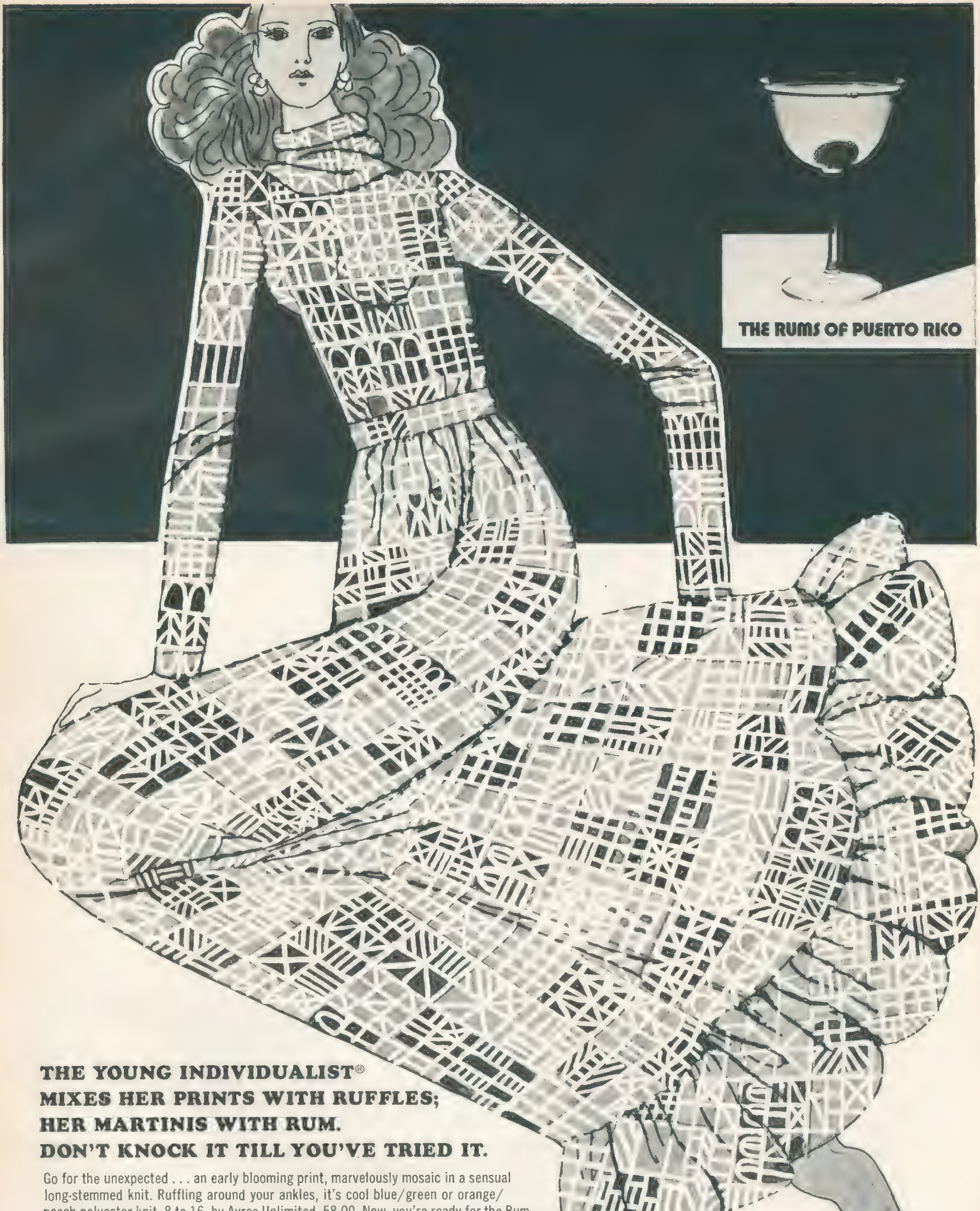
try to make eyebrows meet . . .



defrown—eyebrows high, wide

Dibs and dabs

Constant traveller, worried about an identity crisis, got herself one of those famous copper bracelets, gave it indisputable medical benefit by having all her medical data engraved on it (blood type, allergies, and such), along with her name and address. Added, for decoration, the caduceus insignia of doctors. "In case I go plop on a strange street, at least they'll have something to go on." . . . Nature stuff continuing to intrigue. . . . Nurses and other vitamin-oriented ladies opening up capsules of Vitamin E and A oils and spreading contents over face. . . . Yogurt now in face-cream form so that all its reported interior nutritional bonanzas can try themselves out on the exterior nourishment of the skin. Called, not surprisingly, Yogurt Face Cream, it comes in a tube, is made by the International Yogurt Company. . . .


THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® MIXES HER PRINTS WITH RUFFLES; HER MARTINIS WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.

Go for the unexpected . . . an early blooming print, marvelously mosaic in a sensual long-stemmed knit. Ruffling around your ankles, it's cool blue/green or orange/peach polyester knit, 8 to 16, by Ayres Unlimited, 58.00. Now, you're ready for the Rum Martini, made with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum. You'll appreciate the difference.

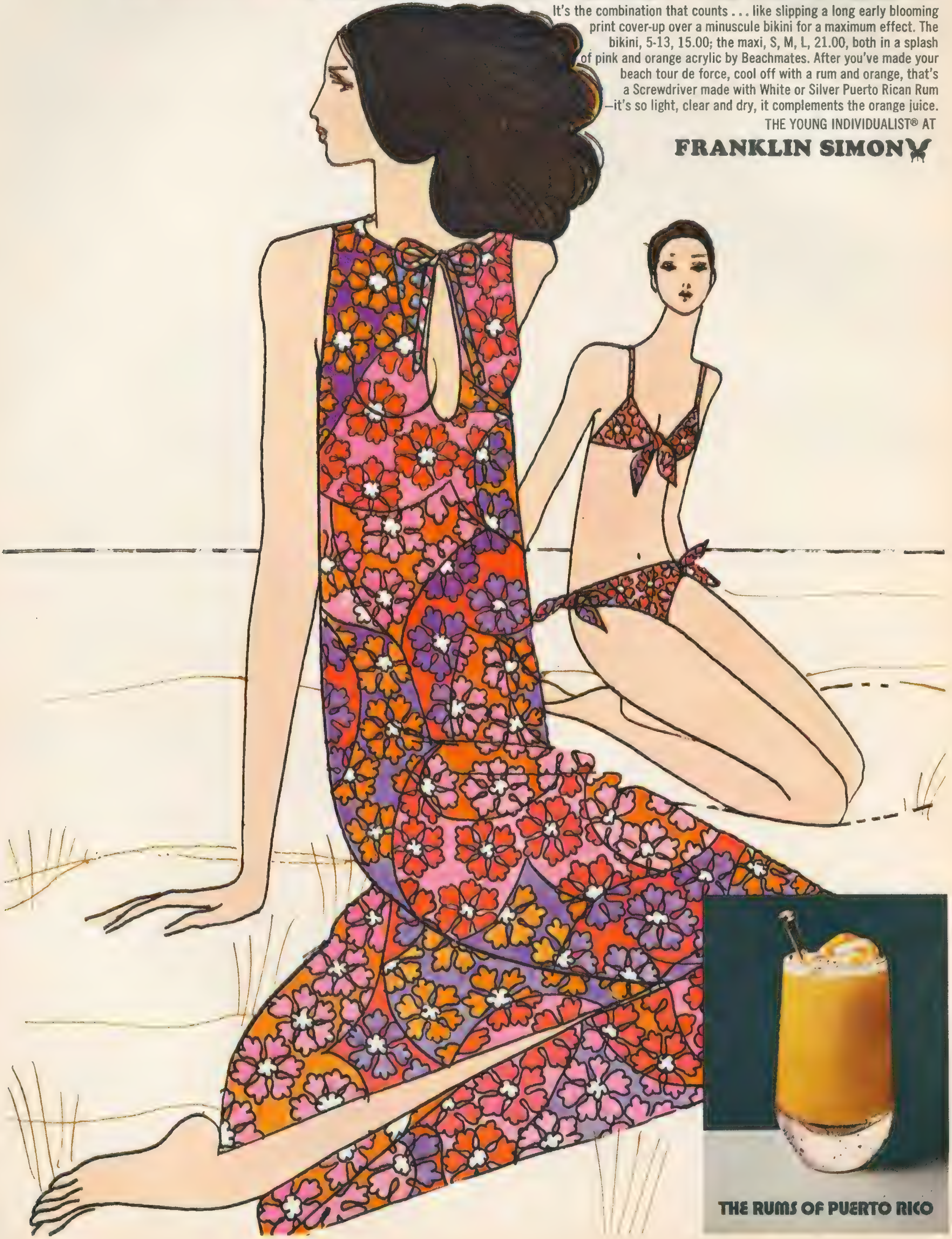
THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT **FRANKLIN SIMON**

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® LIKES RUM IN HER ORANGE JUICE AND A MAXI OVER HER BIKINI. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.

It's the combination that counts . . . like slipping a long early blooming print cover-up over a minuscule bikini for a maximum effect. The bikini, 5-13, 15.00; the maxi, S, M, L, 21.00, both in a splash of pink and orange acrylic by Beachmates. After you've made your beach tour de force, cool off with a rum and orange, that's a Screwdriver made with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum —it's so light, clear and dry, it complements the orange juice.

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT

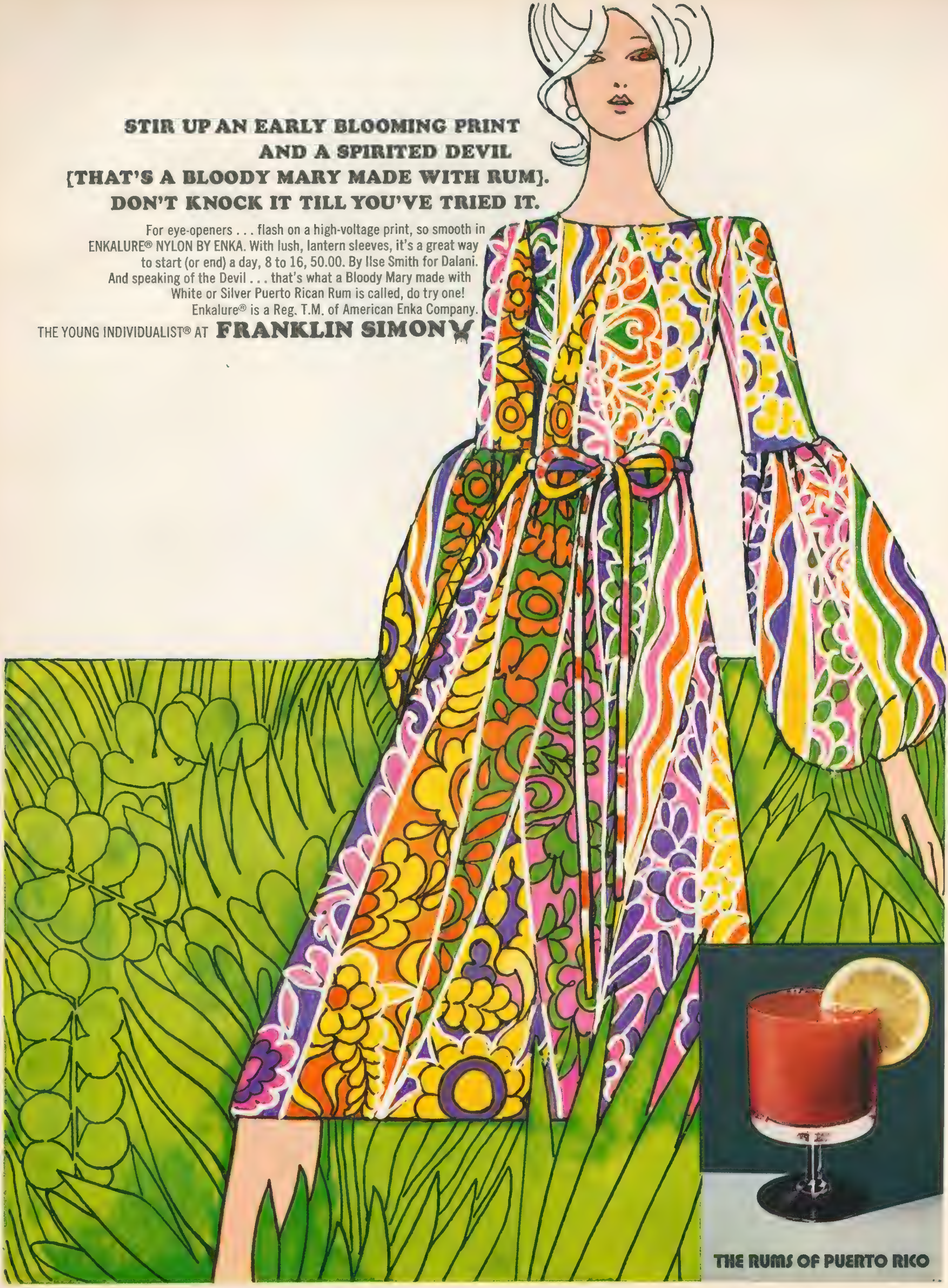
FRANKLIN SIMON


THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

STIR UP AN EARLY BLOOMING PRINT AND A SPIRITED DEVIL {THAT'S A BLOODY MARY MADE WITH RUM}. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.

For eye-openers . . . flash on a high-voltage print, so smooth in ENKALURE® NYLON BY ENKA. With lush, lantern sleeves, it's a great way to start (or end) a day, 8 to 16, 50.00. By Ilse Smith for Dalani. And speaking of the Devil . . . that's what a Bloody Mary made with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum is called, do try one! Enkalure® is a Reg. T.M. of American Enka Company.

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT **FRANKLIN SIMON**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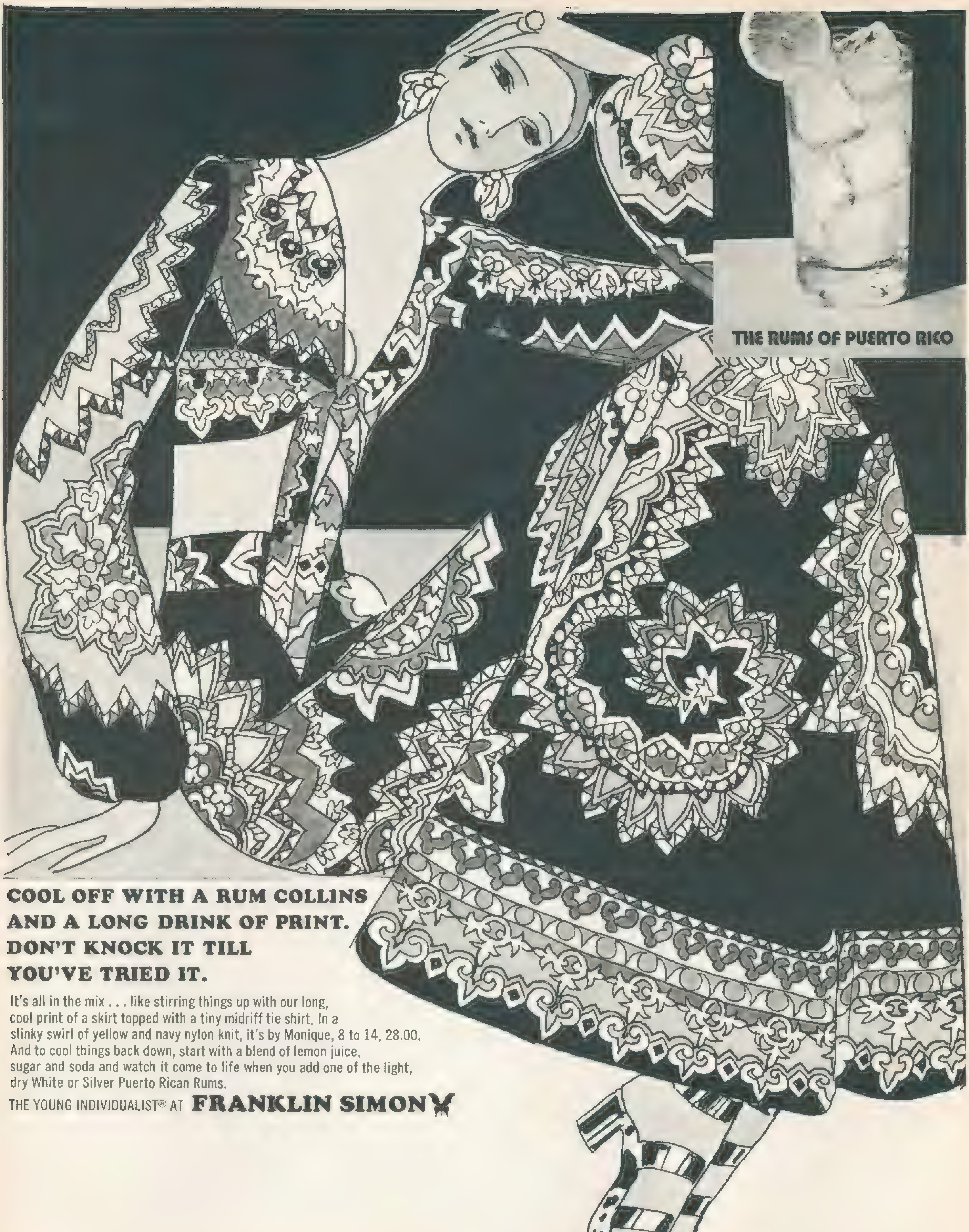

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

COOL OFF WITH A RUM COLLINS AND A LONG DRINK OF PRINT. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.

It's all in the mix . . . like stirring things up with our long, cool print of a skirt topped with a tiny midriff tie shirt. In a slinky swirl of yellow and navy nylon knit, it's by Monique, 8 to 14, 28.00. And to cool things back down, start with a blend of lemon juice, sugar and soda and watch it come to life when you add one of the light, dry White or Silver Puerto Rican Rums.

THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT **FRANKLIN SIMON**

33 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y. 10001, and suburban stores in Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut. Plus branches in Akron, Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Charlotte, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Memphis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, D. C., and Wilmington.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Protein . . . we're putting you on

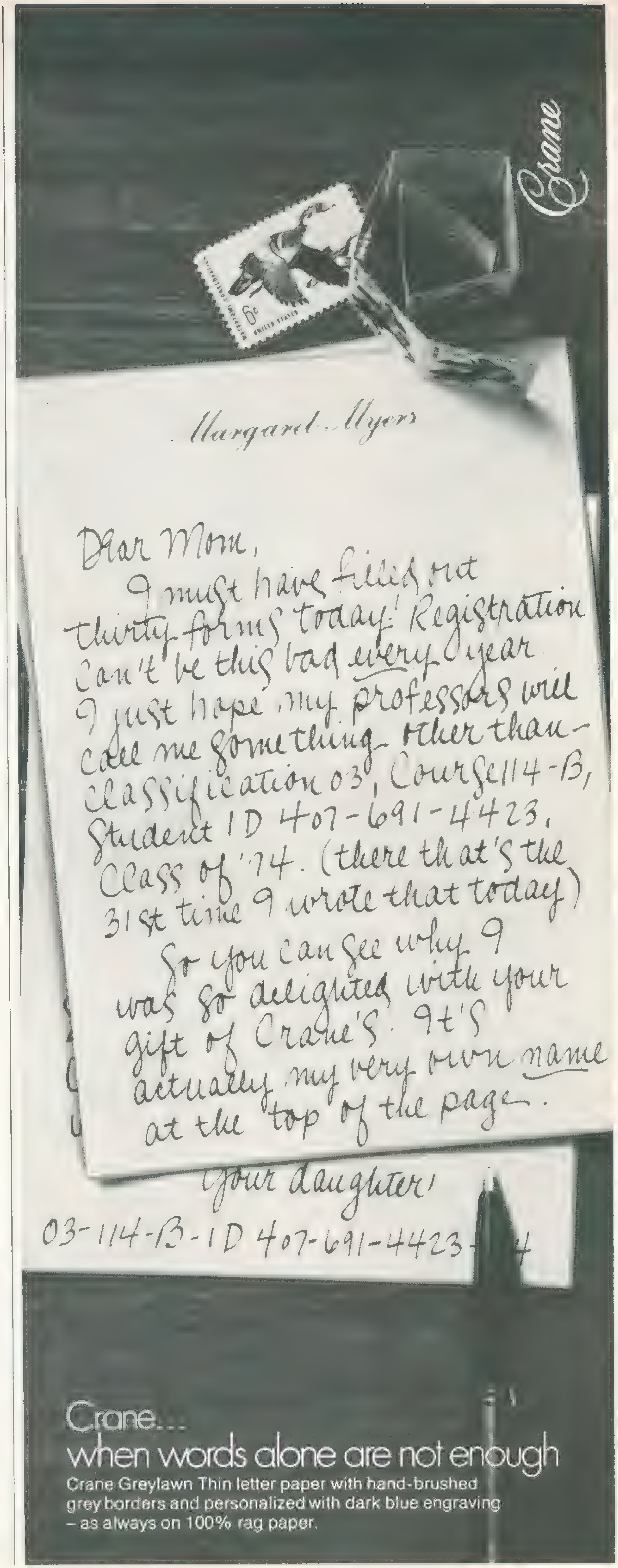
Contrary to what our mother told us, carrots do not make the hair curl, nor do one hundred strokes of the brush produce a shine where none existed. One's hair is largely made of keratin, a form of protein, and thus responds most winningly to the addition of still more. Mennen's spiffing new Protein 21 Shampoo is built with a dramatically high protein content and has a mesmerizing effect on dry rough hair, and specifically on split ends, which react gratefully and cohesively as single, silky, healthy strands. Even naturally glowing topknots can be savaged by beaches and bleaches—yet another reason for Protein 21. The shampoo is afloat with virtues: Your hair promises to be bright with light and a temptation to touch, as well as more-than-usually easy to set, style, and maintain. For dry, oily, or normal hair.

What are good little curls made of?

Those caps of curls that Paris is red-hot for are easily come by with Helene Curtis's superb Protéine Salon Wave, newly arrived at your local parrucchiere. The formula is rich with protein, and teems with moisturizers besides, to assure you of springy, shining tendrils—the kind that snap back into shape after every shampoo without the boring business of rollers and clips. This latest Curtis wave is about to make the whole procedure a pleasure, even for those of us who have all but sworn off getting permanently waved because of brittle, breakable hair. And while your new, pretty ringlets are being brushed out, ask your hairdresser to weather-proof them with Helene Curtis's gloss-giving Protéine Hair Spray.

The plait thickens

Whoever said it was impossible to be too rich or too thin was certainly not thinking about hair. Wispy-fine hair is a worry not only to men but to squads of women as well, so the appearance of Alberto-Culver's new Command Protein Hair Thickener should bring cheer and hope all around. Command is a cinch-to-use liquid in a plastic squeeze-bottle, tagged with explicit directions. Better get an extra bottle for the lord and master; this is something you're going to be using every day. Alberto-Culver also does a peachy protein-enriched Hair Setting Gel that's very big in body building. Consequently, one's hair rolls up with less fluster and brushes out to more float and shine. Also, the set seems to last and last, in an easy sort of way. (More Ready Beauty, page 124)



Margaret Myers

Dear Mom,
I must have filled out thirty forms today! Registration can't be this bad every year. I just hope my professors will call me something other than classification 03, Course 114-B, Student ID 407-691-4423, Class of '74. (there that's the 31st time I wrote that today)
So you can see why I was so delighted with your gift of Crane's. It's actually my very own name at the top of the page.
Your daughter
03-114-B-ID 407-691-4423- 4

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when words alone are not enough

Crane Greylawn Thin letter paper with hand-brushed grey borders and personalized with dark blue engraving – as always on 100% rag paper.

When you want to make waves

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Bidding up a dream in St. Louis

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Soaring dreams—one, first crack at razing the St. Louis courthouse with a wrecker's ball—were knocked down to the highest bidders at Camelot, an auction and dinner-dance under flying heraldic flags. The auction continued in a four-day telethon, with $333,000 going to the city's Arts and Education Council. Among the 2,400 surprises to buy were a private symphony concert (buyer conducts) and a hot-air balloon hop.

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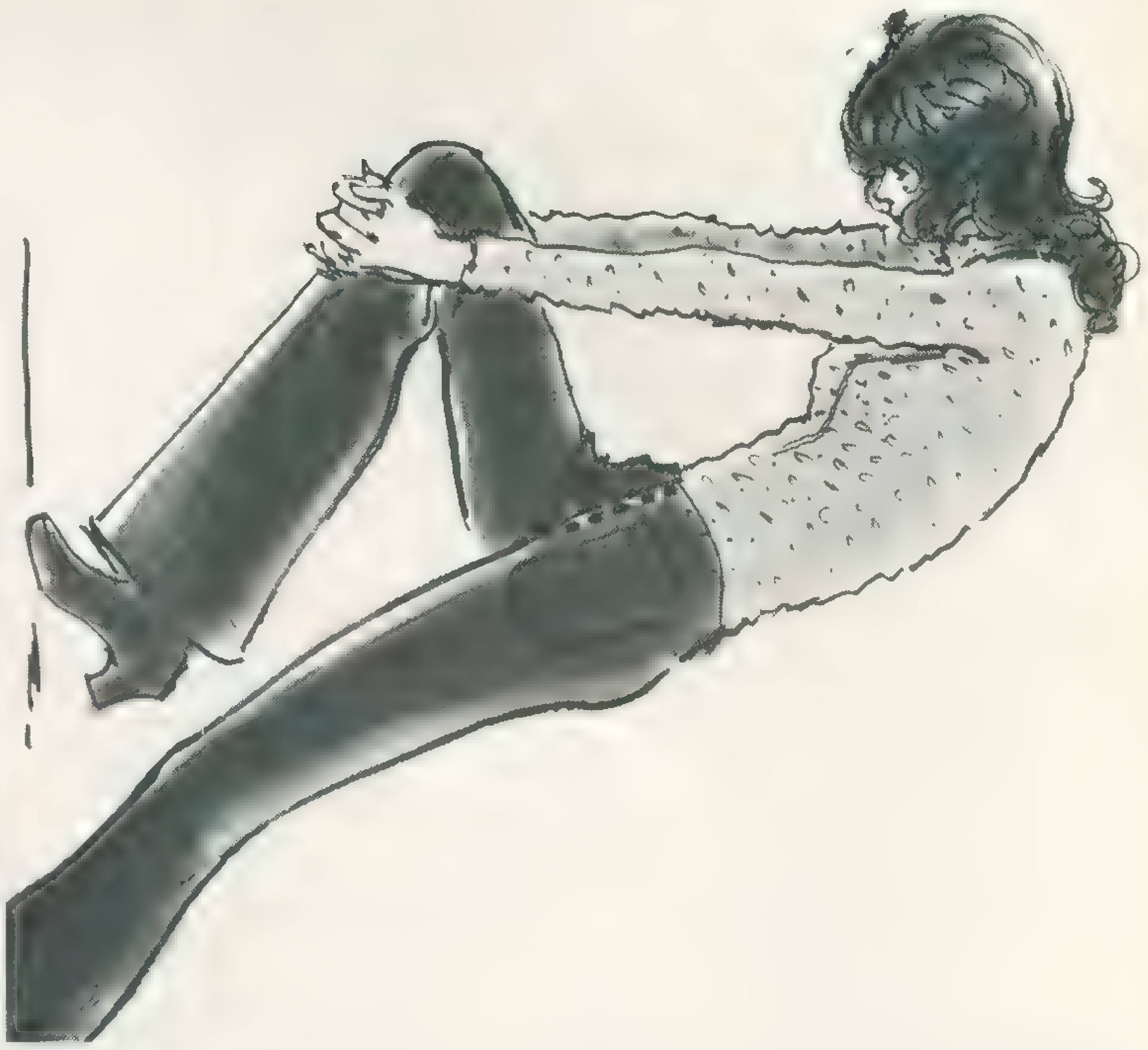
1. Camelot's great hall. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Disbrow, Mrs. John F. Eades. 3. Mr. David J. Richardson, Mrs. Robert C. Schmidt, junior. 4. Mr. and Mrs. David W. Mesker. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford J. Zimmerman. 6. Mrs. C. Ford Morrill, Mr. Edward J. Bock. 7. Mr. A. William Dehlendorf, Miss Pamela L. Moulton. 8. Mr. H. Curtis Ittner, Mrs. Michael E. Pulitzer. 9. Mr. Richard Schottland, Miss Susan Davis. 10. Mr. Morton D. May, Mrs. Homer E. Sayad, Count Hubert O'Brien.

The ultimate jean in velveteen



From the most-in in-boutique: cushy velveteen pants designed for your lifestyle. In nine dynamite colors: glowy purple, burgundy, bottle green, black, chocolate, leather, powder blue, rust and smoked salmon, sizes 4-14, $18. The bumpy puckered-nylon turtleneck (that zips open to another look altogether) comes in all the aforementioned colors plus peach, in sizes 6-14, $16. If you can't visit Le Drugstore, we'll mail. Please include sales tax in your check where applicable (sorry, we can't manage COD's).

Boutique International at **LE DRUGSTORE**
1085 Third Avenue (at 64th St.), New York City 10021

Hanson Carroll

Vacation trails

New Snow...Deep or Packed Powder—the mountains—and YOU! The Inn, located at the foot of three of Vermont's finest areas, is the perfect base for an uncrowded, unhurried fun-filled vacation.

With skiing on the mountains for every taste and skill, the Inn also offers ski touring to round out your holiday. Rental equipment, pack lunches and expert Norwegian instructors complete the picture.

There's instruction during the holiday vacations for the young and beginning skier...or curling, tobogganing, and ice skating as a change of pace. After the action, a delightful sauna relaxes the limbs.

When thirsty, try one of the several lounges, with or without live music and then a gourmet dinner at the Inn or an informal meal at the new Beef & Bottle steak and chop pub...but wherever—you'll discover fine food well served.

Plan on a Monday to Friday Ski Week Special, with no crowds and individual attention on the slopes. Bring the family—they'll have a ball. Write for brochure or call: (802) 496-3301. In New York, call LE 2-7700.

THE SUGARBUSH INN
Box D
Warren, Vermont

HENRY CLARK

Ballet-O-Mane

For sheer exuberance . . . a change of hair

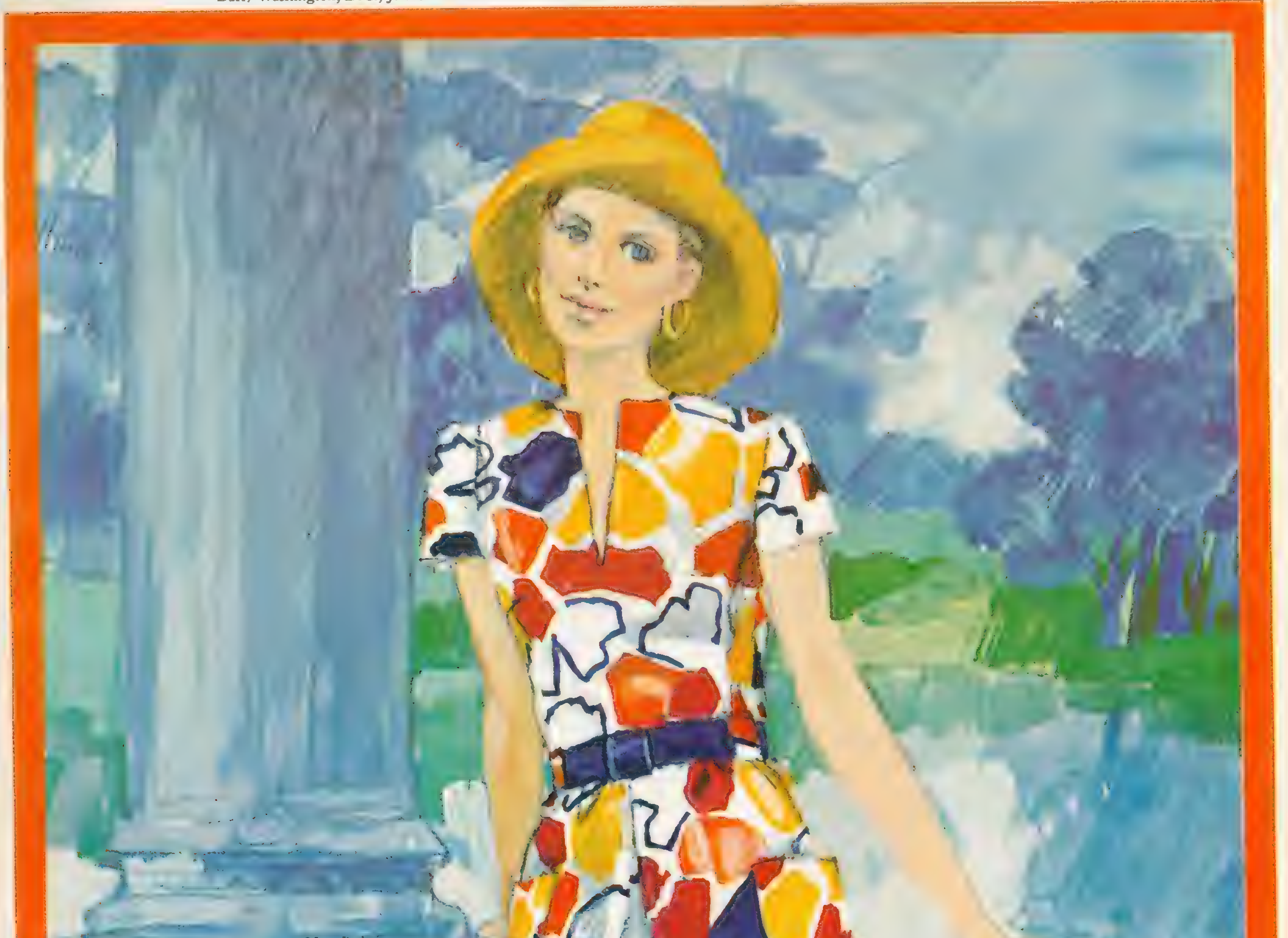
The prettiest girls get seen a lot, and since Sheron Rathscheck is not only engrossingly pretty but also a stunning ballerina, she is more visible than most. She finds a giddy delight in the multiplicity of Sherons she presents to her public. And here she's entrancing in one of the magnificent new wigs clipped and coiffed by the Carita salon in Paris, and now buyable for the first time in America. The wigs are notable not only for the famous Carita allure, but for the unbelievably natural look of the new Dynel Plus they are made of, probably more responsive to the swipe of a brush than one's own hair. An ingenious colour-blending process gives them extraordinary radiance. Wallpaper-print cotton smock and shorts by André Ledoux. At Bonwit Teller. Choker by Martine Murat.

The Tanner dress in Qiana

ARIZONA
TUCSON, Dorothy Rice
CALIFORNIA
KENTFIELD, Tweeds & Weeds
MENLO PARK, Cele & Jane
PASADENA, Drapers
SANTA BARBARA, Post & Rail
TIBURON, Tweeds & Weeds
CONNECTICUT
FAIRFIELD, Dorothy Healy, Fairfield Dept. Store
HARTFORD, Lucy Baltzell
MADISON, Eleanor Knox
MONROE, Unicorn Shop
NEW CANAAN, Gladys Skillings
WEST HARTFORD, Modern Woman
WESTPORT, Kay Walsh
DELAWARE
WILMINGTON, Jo Robinson
HAWAII
HONOLULU, Carol & Mary
MAINE
PORTLAND, Porteous-Mitchell-Braun
ROCHESTER, Julian Estess
MARYLAND
BALTIMORE, Helen Dugan Boyce, W. H. Lohmeyer
EASTON, Sports & Specialties
MASSACHUSETTS
CAMBRIDGE, Gertrude Singer
CONCORD, Tweed Shop
HINGHAM, Talbot's
LOWELL, House of Erwin
OSTERVILLE, Wool Shop
S. DARTMOUTH, The Packet
WENHAM, Wenham Exchange
WORCESTER, Richard Healy
NEW HAMPSHIRE
HANOVER, Town & Country
NEW JERSEY
MORRISTOWN, Anson Newton
PLAINFIELD, The Wardrobe
PRINCETON, Mayme Mead
RED BANK, Wilhelmina Dobbins
SUMMIT, Miss Nellie
NEW YORK
FAYETTEVILLE, Ellen's
HUDSON, Briwa's Orchard
LATHAM, Country Miss
MIDDLETOWN, Kassel Bros.
NEWBURGH, Kassel-McManus
PAINTED POST, Mary Kirkland
POUGHKEEPSIE, Up-To-Date
RYE, Katie Holmes
SYRACUSE, Helmer
TROY, Yezzi Lord & Tann
WHITE PLAINS, Hays Black
OREGON
PORTLAND, Nordstrom Best
SEATTLE, Nordstrom Best
PENNSYLVANIA
BERWICK, Ardis Kepner
BETHLEHEM, Tenwest
CHAMBERSBURG, Little Shop
HAVERFORD, Natalie Collett
JOHNSTOWN, Martin's
LAHASKA, Cross Country Shop
LANCASTER, Showcase of Fashion
NEW CASTLE, Claire Brown
PHILADELPHIA, Esther Pomerantz, Sylvia Shop
WEST CHESTER, Jane Chalfant
WILKES-BARRE, Maude Fletcher
WILLIAMSPORT, Jones Specialty Shop
YORK, Fabric Shop
RHODE ISLAND
NEWPORT, Garzo
VIRGINIA
ALEXANDRIA, Nancy Fleming
BLACKBURG, John Norman
CHARLOTTESVILLE, Town & Country
CULPEPPER, Jayne's
HOT SPRINGS, Homestead Salon
LYNCHBURG, Smartwear-Irving-Saks
MARTINSVILLE, John Norman
NORFOLK, Barber's
PETERSBURG, Wices
RICHMOND, Miller & Rhoads, Thalhimers
ROANOKE, Samuel Spigel
VERMONT
BENNINGTON, Vogues & Vanities
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Shands & Fleming, Dorothy Stead
WEST VIRGINIA
CHARLESTON, Stone & Thomas
CLARKSBURG, Stone & Thomas
FAIRMONT, Jones, Inc.
HUNTINGTON, Brown's Apparel, Style Shop
PARKERSBURG, Broida-Stone & Thomas
WHEELING, Stone & Thomas
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In The Tanner Manner

New York, Abercrombie & Fitch, all stores/Atlanta, Rich's/Chicago, Marshall Field/Cincinnati, Gidding-Jenny/Cleveland, Halle Bros./Dallas, Titche/Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres/Los Angeles, Bullock's/Miami, Jordan Marsh/Minneapolis, Harold, Inc./Philadelphia, John Wanamaker/Pittsburgh, Kaufmann's/Seattle, Nordstrom-Best/St. Louis, Famous Barr/Washington, D.C., Julius Garfinckel. Or write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.



The Travel Tannerism: Paper flowers boldly printed on a soft-skirted dress with inverted pleat. From our Caribbean collection in Dupont Qiana® nylon, the wrinkle-free, washable luxury fabric. In green or yellow, sizes 8-18, about $70.00.

In The Tanner Manner

New! Pale tints without

that pale-tint squint

You know the Squinters. They wear conventional pales and wander around with their eyes halfshut. What do they need? The no-squint Pales. The new Cool-Ray Polaroid Pale Tint Sunglasses. The famous Polaroid lens kills reflected glare. When glare goes, squint goes. You look prettier. You stay prettier. And isn't that what pales are all about? The no-squint, shatter-resistant Pales. Magenta. Blue. Grey. Gold. Green. In metals, squares, hexagons, free-forms, rounds, ovals…so many combinations, you've got dozens of ways to go. One last point. The no-squint Pales cost a little more. And if you don't think your eyes are worth it …well, they're your eyes, baby! (Suggested retail prices: left to right, Sun Shades, $7. Show Down, $4. Intrigue, $8. Fast Back, $8. Sun Gypsy, $7.)

**Cool-Ray Polaroid Sunglasses.
The new pale glare-killers.** ®

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Nobody will ever know your pantyhose are sheer clear to your hipbone.

But you will. You will.

It's secret bits of knowledge like this that keep a girl aware she's a girl. First the technicalities.

Our brief-top pantyhose are almost all hose. The panty part doesn't cut you off clunkily somewhere in the mid-thigh region. It's way up there curving around your hipbone the way a regular little pair of briefs do. And it's knitted on which gives it the grace to move with you. (There are pantyhose in this world, you know, that are absolutely unyielding.)

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Now back to psychology.

When a girl's aware she's a girl, somehow she telegraphs the message to the world, and the world is a happier place for it.

For heaven's sake, rush out and buy a pair.

Burlington
Pantyhose

For nearest store, call free 800-243-6000. In Conn., call 800-942-0655 collect. ©1971 Burlington Ind., Inc.

VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Up with love

Relentless romantics (especially French) say certain brews rouse love potential

Dynamite in your veins, wrote André Lemaire of these love philtres he described in French in his book *Les Secrets du Docteur* (Éditions de la Pensée Moderne, 48 rue Monsieur le Prince, Paris 6ième).

Pernod. one part with three parts water, taken fifteen minutes before meals has fantastic pow for both sexes.

Armagnac sprinkled with ground ginger gets an X-movie rating.

Tomato juice with a few drops of ginseng essence is the Tarzan trick for vegetarians. Take at four in the afternoon and at bedtime.

Lavender water—open the bottle and let its fragrance in your bedroom fortify you.

Strong coffee beaten up in the electric blender with an egg yolk, generous pinches of paprika, ground ginger, and powdered cinnamon: Serve chilled, you won't stay that way.

Rum simmered with melted chocolate, raw sugar, powdered cinnamon, a clove, and bits of orange and lemon peel. Drink ice cold—another sizzler.

Cracked black pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls, soaked in a bottle of dry white wine (Vouvray or Saumur) for three days makes a drink that exalts virile powers.

Two recipes from Carola Lott, imaginative assistant to Thomas P. F. Hoving, the director of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

LEOPARD SOUP

1 package frozen green peas
1 package frozen spinach
1 small onion, chopped
2½ cups chicken stock
Bouquet garni: ½ bay leaf,
  sprig parsley, ¼ teaspoon chervil
  ¼ teaspoon tarragon
2 cups half-and-half cream
Salt
White pepper

Simmer vegetables with bouquet garni in 1 cup chicken broth 20 to 25 minutes. Purée in electric blender and strain through a fine sieve. Add cream and remaining broth, salt and pepper to taste. Serve very cold.

RASPBERRY ICE

2 packages frozen
  raspberries
½ cup red wine
Juice 1 lemon

Thaw berries and purée in blender. Strain through fine sieve. Add lemon juice and wine. Freeze until mushy, stirring occasionally.

Refreshing, pretty, simple hors d'oeuvres add vegetable power.

TOMATOES VINAIGRETTE: *Sauce: 1 part wine vinegar, 3 parts olive oil, salt, pepper, thyme, finely chopped shallots. Dip tomatoes in boiling water to loosen skins, peel. Slice and remove seeds. Add sauce and finely chopped parsley.*

ENDIVE, LEEKS, CELERY: *Poach in vegetable or chicken broth with a dab of butter. Chill and serve with pepper, salt, a light glaze of oil.*

CELERIAC REMOULADE: *Cut raw celeriac in fine straws and mix with mayonnaise sharpened with lemon juice.*

BLACK RADISHES: *Cut in wedges, serve with butter, salt, pepper.*

MARINATED MUSHROOMS: *Scrub raw mushrooms, soak in vinaigrette sauce 2 hours, and sprinkle with chopped dill.*

Boiled eggs Brillat-Savarin

OBTAIN A LARGE FRESH TRUFFLE AND PLACE IT IN A COVERED BOWL WITH 6 FRESH RAW EGGS IN THEIR SHELLS. STORE THE BOWL IN A COOL PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO. GENTLY BOIL THE EGGS TO TASTE—THEY WILL BE FLAVOURED EXQUISITELY BY THE TRUFFLE, AND THE WHITES WILL BE TINTED. THE TRUFFLE ITSELF, ITS ESSENCE SOMEWHAT EXHAUSTED, CAN NEXT BE PUT IN A BOWL OF RAW RICE TO IMPART WHAT IS LEFT OF ITS AROMA.

Cheese Annabel

Don Smith, the chef at the London club Annabel's, suggests this buffet dish: When a Stilton shell is nearly empty and forms a natural bowl of rind, grind scraps of other cheeses with butter, pepper, mixed chopped fresh herbs; flavour with beer, red wine, port, sherry, or Madeira. Serve in Stilton rind with water biscuits, rye and oat biscuits.

TURKEY WITH APRICOTS

Apricots contain vitamin A; that suggests sounder sleep, better eyesight, smoother skin.

1½ pounds dried apricots
1 small turkey (or turkey parts)
¼ stick butter
2 heads fennel
1 cup blanched almonds
1 tablespoon powdered anise
2 to 3 tablespoons honey
1½ tablespoons soy sauce
Lemon-pepper marinade powder
  (gourmet shops)
Sea salt (health-food stores)

Simmer apricots in 3 cups water until barely soft. Brown turkey in butter in a deep casserole. Slice fennel in thick rings; include some foliage. Place around turkey. Mix apricots with juice, almonds, anise, seasonings, and soy sauce; smother turkey with mixture. Dribble honey over top; cover tightly and simmer slowly 1½ hours. Serve with kasha.

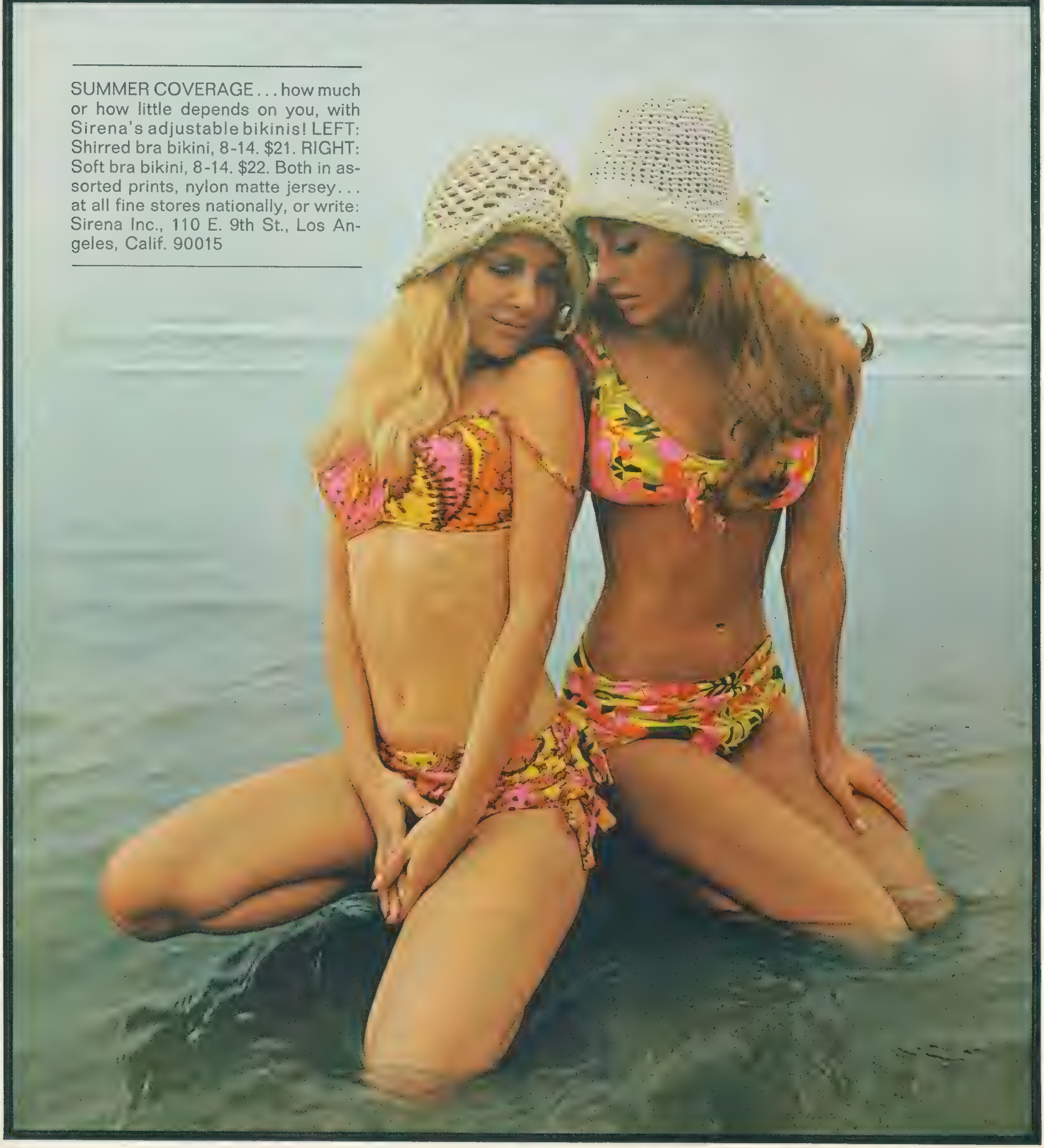
KASHA

Mix 2 cups kasha with a beaten egg. Stir over high heat in a thick skillet until grains are dry and separated. Transfer to preheated casserole, add 1 medium Spanish onion, quartered, and 3½ cups boiling water. Salt lightly; simmer, covered, 25 minutes. Remove lid; cook 5 minutes more

CRANBERRY FOOL

Boil cranberries with sugar or honey; add arrowroot for thickening. Pass through a fine sieve, and stir in yoghurt to taste to make a deep-pink fool. Serve well chilled.

SIRENA



SUMMER COVERAGE . . . how much or how little depends on you, with Sirena's adjustable bikinis! LEFT: Shirred bra bikini, 8-14. $21. RIGHT: Soft bra bikini, 8-14. $22. Both in assorted prints, nylon matte jersey . . . at all fine stores nationally, or write: Sirena Inc., 110 E. 9th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90015

vogue's HOROSCOPE

January 15 through January 31

An Aquarian, born January 30, 1937, Vanessa Redgrave shows her courage in combining a "tomorrow" heart with the integrity of a traditionalist. Hers is a complex chart, with a Capricorn moon showing firm judgment and two signs of secrecy—Scorpio and Pisces—providing a screen of frivolity for her practical life and her need for privacy. She is an unusually sensitive Aquarian (they can be casual or indifferent), content in her own reality, with a fixed resistance to the opinions of others.

OUR ASTROLOGER TALKS ABOUT VANESSA REDGRAVE

ARIES, March 21–April 20. People born in your sign are instigators, and major turns in history have their beginnings in events under Aries. When your enthusiasm is renewed, you do your best at the start of any adventure. For the next seven days, give of yourself with no hesitation. You are impatient and would like the promise fulfilled at once, but the reward comes late in the month. Since you have given your best, you have a right to relish your winnings.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. You are sentimental and can be a charming bully. Slow to start, when you are hurried, you may start to blunder. If that happens, your true worth may be missed. The time for you to go into action is the last week of the month; you will have no rival in getting results once into the game. Great skill in evaluations is native to your sign; late in the month that ability to assess values will be proven in the reliability of your gambling sense.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. You have a dual quality that represents multiple talents. You might score in painting, music, acting, or writing. So many skills should insure more than one income. Early in this period such an idea occurs to you; you won't be living up to your potential if you stick to just one or two interests. An event in the last week of the month signals the need to turn your versatility into action. It is elating to sail into new ventures.

CANCER. June 22–July 23. You are the cosmic parent of the zodiac; that's why no one understands the needs of the public as well as you do. Your mood changes with the moon—and so does the public's. You are a wizard salesman, devastatingly persuasive; this makes you valuable in the business world. You will make a momentous change in your home life during the first week of this period—the adjustment comes in catering to a new demand from one of your family.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Dramatic, generous (even overly so), Leos make great lovers. Your terrific faith in the thing you do, sell, or advocate inspires other people. Their confidence in turn assures and excites you—you work well in a business situation as the boss. The first week of this period provides a good time for consolidation there. Making history is a personal aim for you, and you feel great pride in reforming other people or even whole communities.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Your high standard in keeping all services keyed up to perfection and your ability at supervision may cause apprehension in others; speculators try to avoid your criticism. Strangely, you don't like criticism when it's turned in your direction. But what you lose in social acceptance is balanced by your shined-up reputation for really getting things done. You will accomplish much during the last four days of the month.

LIBRA. September 24–October 23. You like to throw your energy into creative outlets—art, theatre, or fashion. But the business side of the enterprise would blight your sense of style, so it's best to have an executive partner to deal with the calculations. Your world of ideas must have movement, and visual techniques suit you best. A new excitement flares up at the end of the third week of the month, promising tremendous earning power through a unique product.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Since you enjoy power and are willing to dare extremes, your goal is to be absolutely top in your field. One of your symbols is the eagle who flies best in a storm; that situation gives your resourcefulness full play. Though you are often caught up in one idea, the last week of the month you put power aside and play a lighter game, in an attempt to communicate an ideal or to take a step upward in the estimation of someone who loves you.

SAGITTARIUS. November 23–December 22. Idealistic, you love the idea of love. Your expansive, optimistic view of the competitive world makes you the gambler of the zodiac. You are an intrepid traveller and rely on your theory of percentages to justify the chances you take in your adventures. A failure doesn't crush a Sagittarian; you count on a better chance next gamble. Test your luck during the third week in the month—the gods seem to favour those who believe they will win.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. You often take the oracle's view; and, like Caesar's, your ambitions run to fame and honour. The goals you seek are clear at the start of every undertaking. This may surprise those who think you plodding and patient, but you are working on your program every minute. Serious plans will remain static now; no point in pushing them until a quirky turn of events during the last week sets you in motion. Then you will zoom.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. An occult quality is part of the Aquarian ambience. With a strong ego and a talent for argument, you relish a chance to shake up your world, sometimes by wearing crazy clothes. You refuse ever to be chained to a desk by business or limited by any rigid set of rules. Your key word is independence, and you perform best when given a free hand. At the end of the third week in the month, you score heavily. The last week suits you well.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Those born in your sign are visionaries and dreamers. They're happy in music or painting, or in an eye-minded job such as a cameraman's. When not completely in sympathy with an idea or a piece of work, you can be totally detached. You need to be emotionally involved. If in your vision the path leads to final fulfillment, you will sacrifice along the way. This month you change your goal; a message in the third week identifies your new objective.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Back to the earth: A bed of flowers.

If you can pretend a little, it's like sleeping in a meadow. Porcelaine Bouquet by Burlington House. NeverNever Iron percale sheets in 50% combed cotton/50% Kodel® polyester. In Blue (shown). And Gold. At White Sale prices now.

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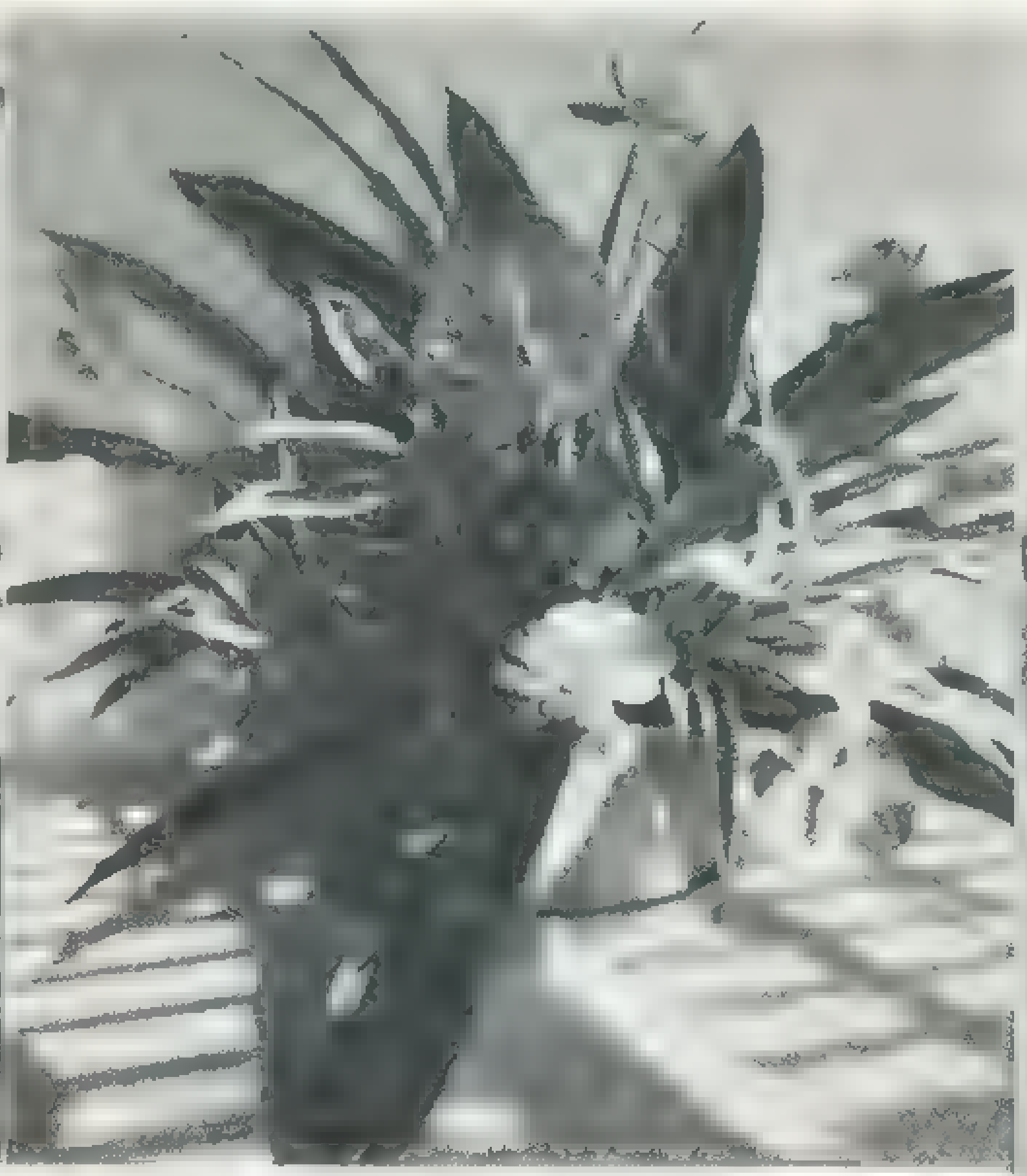
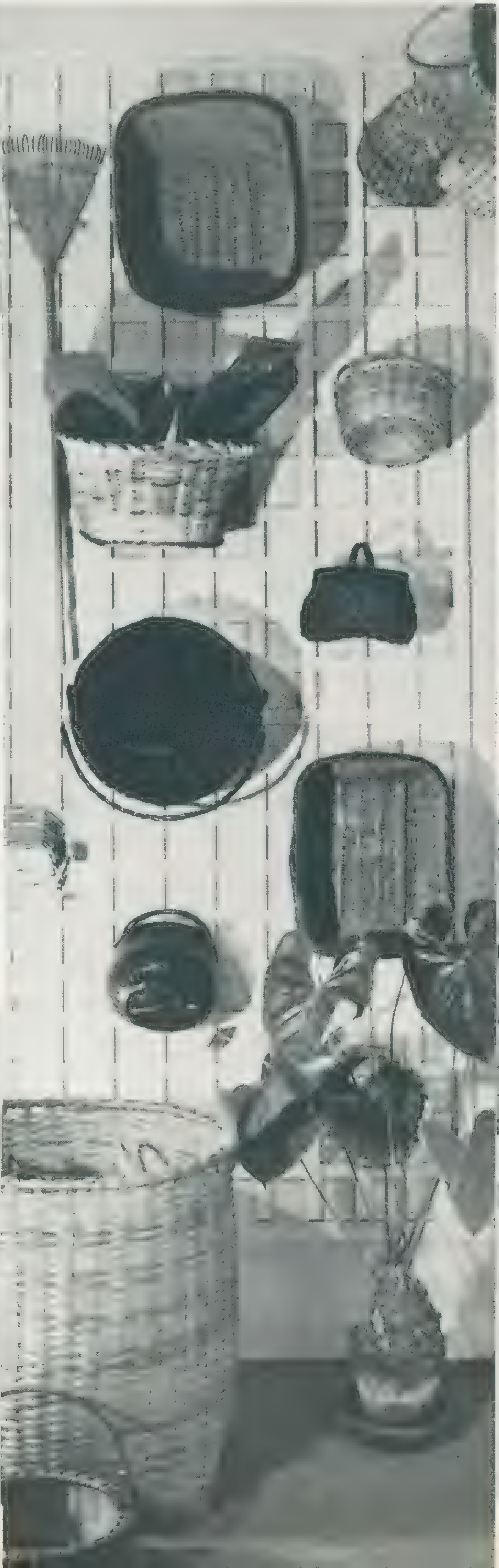
Rum drinks and other delights

Puerto Rico translated for here and now





Matrimonia in the galleria, above left: Luncheon in a garden-encircling house in Old San Juan, the 450-year-old port restoration with unique Spanish-Indian architecture. Matrimonia is a native dish of red kidney beans, saffron rice, garlic, served here in a blue-edged white pottery casserole, $21. Matching plate, $5; bowl, $6.75. Generation Blue Mist at Tiffany. Antique Spanish stools, four for $175, Richard Camp, 993 Second Ave., N.Y.C. Also on the menu: tiny oysters, crabs, or small lobsters, fresh cocoanut ice cream. Fruit is a constant delight . . . pineapple cubes, guava paste with cocktails, bananas baked for dessert, or mango sherbert. ***Tropical bloom everywhere,*** above right: Green and flowering plants mass colour in patios, gallerias, and cool marble-floored white rooms . . . orchids, hibiscus, night-blooming jasmine. The idea is lots of pots. Only tuberoses, heady with scent, are cut for the house, or anthurium, as in this arrangement by Antonio, 64 E. 55th St., N.Y.C. ***Versatile Puerto Rican rum:*** Puerto Rico makes excellent rum, serves it in many ways. The newest, Piña Coloda, mixes rum, pineapple, and cocoanut juice in a tall glass. Daiquiris go on and on. Maxime McKendry suggests a hot toddy: Scoop pulp from an orange, cut hole in bottom. Place in tall glass, dust with brown sugar. Pour hot rum through to fill the glass. When peeling oranges, reserve the peel to steep in rum, add a few cloves, use as needed for flavouring food. ***Glasses for all the rum drinks,*** below left: Lenox Antique Clear goblet, $4.50; magnum champagne, Baccarat, $10.50; teardrop decanter, $20, flask decanter $10, Tiffany. Royal Worcester Mirage highball, $4.75. Fluted highball, $10. Double old-fashioned, $2.60, Tiffany. ***Baskets-of-all-work,*** left: For plants, fruit, picnics, books, magazines, et cetera, $15 to $75, The Greenery, 243 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ***Loggia living,*** below: A Brighton Pavilion chair in rattan, $390. Antique fantasy Mandarin stove, $4,500. Both, Yale Burge, 315 E. 62nd St., N.Y.C. ***Puerto Rican coffee***—and old green-and-white Fitzhugh china in Woodson Taulbee's Old San Juan house. Spode modern Fitzhugh china is at Tiffany.

DAVID MASSEY

Love your hair

WELLA
Gentle Care
INSTANT HAIR CONDITIONER
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6 fl. oz. 12 applications

Wella Gentle Care.

Makes your hair soft and shining in 60 seconds.

Wella Gentle Care Instant Hair Conditioner. It's fast. Fabulous. It smooths, shines, adds body. Makes your hair look and feel healthy. In one minute. Get regular Gentle Care in the blue box, or with extra body for fine hair in the pink box.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care. Ask your hairdresser.

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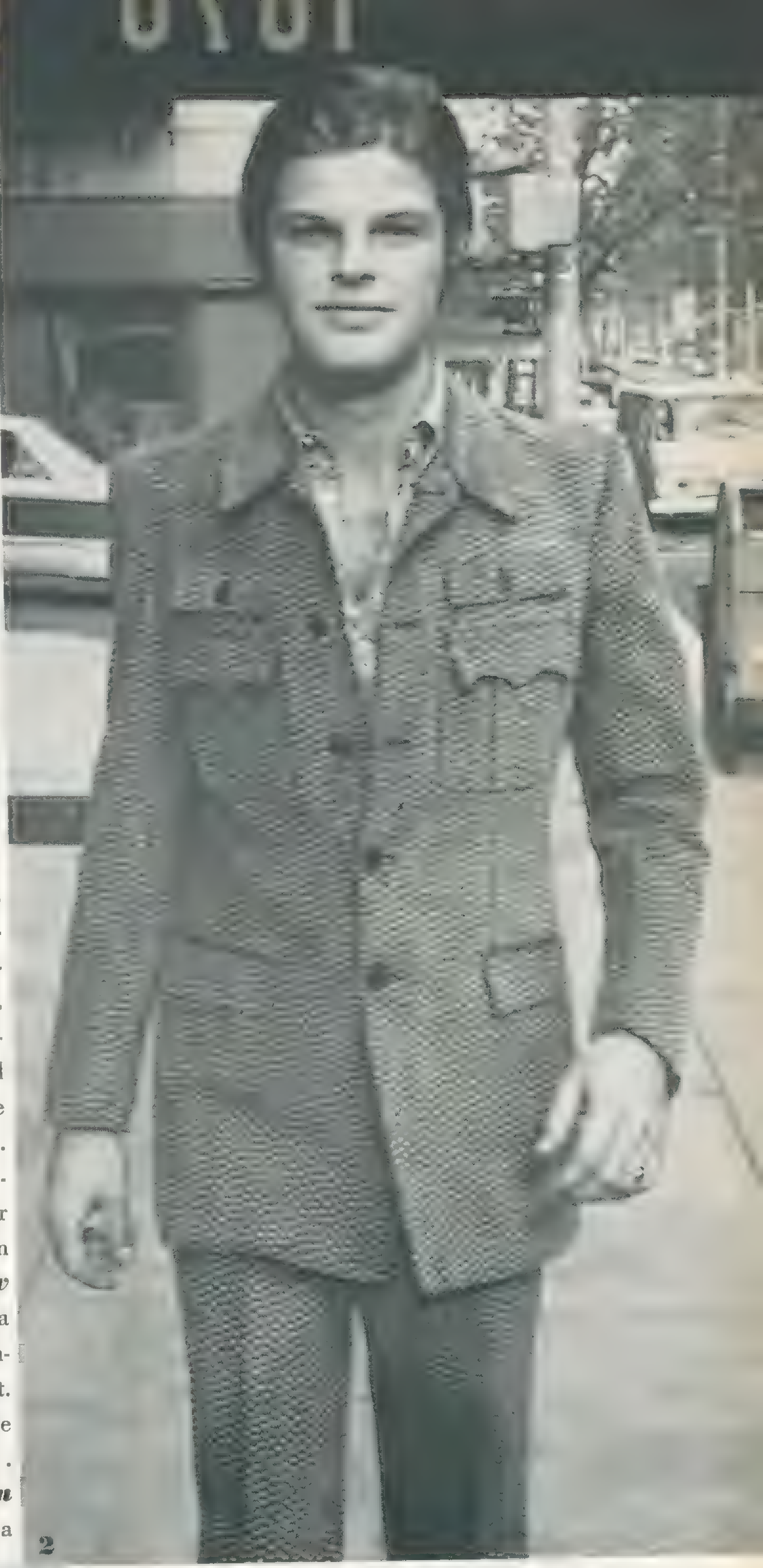
Blue denim looks

1

Now, the great all-time, all-American look is the world-wide favourite . . . not only are Levi's worn round the world, but the **look of blue denim** is translated onto suède, velours, corduroy, and broadcloth—all printed and coloured like denim . . . the real thing is cut into suits, coats, boots . . . and the **world is wearing indigo. . . .** In **Rome,** fashionable men such as **Luca Valerio** have their tailors custom cut blue jeans. . . . In **New York, Richard Avedon** had Dunhill Tailors make him a simple, classic suit of heavy blue denim; has been having it machine-washed to reach the soft, luxe state of well-worn denim. . . . In **New York, Henry Ford, Joel Gray, and Robert Redford** among the first Americans to discover the smart European resort uniform—jeans, shirts of the 'hommes bleu' cloth . . . so-called for the nomadic Moroccan tribe who make it, dye everything (themselves included) with indigo . . . the cloth itself, the softest broadcloth streaked and tinted to look like bleached denim. . . . **New York: 1.** Former Eastern Amateur skating champion **Brian GranZow** skates in Oscar de la Renta's blue denim-look suède shirt-suit. To order at Whitehouse & Hardy, N. Y. . . . **2. Prince Egon Fürstenberg** in a blue denim look: narrow bush suit of printed corduroy by Renoma. At DeNoyer, 219 East 60th St. . . . **3. Hiram Keller,** star of *Fellini Satyricon* and, due this month, *Strogoff*. His coat, double-breasted, of mid-blue brushed denim. $145. Altman's. . . . **4.** Brian in Bill Blass's mid-blue brushed denim pea coat, about $125, Levi's tucked into Bill Blass's blue-denim boots trimmed in bark-brown leather, about $100. To order at Bonwit Teller, N. Y. . . . **5.** Hiram in the 'hommes bleu' djellabah, with side pocket, ankle length. $35. At Meledandri, 74 E. 56th St.



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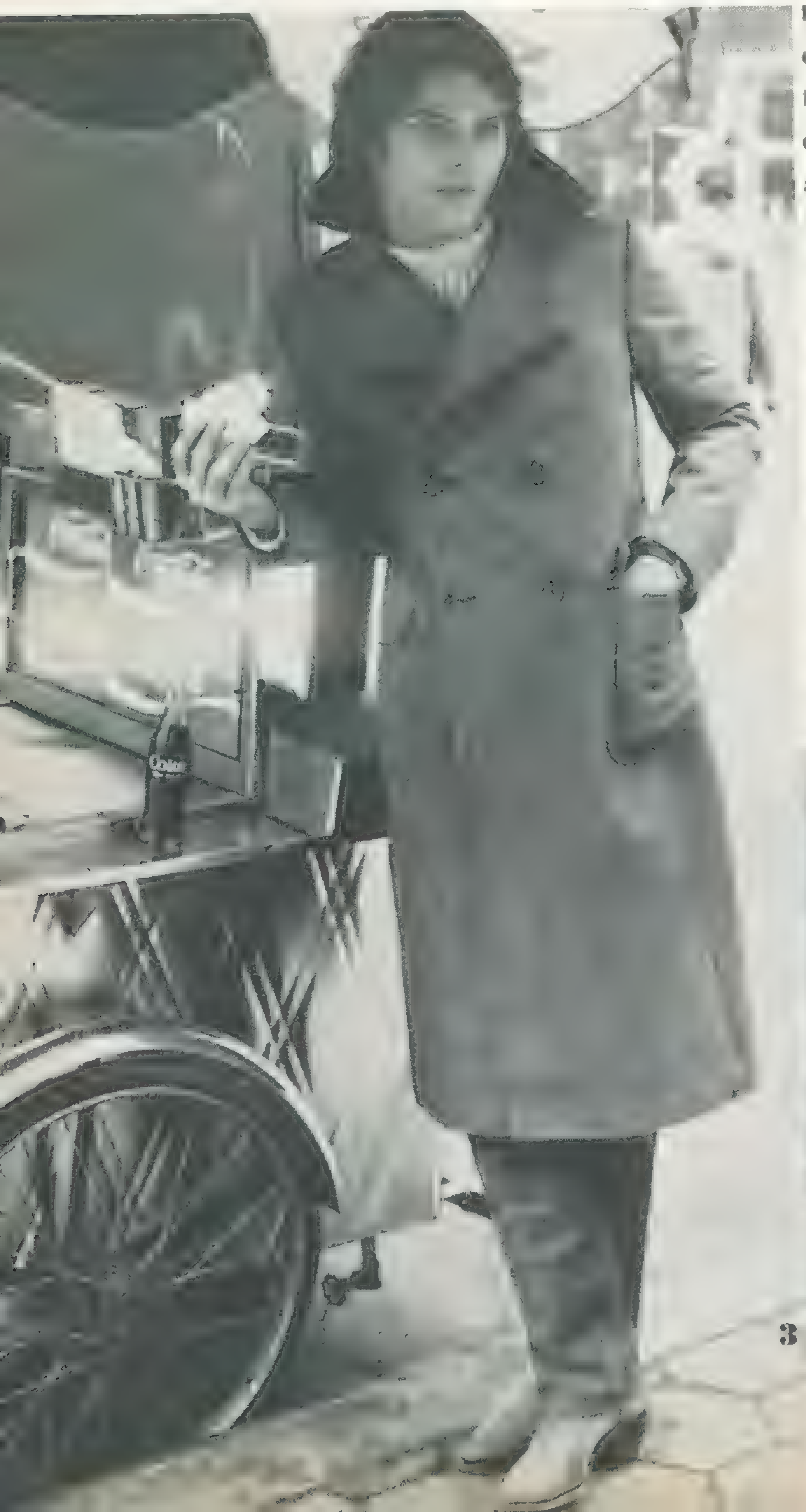
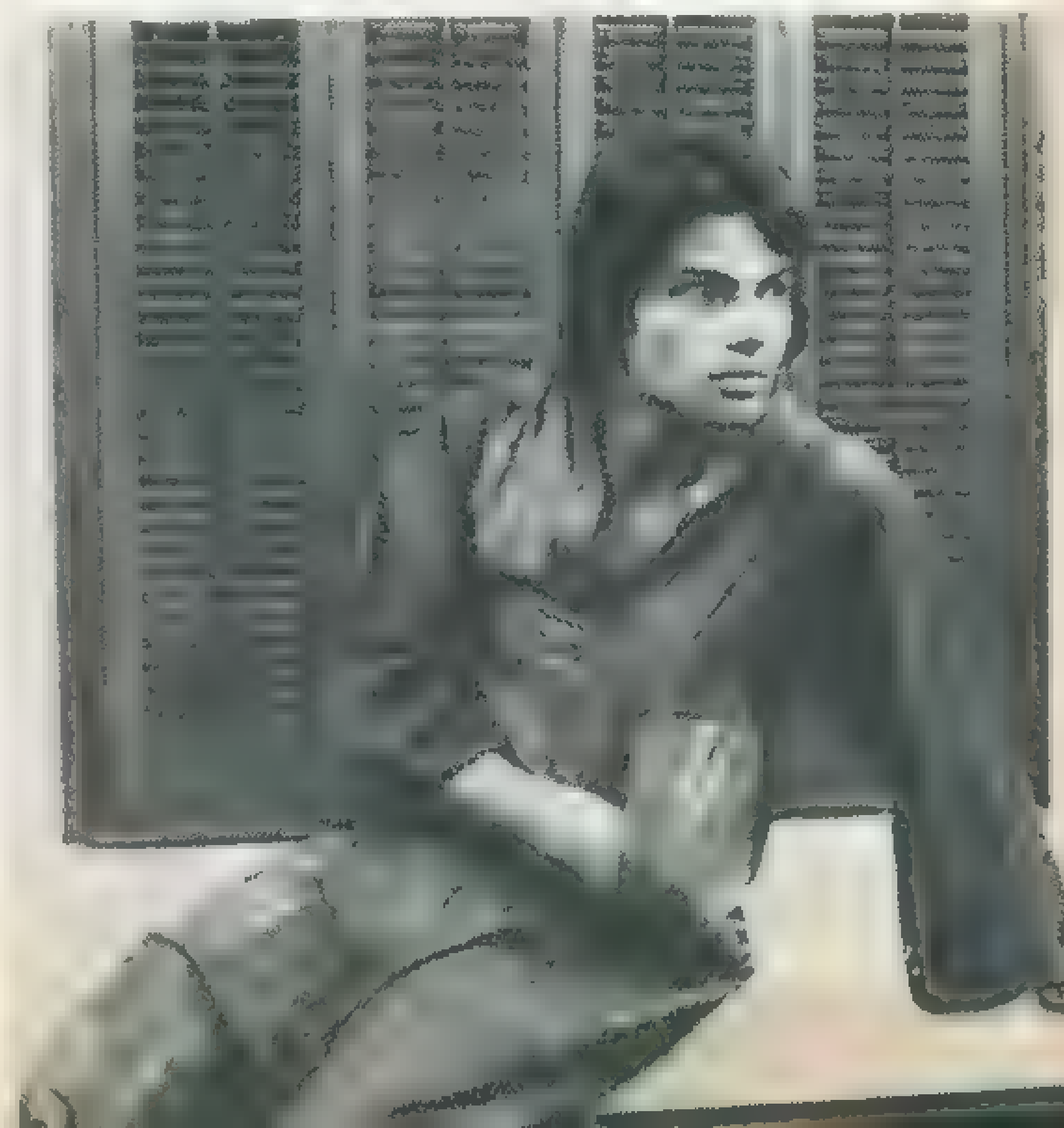


3

4

OLIVIER GELBSMAN



5

The Aegean Sea is incredibly blue and its southernmost island, Crete, reflects the legends of 5,000 years of civilizations.

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JANUARY 15, 1971

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

BELTS AND THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

Levi's, a pullover, marvellous belts: it's the uniform of the world, the way we all want to look when we're feeling easy, moving fast—a way of life. The blue denim life in all its new guises and surprises, coming up next page...

Ribbed cashmere turtleneck by Korrigan for Jax. Belts, from top to bottom, by Elegant, Canterbury, Naty Abascal, Buckroe Country by Steve Saunders, Calderon. Jeans: Levi's for Gals.

Avi

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

Hard-wearing, fast-moving, well-fitting, stitched blue denim Levi's—the pants Levi Strauss invented for California gold miners . . . the all-time, all-American superfashion you see all over the world. From San Francisco to Southampton to St. Tropez to Sardinia, it's boys and girls together in low-slung jeans, good shirts, bare feet. Cowboys bust broncos in them . . . kids climb trees in them . . . we walk dogs, crew boats, push prams in them. Mrs. Francis Farr wears them hackabout riding in the country . . . Pilar Crespi wears hers under furs, with a tie-dyed shirt, little scarf knotted around her neck . . . Lauren Hutton adores them for travel, the more bruised the better . . . photographer Mary Russell snaps around the globe in them—Mykonos, Paris, New York . . . in Turin, Contessa Christine Camerana goes to dinner in satin jeans, transparent red voile shirt, studded belt and boots . . . Mrs. Frederick Guest, II, wears them to school . . . Queen Sirikit of Thailand wears them and ditto her son. They look great, feel great, on everybody, everywhere, every hour. And now, all the comfort and ease and dash of blue denim is here every way . . . in blue denimy knits and prints and velvets and suèdes . . . in little dresses for daytime, for dancing . . . in shirts and skirts and britches . . . and topcoats to toss over everything. It's the fashion you want just when you want it. The prices are right. The look is right. And you've got it right here on these sixteen pages. . . .

THIS IS WHERE IT STARTS . . . with classic straight-legged Levi's of blue-jeans-blue denim, left, with jeans jacket and faded-blue snap-front Western shirt—everybody's favourite knock-about gear for years. **AND YOU TAKE IT FROM THERE** . . . like having your jeans and jacket studded along all the seams, and going all out for evening with a sexy cut-velvet shirt for a look that's all yours and super.

Left: Turnout by Levi's for Gals. Jacket, about **$10,** and jeans, about **$7,** of cotton denim (Cone Mills fabric); shirt, about **$10,** of cotton and Fortrel (West Point Pepperell fabric). At Altman's; Halle's-Cleveland; Meier & Frank. Odyssey necklace. Belt by Elegant. Espadrilles: Jacques Cohen. *Right:* Jeans and jacket studded at Hernando. **$50** for studding a jacket, **$35** for studding jeans. Ruffled shirt of cut velvet on crêpe de Chine, by Sibley Coffee. Belt by Gucci. Coiffures, these sixteen pages, Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...is a fresh little dress of navy-and-white bandana print, left, the prettiest kind of design to wear for day or dinner ...is a quilted bandana-print coat, season-hopping over this little dress or that little dress, any little hour you like.

AVEDON

Far left: Belted cotton denim dress by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Concord fabric. About **$110.** Late February at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; The Denver; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City....Lioness hair here has the kind of warm, gold-glinted brown colouring you'd expect with Frivolous Fawn, one of Roux's nifty Fancifull Rinses. *Left:* Zippered coat of quilted cotton denim in navy and white, by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Concord fabric. About **$325.** Late February at Saks Fifth Avenue, Rike's, H & S. Pogue, Sakowitz, El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Both pages: bracelets by [illegible]; tights by Danskin; sandals by Capezio.

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...is a tie-dyed blouson and pants, right, to wear wherever you are—just as they are, or wrap it all up in a three-cornered blue denim skirt with a big blue-jeans pocket patched right over the derrière

...is the perfect little tie-dyed dress for day and evening and everywhere, with snug bodice, long full sleeves, and skirt to the ankle.

Right: Jacques Tiffeau blue denim turnout. Tie-dyed blouson and pants of Ameritex cotton, skirt of Erwin Mills cotton. About **$230.** Lord & Taylor, Kaufmann's, Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz, Joseph Magnin. *Far right:* Denim dress, Carol Horn for Benson & Partners, of pale blue tie-dyed, [illegible] (Ameritex fabric). About **$72.** At B[illegible], [illegible] Hutzler's, Kaufmann's, [illegible] son's, The Denver, [illegible] Joseph Magnin. [illegible] belt and choker by Eric Peters for Hassen. [illegible] Clock tights. Capezio shoes.

AVEDON

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...is your new pants-look for every hour—sleeveless coat and pants to wear inside or outside your boots ...is a small shaped jacket and britches—the perfect little suit to wear around town all day and on into evening, with a romantic white shirt and a couple of marvellous belts.

Right: Turnout by Calvin Klein (ivory cotton ribbed turtleneck not shown); of navy Dacron-and-cotton denim. About **$98.** Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson. Dacron-and-cotton shirt by Kay Busgang for Alice Stuart (Klopman fabric). Sash: The American Indian Arts Center. Boots by Jacques Cohen. *Far right:* Jacket and britches by Don Simonelli, of navy wool and Trevira denim. Jacket, about **$80;** britches, about **$20.** Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Cotton shirt, **$40.** At Jax. Silvery chain belts: Charles Jourdan. Ghillie-laced sandals by Julianelli.

AVEDON

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...is a brushed-cotton coat, left, with big rib-cage pockets, a big future over everything

...is a navy denim saddle-stitched tunic, right, short, wrapped, and sashed over pants

...is a long knit chemise, below, with lacing and grommets—pull it apart for island evenings, pull it together for town.

Left: Shirt-sleeved coat—over matching denim midiskirt and red-white-and-blue Dacron crêpe shirt (not shown)—by Kasper for Joan Leslie. About **$185.** Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hat by Madcaps. Sandals: Battani Boutique. *Right:* Denim tunic turnout by Melba Hobson for Tannerway, of cotton and Fortrel (Concord fabric). Tunic, about **$34;** pants, about **$25.** Abercrombie & Fitch; Kaufmann's. Hat: Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Sash: The American Indian Arts Center. Espadrille boots: Jacques Cohen. *Below:* Slashed, grommetted dress by Günter for Project 2; Wamsutta Fabrics denim cotton-and-Fortrel knit. About **$75.** Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson

Far left: Undershirt-chemise by Ginori, of Dacron-and-cotton denim (Galey & Lord fabric). About **$44.** Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Silvery spiral bracelet by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu.

Left: Zippered denim chemise by Ginori, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About **$58.** At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Dayton's; J. W. Robinson. Silvery cuffs by Frances Whitney. This page: sandals by Julianelli.

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...is a topsy-turvy knit T-shirt, this page, and matching straight pants to start wearing now, nonstop

...is a pair of navy denim chemises, the dress everyone wants under southern sun or stars, under a bright suède coat for town right now—undershirt chemise, far left; long-sleeved chemise, left, unzipped to catch the breeze.

This page: Denim turnout by Welcomme Pierron for Korrigan, of acrylic knit. Shirt, about **$16;** matching pants, about **$28.** At Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Hat by Madcaps. Belt by Gucci. Espadrille boots: Jacques Cohen.

AVEDON

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...makes a belted coat, left, to wear over all—or nothing at all; here, it's zipped bare over legs, flipped back over wrists ...is a two-piece dress with a peplum top, right, and smocking at the throat and wrists and waist—easy and delicious for evenings north or south.

Left: Zippered denim coat by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of cotton and polyester (Stevens fabric). About **$110.** Late February at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Genesis [illegible] Trifari necklace. [illegible] sandals. *Right:* Two-piece dress with [illegible] Judith [illegible] Boutique, of polyester-and-linen knit (Pomezia fabric). About **$130.** At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Stix, Baer & Fuller; The Denver; Sakowitz. Ball-and-chain necklace: Elsa Peretti for Halston.

AVEDON

Left: Long-sleeved tunic: Vogue Pattern 7860. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7788. Both of Fortrel-and-cotton denim print (Wamsutta Fabrics). At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Foley's. Sash: The American Indian Arts Center. *Right:* Blue denim jumpsuit: Vogue Pattern 7882. Of Kodel-and-cotton denim (Cone Mills). Golden cuff by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Shoes, both pages: Capezio. Patterndetails, page 120.

THE BLUE DENIM LOOK

...is a white-dotted tunic, left, to tuck into a matching dirndl and wrap at the waist, or wear it over pants or shorts—however and whenever you like

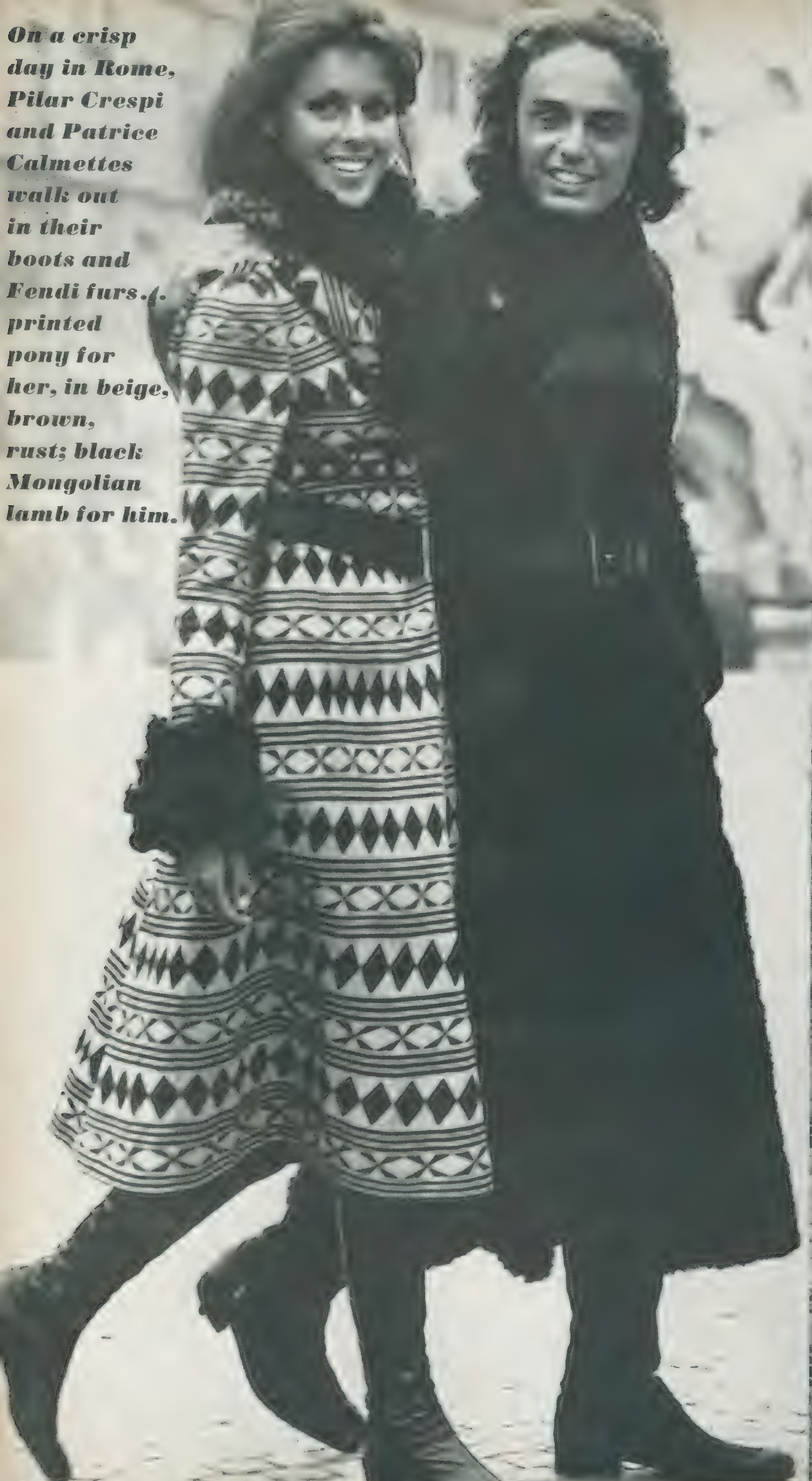
...is a great little jumpsuit—step in, button up, and you're off for a long day's run wherever you are, wherever you're going.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 7860
VOGUE PATTERN 7788

VOGUE PATTERN 7882

AVEDON



On a crisp day in Rome, Pilar Crespi and Patrice Calmettes walk out in their boots and Fendi furs... printed pony for her, in beige, brown, rust; black Mongolian lamb for him.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE PUT

Mrs. Leonard Holzer in heaven: her Kurdish-carpet coat—the real thing, old and glowing in beautiful Persian blues, greens, fuchsia, orange, beige, and black—with black lapin lining and sleeves. It's by Thea Porter and others like it are at Henri Bendel.

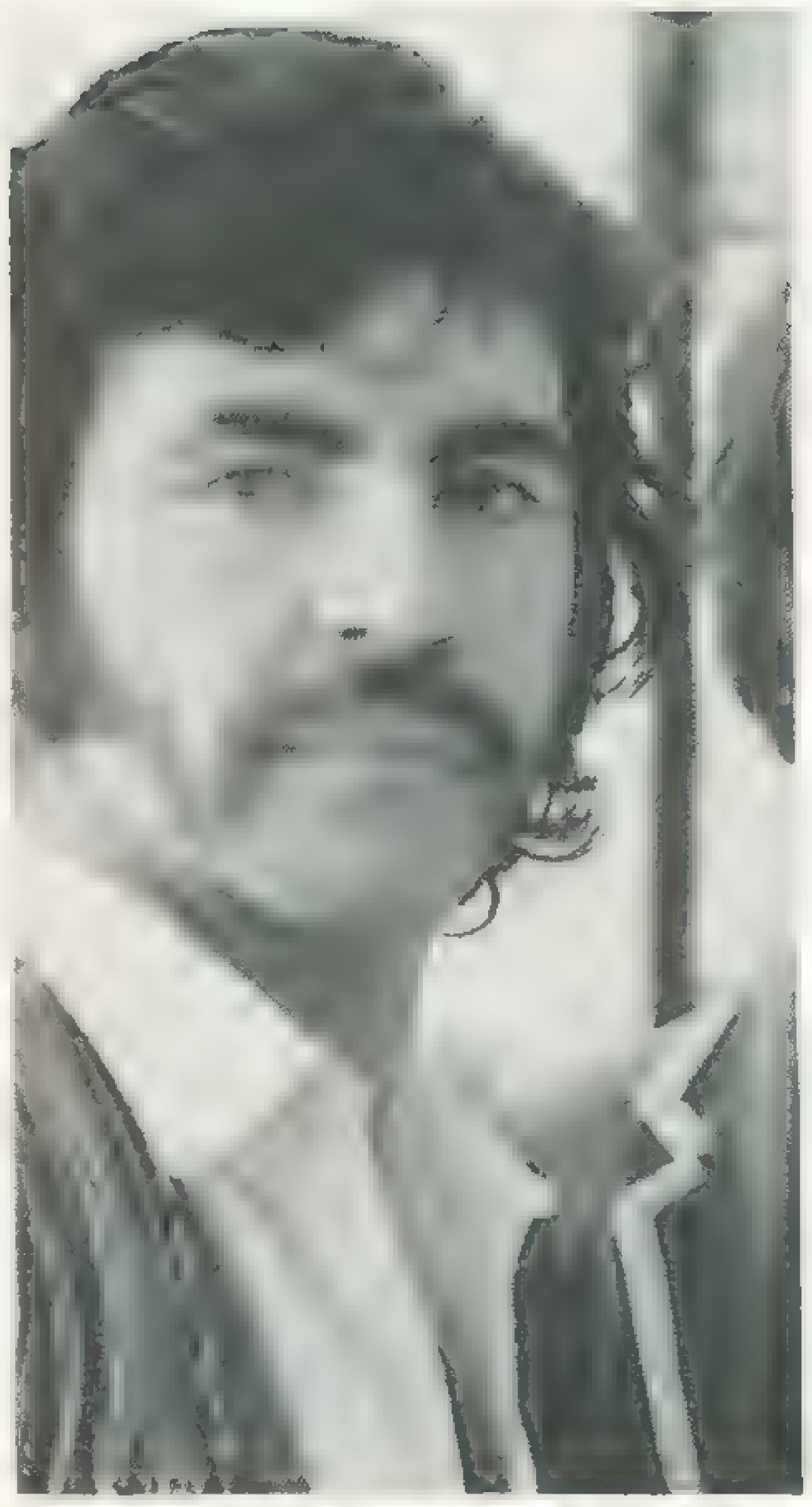
Mrs. Wyatt Emory Cooper belts a pullover and skirt under the sable-lined raincoat designed for her by Emeric Partos of Bergdorf Goodman, and swings down the street—warm and dry and glorious, whatever the weather.

ON THEIR COATS

People are TAL

"NO ONE AROUND YOU, WILL CARRY THE BLAME FOR YOU / NO ONE AROUND YOU, WILL LOVE YOU TO DAY AND THROW IT ALL AWAY / TOMORROW WHEN YOU RISE."
GEORGE HARRISON, LYRICAL DETAIL OF "RUN OF THE MILL"

George Harrison, *shown below*, singing straight out on his new album, *All Things Must Pass*, with one of the songs, "Run of the Mill," a nutshell of the way Harrison writes and sings. Good, reliant, full of teeth but not bitter, alone but not lonely. . . . The trunkful of misconceptions about the bone disease rickets by some doctors who still believe it is the result of a deficiency in vitamin D. According to W. F. Loomis in the December issue of *Scientific American*, rickets is not only "the earliest air-pollution disease" but is caused by a lack of sunshine, and that includes smog. . . . The wonderful Ruby Keeler tap-dancing as though her fifty years were a mirage in *No, No, Nanette*. . . . The record *David Steinberg: Disguised as a Normal Person*, in which normalcy is as attractive as his usual abnormalcy. . . . The slobbery clutter of books explaining in one way or another what to do about marriage, joint bank accounts, shopping for two if not more, cheap wallpaper, lust, pets, and irritating habits, with perhaps the pleasantest *How to Stay Married* by Jilly Cooper, an English writer married to Leo Cooper. She doesn't tell much that a wife with one infant does not know, but she tells a lot to women and men who can't stand the strain of marriage. . . . The need for belly laughs. . . . The slash, the painting kinetics of Fangor at New York's Guggenheim Museum. . . . The witless succession of Janie-Come-Lately's to the Women's Lib as they go on trashing the doll's house. . . . The subtleties of Flip Wilson on his television show where he seems to clump around, funny, slapsticking if necessary, graceful, attractive, teetering on Black jokes without ever losing balance.



A bouquet of movie names all involved with the new movie *The Go-Between*, not yet released in this country. The names: Julie Christie, *above*; Alan Bates, *right*; and, unseen here, L. P. Hartley who wrote the novel, Joe Losey who directed it, and Harold Pinter who adapted this movie with its flashbacks to 1900. According to Marina Warner, who watched the filming at Melton Constable Hall, "Julie Christie drove through the fields in a pony and trap and held a lace handkerchief to her pale cheek against the sun. . . . When Julie Christie opened a letter, she automatically put it back in the envelope. Losey said, 'Just drop it where you like, that's what servants are for.' He has always been interested in making films about the particular anguish and waste of sexual relationships and wants to capture the complexity of characters. 'When you are looking at somebody, if you are at all sensitive, like a painter, you don't just see the full face, but the full face, the profile, the good and the evil, and they're all collapsed or expanded into the same thing.' "

DR. ERIC BERNE, A FLIPPANT, CLEVER, SHREWD, AUTHENTIC PSYCHIATRIST (BELOW) WHO PLAYS NO GAMES WITH HIS READERS, ALTHOUGH HE IS THE AUTHORITY OF THE "GAMES PEOPLE PLAY."

Dr. Berne in his new book wrote: "lechery, sadism, homosexuality, promiscuity, sexual games, and other biologically inappropriate forms of sexual activity are programmed in by the parents in most cases. . . . It is important to understand that what we are talking about here is biology and not youth movements, which in any case are carried on by programmed youths. . . . Now is the time to start programming the parents of the ladies and gentle-men of the next century. If we want things to be warm and straight later, we've got to stop being cold and crooked now."

Sex in Human Loving Eric Be

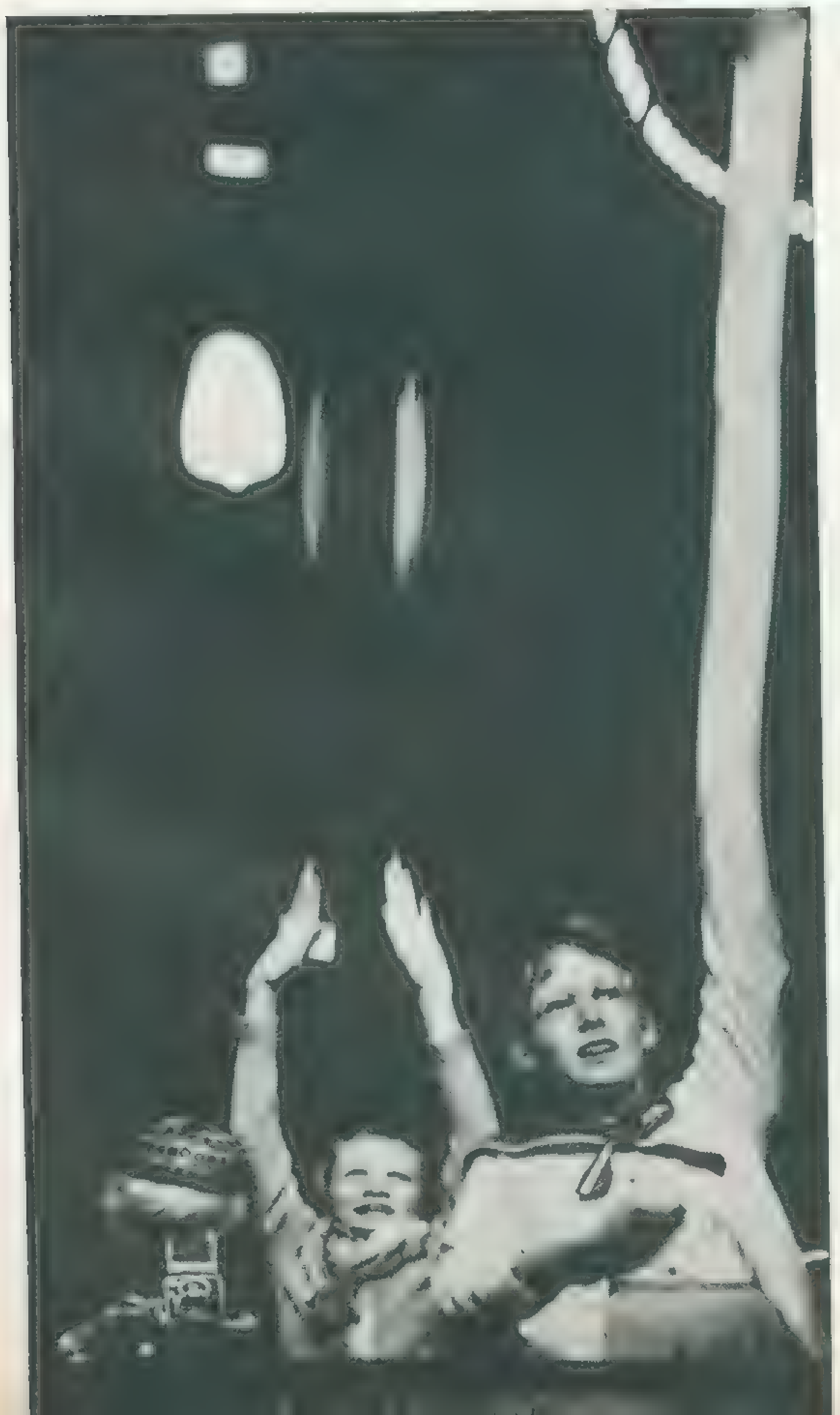
KING *about...*

BY ALLENE TALMEY

The delectable Susan Hampshire as Sarah Jennings, the first Duchess of Marlborough, a girl of sagacity, rage, charm, wiles, and a dazzler in the new television series put on by Public Broadcasting. (The first episode started January 10.) The twelve parts, called *The First Churchills,* take John Churchill (played by John Neville), who was born in 1650, to his death in 1722, with every possible honour, including that vast lion-coloured mansion, Blenheim Palace, given to him by Queen Anne. A formidable diplomat and a military genius, the Duke had an almost impenetrable reserve and graceful manners. Sir Winston Churchill was born at Blenheim on a brass bedstead in a small room on November 30, 1874. Sir Winston, in 1933, wrote about the great Duke: "A long succession of the most famous writers of the English language have exhausted their resources of reproach and insult upon his name. Swift, Pope, Thackeray, and Macaulay . . .".

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the first ones, played by John Neville and Susan Hampshire (below) on television.

Erich Segal, a persistent good-time-Charley who enjoyed his student life at Harvard, enjoys his students at Yale where he teaches literature including the classical Greek and Roman, enjoys his position at the top of the best-seller lists for his frail, marvellous novel *Love Story,* and now enjoys the movie of *Love Story,* with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal, lunatic with love, overwhelming, funny, strong, tender. (In addition, Segal wrote the screen script.) An amusing, understanding man with his hair cut just long enough to please the kids without frightening the parents, Professor Segal *(shown above)* has kept in his movie of young love and young death the most touching scene of his book—the wedding service: the bride, a blue ribbon in her dark hair, saying an Elizabeth Barrett sonnet, ending with, "A place to stand and love in for a day,/With darkness and the death hour rounding it."



Imogen Cunningham who began photographing in 1901 and is still working at it. *Left:* "Self-Portrait with Grandchildren in the Funhouse, 1955," part of the magnificent book *Imogen Cunningham: Photographs* with an introduction by Margery Mann. She wrote lovingly and without extravagance about this eighty-seven-year-old photographer who photographed for Condé Nast's magazine *Vanity Fair.* When someone asked Cunningham how she kept busy, she said: "I *am* busy."

ELLIOTT GOULD who has been chosen by Ingmar Bergman as the first and only American in his new film, *The Touch,* Bergman's first in English. That makes Gould a special if not unique American star. You would never know it from his newest movie, *I Love My Wife,* another marathon Kama Sutra coupling. Young surgeon Gould is married to Brenda Vaccaro, who looks at first like the pretty product of an Italian-Chinese marriage but eventually, from the rear, looks like the backfield of the Dallas Cowboys. He goes through medical school in the hay, goes into practice, does one operation, leaving an assistant to sew up, and from then on sees only one patient, a baseball player with an entrancing wife, played by Angel Tompkins who is delicious.

GOULD, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS HAIRY, LASCIVIOUS, TIRED, HIS EYES DEEPLY BAGGED, HIS SMALL RED MOUTH PURSED. A SEXIST, SEX IMAGE.

SWEET AND SHREWD, TRISH VAN DEVERE, NEW KLASSY KID FOR THE MOVIES

Trish Van Devere, above, funny, shining vision of a boy's dream—witty but vulnerable—in *Where's Poppa,* the drastic film comedy in which she stars as an earnest geriatrics nurse just getting over a bad thirty-eight-hour marriage. With a trace of New Jersey in her speech and a laugh that comes on like champagne and has the dizzying punch of wood alcohol, Trish Van Devere sorts out life's little fictions in a straight-on way: No nonsense about Actors Studio, her alma mater; great, real hope for the still growing mobile Poor Peoples Theatre, of which she is the executive director. Next? "Gawd, I can't imagine who'd want me." No question about that.

LAYERS OF LIES

COSTA-GAVRAS'S TORTURING FILM, "THE CONFESSION"

L'Aveu is the new film by the team that made *Z*: Costa-Gavras as director, Jorge Semprun as writer, Raoul Coutard as photographer, Yves Montand as star. Like *Z*, *L'Aveu* deals with political repression in our time. The two movies have similarities in style—the accelerating cuts to convey the cumulative pace of events, the knowing political allusions in the dialogue, the quasi-documentary report on the fate of the people involved. But the films are different in tone and impact. *Z* was cast in the mould of a suspense thriller. As the good guys, at first in hopeless trouble, fought their way back and exposed the bad guys, the audience was entertained and exhilarated. One left the theatre feeling that, despite everything, brave men had a chance to overcome injustice.

L'Aveu, a grimmer, darker, and, I think, better film, does not provide these easy delights and satisfactions. It lacks evident dramatic conflict: for, where in Greece the individual could use the press, the courts, and the truth to fight back, in Stalinist Czechoslovakia the individual was impotent against the state. Nor is there even the clear conflict, as in *Z*, between democratic and authoritarian principles. The horrible irony of *L'Aveu* is that the hero is shattered by his own principles—above all by his belief in the infallibility of the Communist party. There is no catharsis. The audience leaves in discomfiture and gloom.

Artur London, on whose memoir the film is based, was an old revolutionary, a Communist at fourteen, a veteran of the International Brigade in Spain, a survivor of Nazi concentration camps. As the film opens in 1951, he is Deputy Foreign Minister, suddenly aware that he is under investigation by the secret police. Soon he is confronted with incredible accusations: that he has collaborated with the Gestapo, that he is an agent of Allen Dulles, that he is a spy and traitor. At first he is confident that, once the Party knows, he will be released. Then the interrogators set to work—no sleep, no food, beatings, blindfolds, long walks down endless corridors, dazzling lights focused on the face, incessant questioning, a pitiless process of dehumanization and destruction. In his book London quotes Kierkegaard: "The individual becomes guilty not because he is guilty but because of anxiety about being thought guilty." Can the infallible Party err? Is it not the first Communist duty to sacrifice self to the Party? London is one of fourteen arrested. One after another, they break down and confess to the crimes they never committed. Eleven are hanged.

It is a film of sombre power and passionate intensity. There are jarring notes. It surely should have been shot in black and white instead of the now obligatory colour. The secret policemen in broad-brimmed hats come out of old gangster movies, and the interrogators at times seem terribly shrill (though here one must defer to London). But Costa-Gavras makes us understand why the victims finally confess. Montand, at first incredulous, then harrowed and humiliated, his face infinitely weary and sad, has never been better. With its range of political allusion—Rosa Luxemburg, Sacco and Vanzetti, Radek, La Pasionaria, Noel Field, Zilliacus—*L'Aveu* becomes a distillation of the nightmare politics of our century.

Some will attack it as a cold-war movie designed to offset the anti-fascism of *Z*. This will puzzle those who feel that torture and injustice are just as bad in Czechoslovakia as in Greece. *L'Aveu*'s extraordinary intensity springs in part from the fact that so many of those who made it were once close to the Communist movement. It ends with a slogan painted on a Prague building when the Red Army entered in 1968: "Lenin, wake up! They have gone mad!" There is no inconsistency: Both *Z* and *L'Aveu* affirm human freedom and therefore reject fascism and Stalinism. But what one does as melodrama, the other does as tragedy.

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE RETURN OF THE '30'S, SWEET AND SHARP

BY ALFRED KAZIN

ART DECO: ROMANTIC AND WICKED, THE LAST GASP OF "TASTE"

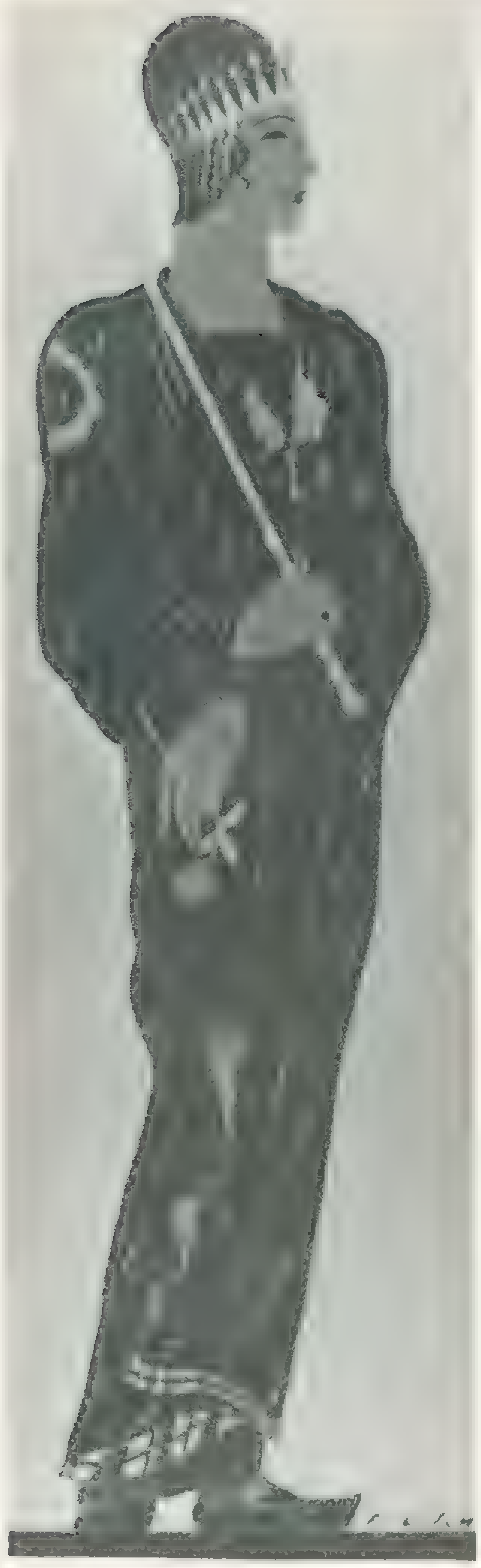
To anyone who grew up in the 'twenties and 'thirties, the clever "Art Deco" Exhibition that has been at the Finch College Museum of Art in New York brings up many associations with the innocent artiness of these "tasteful" scent bottles, "experimental" chairs, lithographic fantasies of the first commercial airplanes, altogether sexless nudes posed against prevailing geometric patterns, "scarab" pins, tubular floor lamps, flatware, and Rockwell Kent's 1930 illustrations for *Moby Dick*.

In the first thirty-five years or so of this century, many excellent painters, craftsmen, designers, illustrators still dreamed of being aesthetic dictators to an age they saw as one of incessant motion—and of luxury. They were fascinated by the airplane and the motorcar, the "traffic ballet." They were individualists with other individualists as their only market, and so gave a showy mathematical (but not always useful) elegance to tables, beds, jewellery, cigarette boxes, compacts, clocks, glassware, and the like. Art Deco—*les arts décoratifs*, they were named first in France—was special, self-conscious, "advanced," not connected with any great sense of utility. I remember barking my shins against ostentatiously simple chairs. It was tough living with many of these geometric shapes, these unfriendly copper, enamel, silver, aluminum surfaces. It was even tougher, then, not being able to protest discomfort and strictness created in the name of the "future."

The "future" has been past for some time now. Few "modern" things now seem so dated as those Scheherazade types in shimmering veils, those tubular floor lamps, the "sophistication" of the "Ile-de-France," and the soaring lines of the Chrysler Building. The sense of motion, of a coming age of flight, somehow united with a *fin-de-siècle* romantic wickedness in the stark black-and-white book illustrations of the time tells me that this blind, sweet, altogether technical illusion of perfect "good taste" every*where* clearly belongs to the more leisured past. I can see how much Art Deco—without its original aesthetic idealism—has become one fashion among many in the mass market of our time.

Art Deco was romantic in spirit: all those bounding, soaring figures, those flying angels, those friendly airplanes! The outward strictness of its forms was a revolt against Victorian too-muchness, betrayed the self-conscious austerity of a new class of educated "tastemakers" who could afford to play at doing without. Many Art Deco designs have become standard commercial patterns; but in this exhibition the vases, globes, glassware, pottery, brooches, clocks, compacts, the men's leather shoes "with sun-burst motif in tan and brown" seem the lonely heirlooms of a departed generation. "Good taste" became an abstraction, expressed in forms that were themselves abstractions. These items are objects still, not commodities.

The "Art Deco" Exhibition will be in Cranbrook, Michigan, from January 19 to February 28, and at The Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, from July 7 to September 5.



ART DECO: LACQUER DETAIL, 1925, *ABOVE LEFT*, DESIGNED BY SCHMIED FOR A LEATHER BOOKBINDING. PAINTED WOOD CHAIR, 1918, *ABOVE RIGHT*, BY G. T. RIETVELD FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. PETER M. BRANT. *LEFT*: "AZTEC WARRIOR," 1931, BRONZE SCULPTURE BY M. L. VERDIER FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. STANLEY INSLER.

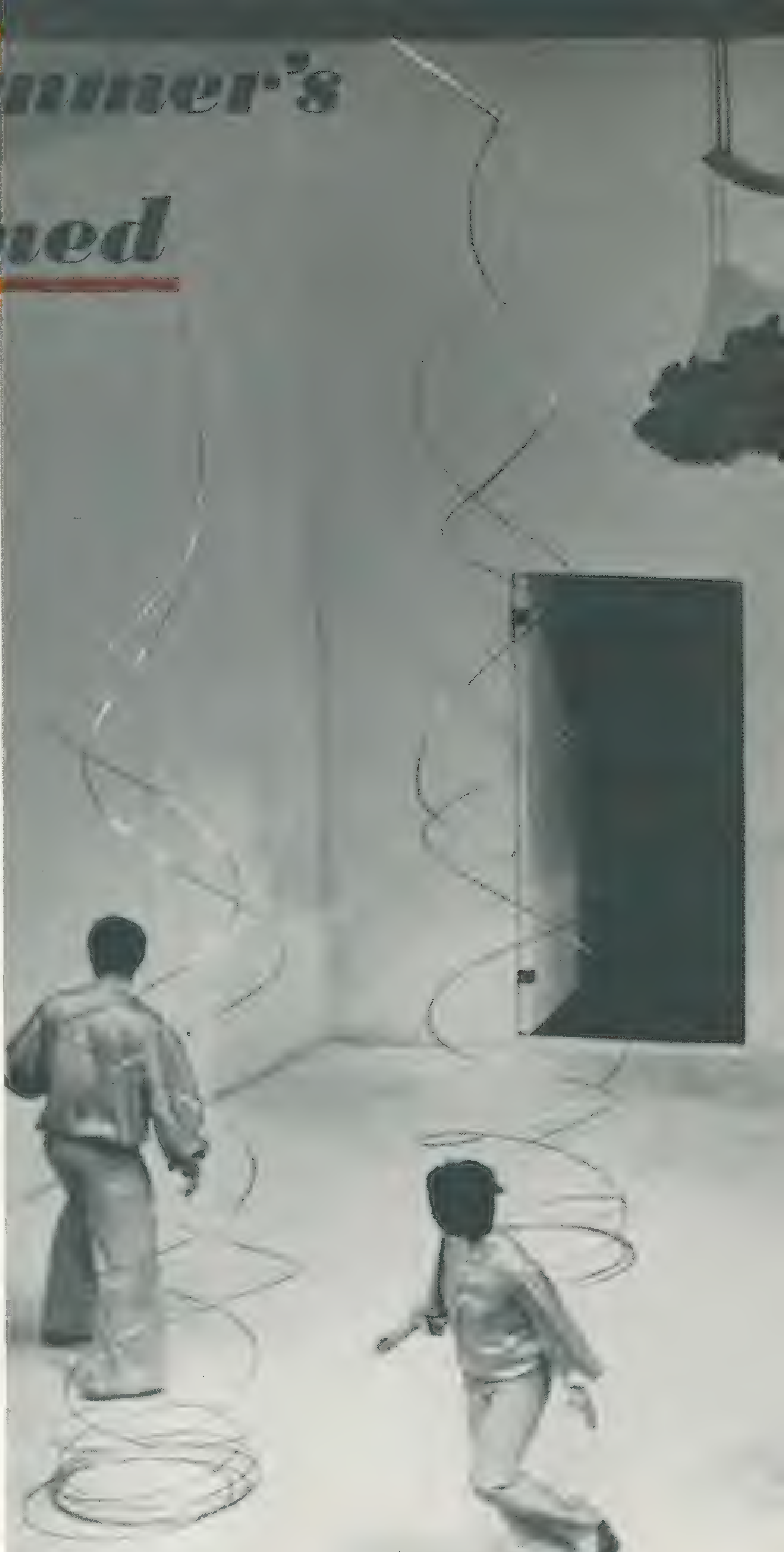
ART-DECO ECHO, 1967: "MODERN SCULPTURE WITH LOOP," *ABOVE LEFT*, BRASS AND MARBLE, BY ROY LICHTENSTEIN, LEO CASTELLI GALLERY, NEW YORK.

"A Midsummer's Night" re-dreamed

BY MARINA WARNER

The set, a stark white box. Encircled by a high gallery. With ladders and firemen's poles. With trapezes, swings and ropes, and Titania's bed: a flaming centrepoint of scarlet ostrich feathers suspended. No moonlight flits, no leafy glades, no fairies' iridescent wings, no "bank whereon the wild thyme blows." The trees are coils of gleaming wire, the fairies wear sackcloth, Puck strides in yellow pantaloons. But this setting by Sally Jacobs is the mainspring of Peter Brook's conception of the play, the radical idea which affects his interpretation. The impression given is so dynamic, so full of activity that one feels only gold-medalled gymnasts could perform it: Oberon swings across the stage, Puck slithers and springs, turns handstands on trapezes, charges on stilts, the flower-drug "love-in-idleness," which bewitches the lovers and Titania, is a zinc plate spinning on a clear plastic rod tossed by Puck and Oberon negligently to each other. The pace and fire leaps, from the movement, yes, but more from the wild percussion of two bands seated high on the gallery, banging, whistling, and shaking metal sheets, hissing and clicking until all this force, this zest and barbarity of sound reaches a glorious pagan climax with the meeting of Titania and Bottom. Titania's body arches with desire, she cries out, the fairies carry Bottom in state to her bed, an arm raised through his legs like a giant phallus, with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" bursting triumphantly on the audience and huge confetti paper plates showering down from the gallery.

The extraordinary thing is the adaptability of the white box. It is, in itself, a brilliant example of Theseus's contention about theatre in the play scene that closes the *Dream*, "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." Peter Brook's production dives straight into the audience's imagination; the actors invest the abstract set with emotion and atmosphere ranging from the intense and intimate to the spacious and grandiloquent. The characters of power, and of the fairy world, are images larger than life; Alan Howard towers as Oberon and Theseus, his reverberative beautiful voice gives him all the magic of authority; but the mortals are individuals, at the mercy of the power's whims: Frances de la Tour, as poor plain Helena, is all human in her interpretation of someone who really can not believe anyone could love her. This is an eloquent division of the immortals over the mortals, and it gives meaning to the doubling of rôles. For not only is Alan Howard Oberon and Theseus, but Sara Kestelman, with her beautiful pliant neck and wide mouth, doubles Hippolyta, Theseus's Amazon and Queen, and Titania, and John Kane doubles Puck and Philostrate, Theseus's Grand Vizier. Throughout Peter Brook has stressed the demon wilfulness of the powers that be. His *Dream* is quick with mischief, so that the lovers' reunion at the end, when all the world is put to right, has the eloquence of true harmony.



PETER BROOK'S ASTONISHING PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* OPENS ON BROADWAY JANUARY 20—A CLICHÉ-SHATTERING, CONTROVERSIAL RE-THINK OF THE PLAY BY THE CLICHÉ-SHATTERING, CONTROVERSIAL BRITISH DIRECTOR OF *MARAT/SADE*. .

SNOWDON

THE RESURRECTION OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN POET OSIP MANDELSTAM BY HIS WIFE, WHO SAVED HIS SECRET ANTI-STALINIST WORKS BY HIDING THEM IN HER MEMORY, OR IN HER KITCHEN SAUCEPAN

POEMS OVER POWER

BY OLGA CARLISLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The widow of Osip Mandelstam, Nadezhda Yakovlevna, now seventy and still living in Moscow, is the author of* Hope Against Hope, *published recently in the United States (by Atheneum) but not in the USSR. In it she tells with vigour and no self-pity the story of her courageous life as an artist, a political outcast, and especially as the wife of one of this century's greatest writers, a poet so unworldly and brilliant that his terrifying mis-step into Stalin's attention with a single poem might have come from a fairy tale. (Stalin's rôle as censor was prodigious. He was known to ring up Gorky and other writers and order editorial changes.) Olga Carlisle, the American writer and painter, daughter of a Russian poet and granddaughter of a Russian playwright, was one of the first to report the brief, quickly stifled spirit of freedom in the early 'sixties among Soviet intellectuals in her book* Voices in the Snow, *1963, and in an anthology of contemporary Russian poetry in translation,* Poets on Street Corners, *1968, in which Mandelstam makes a rare appearance in English. Mandelstam's fate casts an ominous shadow as the repression of intellectuals has again increased.*

Early in our friendship Nadezhda Yakovlevna said: "One can find friends across the barriers of both time and space. You belong to Europe. I, on the other hand, should normally have died in Siberia long ago. Because of your protected childhood in an old-fashioned Russian family, you are a creature from a nearly extinct species. I am your father's age; nonetheless, I am a citizen of the twenty-first century. You and I, we are here by accident—yet we are friends forever."

Admittedly, the atmosphere of Moscow the spring of 1962 when I first met Mrs. Mandelstam made it easy for people of goodwill to come together. De-Stalinization in cultural matters was regarded as a *fait accompli* by many. On our way to an art exhibition at the Mozh (the Moscow Painters' Union), the poet Andrei Voznesensky told me: "Today, Moscow is as free as Paris!" On the walls of the Mozh, normally a stronghold of Social Realism, the paintings were as bright and splashy as anything in Paris. One couldn't believe one's eyes. Where had these canvases been conjured from? Voznesensky, a great lover of modern art, was triumphant.

That year, the spring was unusually hot and dry in Russia. It felt like summer even before leaves began appearing on the small Moscow trees. Under that city's northern latitude, the pale evening twilight lingered on and on. Shops were opened late into the night, and Muscovites rushed around town, preparing at once for Russian Easter and the First of May holidays, which coincided that year. The whole town was hung with red and pale-blue flags. Stalin's portrait had disappeared altogether from public displays.

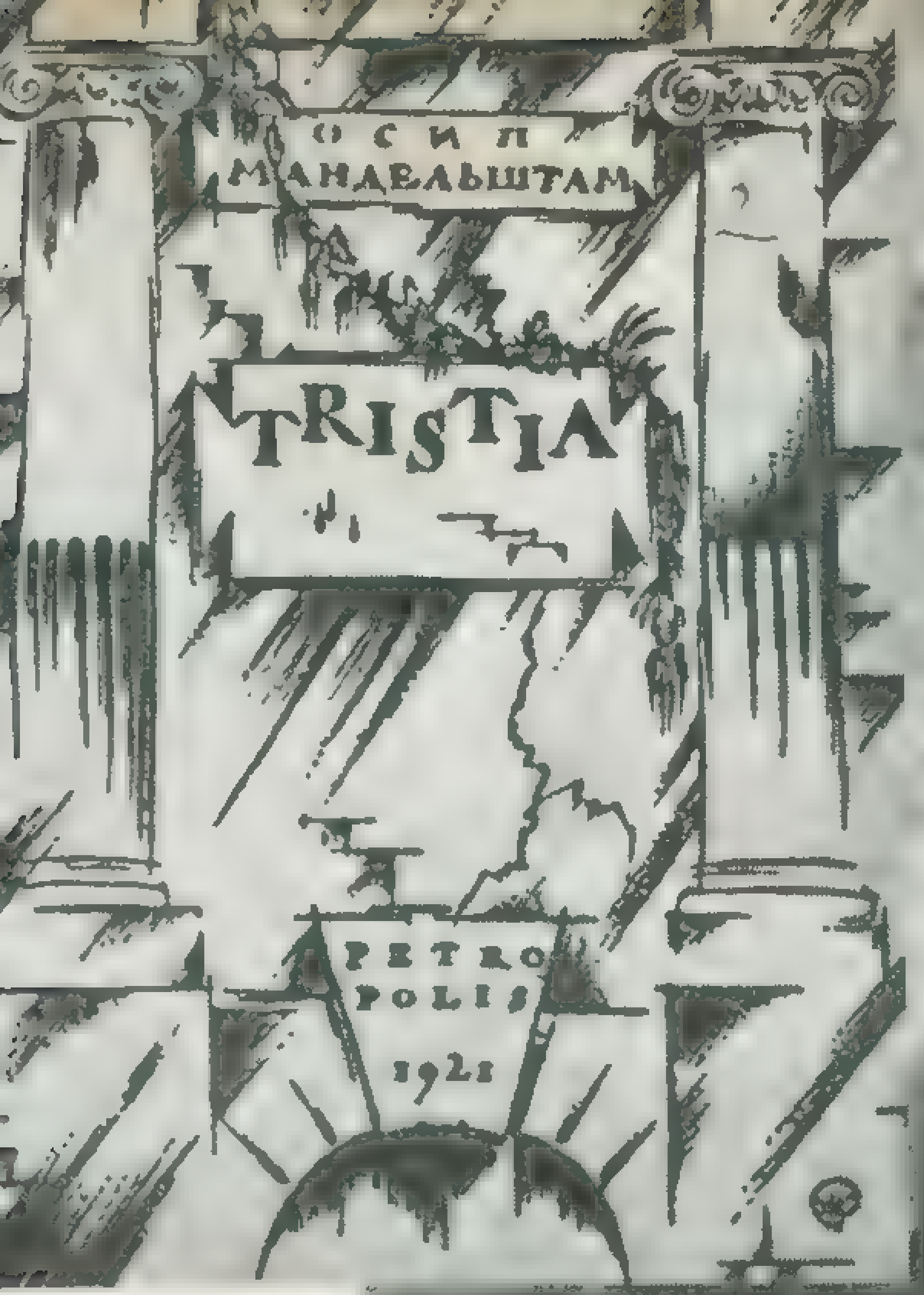
In the cultural thaw, the poems of Osip Mandelstam were beginning to be heard again—many for the first time. From the late 'twenties on, Mandelstam, born in 1891 in Warsaw, Poland, one of several brilliant poets of the Revolutionary years—who, unlike several other St. Petersburg poets, had not emigrated—was a foe of Stalinism. Of all the Russian writers of that time, it was he, a frail, sensitive man of Jewish origin, who was the most courageous in resisting Stalin's intimidations. In 1924 he married a young woman painter eight years younger than he, Nadezhda Yakovlevna Khazina. She was a student of the well-known Kiev artist Alexandra Ekster. After their marriage, the Mandelstams lived in Moscow, then they were exiled to the provincial town of Voronezh. Cultivated, witty, kindly, happy with each other, they were hounded by the Stalinist authorities with a special vengeance. They were incapable of accommodating themselves to the cold cruelty and hypocrisy of the times. Mandelstam was arrested twice. His second arrest, in May 1938, led to his deportation to Siberia and, within a year, to his death in a transit concentration camp.

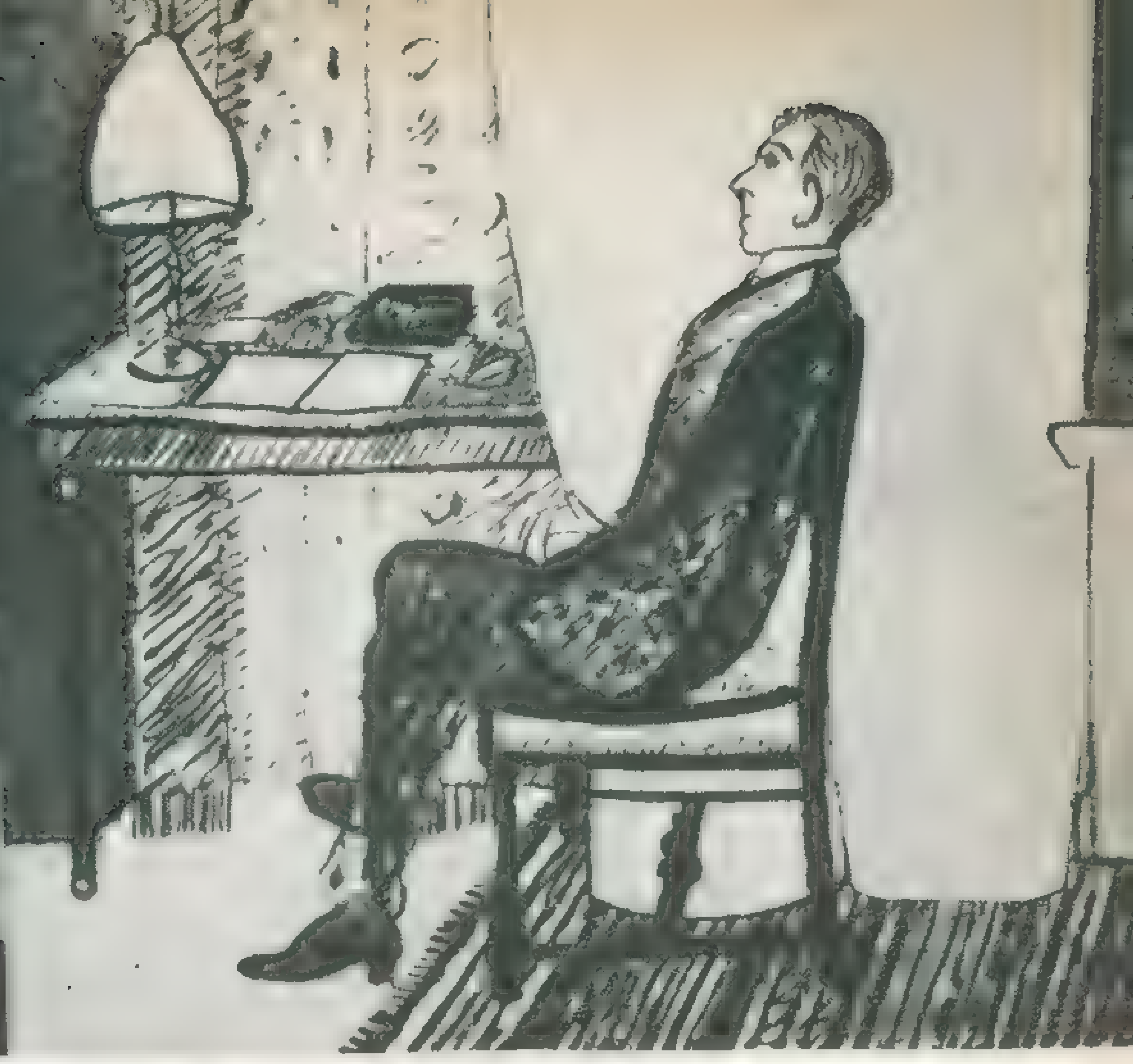
Mandelstam's poetic work—unpublished to this day in the Soviet Union—is divided in two parts, like his life. There is a luminous, youthful half, and the dark one of his mature years.

The second half of Mandelstam's writings was not known to me until I visited Moscow in 1962. At that time it was not clear to readers in the West whether Mandelstam's unpublished body of work—more than half of it—had been preserved in the Soviet Union. It was rumoured to have been strongly anti-Stalinist, sombre, and magnificent; to have been the object of intensive searches on the part of the Stalinist secret police.

It was Nadezhda Yakovlevna who had "preserved the poet's words," memorizing dozens of the poems too compromising to write down. Earlier, she had stuffed some of the offending manuscripts into a saucepan when police searched their apartment in 1934, carrying them off afterwards in shopping baskets with the aid of Anna Akhmatova, the great woman poet, a friend of the family.

The spring of 1962, Muscovites had become quite outspoken. With an enormous sense of release, some were telling of their camp experiences,





From left to right, top: The cover of *Tristia*, Mandelstam's celebrated second book of poetry, treasured by Russian writers, and published for the first time in Berlin in 1921; Mandelstam, at eighteen, photographed in a bowler, 1909; a drawing of Mandelstam by P. Miturich, 1915. *Directly above:* Mrs. Mandelstam, photographed in the late 'twenties when she was a young artist, enchanted, vivid, knowing hope.

a subject which had been taboo until then. Others talked about art and asked questions about Kafka, Allen Ginsberg, and Miró. The most outspoken Muscovite of all was Mrs. Mandelstam. She had just begun writing her memoirs (an extraordinary account of her life with her husband, recently published under the title *Hope Against Hope*). At the time, she was, of course, expecting to have them eventually printed in the Soviet Union: "I am writing this book for Russians of your generation," she said. "In order to survive spiritually, this nation must know what happened to it in the 'thirties and 'forties. But the truth is already ringing out. . . . Under the weight of all that official writing we might have thought that the Russian language was dying. But not at all! There are so many promising young writers. Someday, I'll take you to visit a friend of mine, Polya. She's an elderly peasant woman who lives in Tarusa, not far from Moscow. When you hear

(Continued on page 115)

Photographs, top row, from Slavonic collection of the New York City Public Library: Mrs. Mandelstam, collection of Olga Carlisle.

Preserve my words forever
for their aftertaste
of misfortune and smoke,
for their tar of collective patience
and conscientious work—
water in the wells of Novgorod
—must be black and sweetened
to reflect a star with seven fins
at Christmas.

Oh my Fatherland, my friend,
my rough helper,
remember your unrecognized brother,
the apostate from the people's family—
I have promised to build you forests
of log wells,
such as the Tartars built
to lower the princes
in wooden buckets.

If only your executioners,
those frozen blocks,
could love me,
as the Tsar Peter,
a deadly marksman,
loved the balls
he bowled on the lawn—
for your love,
I'll walk through life in an iron shirt,
for my execution,
I'll walk through the woods like Peter,
and find a handle for the axe.

OSIP MANDELSTAM,
TRANSLATED BY ROBERT LOWELL WITH OLGA CARLISLE.

CECIL BEATON

Floating serenely on a blue summer sea…the beautiful Guinness women, photographed by Cecil Beaton on their yacht, *Sarina*. Facing left (opposite page) is Mrs. Loel Guinness, the legendary Gloria; dark-haired, dark-eyed, magnificent…the black swan. Facing right, her daughter Dolores, Mrs. Patrick Guinness, whose beauty is completely northern—clear grey-blue eyes, ash-blond hair…the white swan. The enchanting cygnets are Mrs. Patrick Guinness's daughters, Alexandra and Victoria, fourteen and eleven; both blue-eyed, white-blond in the sun. Also aboard was their brother, young Loel, thirteen.…The yacht, cruising the Mediterranean, was anchored off Porto Cervo when Beaton came on board. "We didn't know he was coming," said Mrs. Loel Guinness with amusement: "we only had handkerchiefs on our heads."…A close-knit family, the Guinnesses are separated only in winter, when Mrs. Loel Guinness is in Palm Beach, her daughter in Paris or Lausanne, the children at schools in France and Switzerland…."The rest of the year, we're together all the time."

SWANS AND CYGNETS

…three generations of beautiful Guinnesses

DUBUFFET WITH HIS ENVIRONMENTAL SCULPTURE-ARCHITECTURE "WINTER GARDEN" IN PÉRIGNY, FRANCE

JEAN DUBUFFET'S LANDSCAPE FOR TROLLS AND OGRES

The brilliant, controversial French artist builds a hallucinatory city of monumental sculptures to prove "the idea that there are beautiful objects and ugly objects —poppycock!"

BY SAM HUNTER

SNOWDON

For exuberant scale and capriciousness, there has been nothing like Dubuffet's architectural "folly"

JEAN DUBUFFET

Jean Dubuffet is so exceptional looking by any standards that in meeting him one wonders how it will be possible to ignore his appearance and focus on the man and his art. With his small stooped figure, hairless head, prominent ears, beetling brows, and hypnotic eyes, he has an uncanny resemblance to the grotesque homunculi that swarm through his own paintings. But the moment Dubuffet communicates by word and gesture, a different spell is cast. All sense of elfin oddity departs, banished by the drama of the man, his acuity and warm, if somewhat courtly, manner.

This brilliant, utterly unselfconscious man has made a lifelong career out of his opposition to the *beau idéal*. The principle of defying classical canons of beauty is the root of his vitalist, expressive art and of his "anti-cultural" position staked out with such care in his systematic writings. These were recently collected in two densely packed volumes of critical essays and personal correspondence published by Gallimard in Paris. Protesting the hollowness of the traditional Greek ideal, Dubuffet noted in one of these essays: "The idea that there are beautiful objects and ugly objects, people endowed with beauty and others who can not claim it, has surely no other foundation than convention—old poppycock—and I declare that convention unhealthy. The beauty of an object depends on how we look at it and not at all on its proper proportions." Most significantly, the taste for the grotesque, the misprized, and the "aberrant," to adopt a word he favours, is both the visual and philosophical key to the strange new monumental sculptures and architectural complexes engaging Dubuffet over the past year since he occupied his vast new studio at Périgny. These fantastic constructions rank among his most original and powerful conceptions, bringing to a dramatic and quite unforeseen conclusion the long, fruitful *l'Hourloupe* series of paintings begun in 1962.

Périgny is an unspoiled, slumbering provincial village devoted to flower cultivation, less than an hour from Paris. There Dubuffet, early in 1970, completed construction of an impressive studio on the scale of a small factory. The main building contains a pair of generous two-storey, light-filled working spaces where as many as ten assistants keep busy translating his flimsy Styrofoam maquettes into large polyester shells sturdy enough to walk on, utilizing a variety of technically ingenious enlarging devices and a painstaking process of building laminated plastic forms. These somewhat primitive but effective methods allow the reproduction on a heroic scale of the subtlest edge, colour nuance, and shape variation with all the vividness of the original model.

Attached to the main work space are smaller studios where Dubuffet cuts out and paints his models in the strangely dematerialized foam he has made his preferred medium. This building also includes comfortable living quarters for entertaining friends on the weekend. Outdoors one can glimpse neighbouring vineyards and a few imposing large Dubuffet sculptures cast in ceramic and cement, flanking the house like oversized guardian figures. Nearby is a hangar where the larger sculpture projects can be assembled piecemeal. Here, Dubuffet has recently put the finishing touches to his largest environmental structure, an irregular, egg-shaped enclosure the size of a public room, with sloping, vertigo-inducing walls and roof, precariously uneven footing, and lumpy surface texture. He calls it "Winter Garden."

The monumental sculptures and fantastic dwelling complexes evolving section by section at Périgny belong to a master plan for a nightmare city, designed perversely to spite the bland futuristic dreams for better living of the architectural humanists. Dubuffet's models and full-scale realizations resemble a monstrous, hallucinatory moonscape of humped and crooked shapes, skewed perspectives with scarcely intelligible or recognizable environmental features. They provide a congenial landscape for the trolls and ogres, so much a part of his repertory of the grotesque, introduced to establish scale, and probably as a relief from his relentless fantasizing.

After a Paris exhibition last spring at the Centre National d'Art Contemporain, Dubuffet filled the Basel Kunsthalle in the summer of 1970 with his playful-preposterous new architecture. There, among others, he showed his "Blue Wall," a maquette for the "Villa Falballa," "Element of a Contortionist Architecture V," and, most impressively, a wraparound environment, which he called his "Logologic Cabinet," reminiscent of Frederick Kiesler's "Endless House."

In a long note of explanation in the catalogue, Dubuffet emphasized his serious philosophical intentions. The non-descriptive yet strangely animistic forms were meant to scramble and "disorient" normal visual expectations, to camouflage the code that allows us to grasp the logic of reality, and by so doing to open up "an infinite number of other possible directions" for thought within a new "mental space." This recalls the painter Matta, who when assigned to a camouflage section in the armed forces during World War II was discovered painting the insides rather than the outsides of the tanks he was supposed to conceal. As a dedicated Surrealist, he was far too attached to the idea of the "interior landscape" and to confusion as a valued mental state to squander them on the enemy.

Dubuffet's enigmatic and uninhabitable grotto has no direct functional rôle or recognizable connection even with the most extravagantly organic forms of Expressionist architecture. The experience of his "Cabinet" resembles wandering within some gargantuan living creature or visualizing the interior of one's own skull as a physical space swarming with amoeba shapes. Because the surfaces are strangely neutral and disembodied despite their mass, once painted they create a distracting side effect of a papier-mâché diorama for life in the primaeval cave.

All the fanciful structures shown at Basel and the enormous "Winter Garden" ultimately will be installed on a hillside at Périgny as a kind of prefabricated outdoor park open to the public upon application. Since their scale is so vast and Dubuffet does not care to break up the ensemble, he resists any idea of offering individual elements to museums or private collectors, despite the very considerable expense of their construction. The fabulous park at Périgny, when complete, will form an autonomous mythic world on a heroic city scale unmatched in grandeur by any of Dubuffet's contemporaries, although Claes Oldenburg would make a respectable rival if his own projected public monuments were ever made. An example of Dubuffet's monumental style will be visible in New York when he constructs a forty-foot-high sculpture ensemble, now in the model stage, for the downtown plaza of the Chase Manhattan Bank.

For exuberant scale and capriciousness, there has been nothing quite like Dubuffet's architectural "folly" since the Italian Mannerist garden of animal grotesques at Bomarzo or Simon Rodia's Watts Towers in California. Unlike those extravagant whimsicalities—one, a fanciful sculpture park to entertain a jaded court and the other, an architectural dreamworld by an earnest and naïve artisan—Dubuffet's bizarrerie is backed by a complex philosophical rationale.

As a clue to his new intentions, just before his architectural phase, Dubuffet had begun to attach such enigmatic titles to his increasingly handsome but perplexing *l'Hourloupe* paintings as "I Will

Opt for Error," "Err and Deviate," and "Virtue of the Virtual." These inscriptions provided broad hints of his preferences for the flawed and idiosyncratic in art and thought.

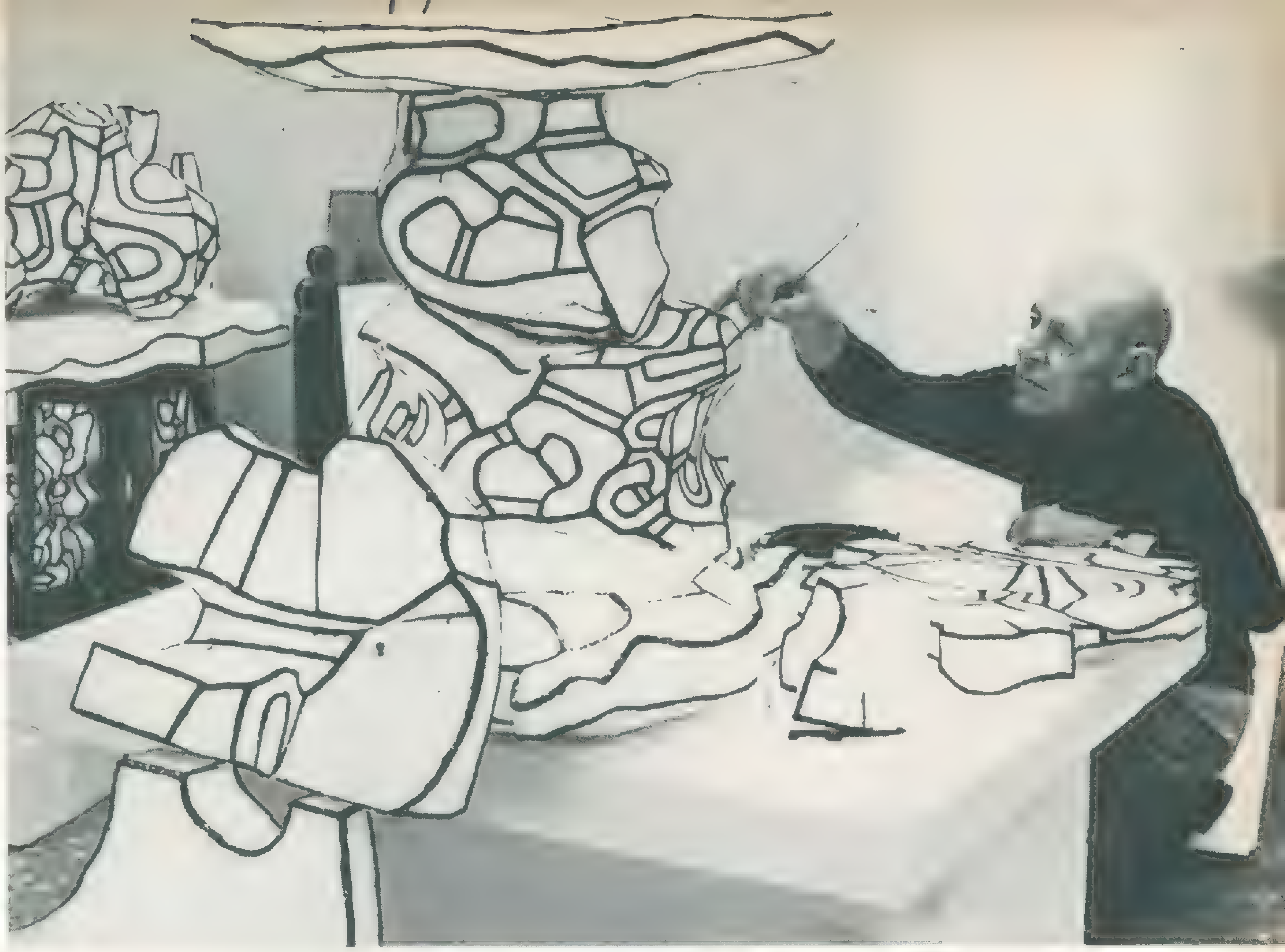
Throughout his career, from his first outrageous portraits of his intellectual circle in Paris during the 'forties' through his cruelly delicate collage dissections of butterfly wings and druidic representations of the human form in casual, slag-heap sculpture materials, he has pushed his work to the far edge of the arbitrary and the disagreeable. Dubuffet holds that even the most monstrous visual fictions are tenable and necessary to liberate an artist's creativity, to crack the crust of exhausted art conventions, whether of naturalism or of abstraction.

Describing the period of *l'Hourloupe,* he questioned why artists feel compelled to interpret the world about them rather than to invent imaginary constructions. "Possibly because they are impelled by nature to creation rather than to understanding," he speculated, "or possibly because they have so little trust in the notion of truth that the idea seems futile, they decide to present (and present themselves) things *which do not exist.* . . . Can not a man in all legitimacy choose, once at least—and why not, perhaps, once for all?—not truth (a shifting thing anyway) but change and delusion?"

Such confounding interrogations stem from the Surrealist tradition of subversive introspection and revolt. His absurdist, useless architecture which cheerfully spites the rational planners also owes a considerable debt to Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* and his farcical assaults on common sense. Dubuffet has been a member for many years of a society dedicated to preserving the spirit of Jarry's inspired lunacies.

His hectic, run-on calligraphy, with its horror vacui, also evokes the well-known collection of primitive and psychotic art that Dubuffet formed over the past two decades under a name that has now passed into the language, *l'Art Brut.* Installed for many years in the large East Hampton, New York, house of his friend Alfonso Ossorio on Long Island, this bizarre collection of three thousand art objects was returned to Paris in the early 'sixties and now has been housed with its resident curator in a sizable building in the rue de Sèvres.

Attaching considerable importance to this art, Dubuffet has written elaborately analytical and lengthy monographs on the individual artists he discovered and acquired. On the other hand, critics have not taken seriously the intensely private worlds of his primitivist and psychotic discoveries. Interestingly enough, the radical change in style from his *Paris Circus* to the *Hourloupe* paintings coincided with his revival of interest in the *Art Brut* collection.



DUBUFFET WORKING ON A STYROFOAM MODEL OF A TREE
FOR HIS "PLAYFUL-PREPOSTEROUS" NEW ARCHITECTURE

SNOWDON

Dubuffet's own work has always had abundant visual echoes of *l'Art Brut;* and the *Hourloupe* paintings, particularly, evidence a direct debt to the ritualistic tightness of design and estrangement of psychotic art. The worlds of the disturbed mind appeal to Dubuffet for their visual and psychic drama, their mysterious sense of "otherness," and as expressive alternatives to an over-educated aesthetic. "My feeling is—has always been—very strong," he has noted, adding "that the key to things must be not as we imagine it, but that the world must be ruled by strange systems of which we have not the slightest inkling."

Fragments of the human comedy, commonplace objects that lead an uncommon life, furniture impersonating men impersonating trees, and environments that illustrate ideas populate Dubuffet's new cosmology. Categories, species, and even physical properties are muddled and blurred, thanks to his masterful ambiguities of form and the characterless foam medium he now uses.

In conversation Dubuffet points out that we "learn" to see still-life objects as such, but that for the savage mind the same forms might be interpreted as demons and spirits. While that idea might seem obvious to the student of comparative anthropology, to have the artist gravely and emphatically propose it, surrounded by paintings that in fact tread the razor's edge between banal object and the spirit world, can be a chastening experience. It is one thing to read James Frazer's *The Golden Bough,* and quite another to meet an authentic medicine man and to feel the power of his uncanny magic.

The uniformly thick contours and chunky shapes of *l'Hourloupe* started with some red-and-blue ball-point pen doodles in 1962, which were schematic renderings of common objects and kitchen utensils. When they were assembled in a pamphlet, Dubuffet gave them the nonsense title *l'Hourloupe,* probably an ironic reference to *l'enterloupe,* meaning "con job" in the vernacular, and thus alluding obliquely to the artist's rôle of illusionist and buffoon.

The bizarre epithet for his recent paintings can also be associated with *hurler,* to scream, for violence has contributed as much to his work as artifice. Since his first cruel and hilarious portraits, there has been an element of sinister farce about Dubuffet's human comedy, whose dark psychic stirrings find echo in the inanities and wild caricatures of Ionesco. The fantasy world of *l'Hourloupe* has a deceiving cheerfulness in its elementary patterns and bright nursery colours, but upon closer inspection the jumbled maps reveal obsessively tortured masks and the repetitive visual counterpoint of the mind in chains.

Dubuffet demonstrates the adroitness of a juggler in operating at multiple levels of farce, irrational impulse, decorative charm. His sense of exasperation, primarily, and the need to take increasing risks fuel his restless changes in style. These changes now number "twenty-three periods" by his own count. The many shifts in style, however, have not alienated the public

(Continued on page 119)

"The world must be ruled by strange systems of which we have not the slightest inkling"

COLOUR'S the

Sweeps and swirls and floats of brilliance to wrap yourself up in at night . . . Delicious here, wrapped around Lesley Warren, the thrill-a-minute heroine of TV's *Mission Impossible.* . . . **RAINBOW SPLASH,** left, on an airy black silk chiffon poncho drifting over matching pants. Poncho, about $125; pants, about $150. Made to order by Halston. Also at Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Choker: Deirdre & Kip. Capezio shoes. **BUTTERFLY WINGS TO FOLD AROUND YOU,** right—voyant colour on a short silk kimono with long slippery fringe sliding from the hem. Adolfo. About $345. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Alexis Kirk earrings. **FILMY SILK CHIFFON TOGA,** far right—two large tie-dye scarfs held at the shoulder and blowing. Black and white marbled with pink and mauve. $250. Made to order by Halston. Alexis Kirk earrings. Danskin tights: Altman's. Herbert Levine sandals. Maury Hopson coiffures.

Lesley Warren

thing for evening

BERT STERN

for evening

DANCE LIKE A GYPSY, right, in flouncing flounces—Burgundy crushed cotton velvet skirt with tiers and tiers of bright cotton print slit in front. And a kicky little peplum top that wraps over it—just barely. Turnout by Norma Druz; $170. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Mr. John hat; butterfly by Allen Wynn for Mike's Boutique. Pendants and ring: Joan M. Blumenthal. Tights: Beauty Mist. Boots: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. ***GO A LITTLE WILD WITH THE PRINTS,*** far right—panne velvet knickers, a chiffon shirt with billowy smocked sleeves, and a long sleeveless vest to wear over them—all in different tones and textures and patterns of pink. And you keep it all going with lots of clattery things dangling from the neck, leather thongs at the waist, and ghillie laces over magenta legs. Thea Porter turnout. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Marguerite Stix choker. Fish: Massab Bros. Shell hand: Celia Sebiri, Henri Bendel. Belt: Carol Moskowitz. Ruza Creations bracelets, rings. Indianhead tights. Battani boots. Coiffures: Franklyn Welsh.

PENATI

FANTASY'S the thing

PRINT'S the thing

CHINESE-YELLOW FLOWERS ON VIOLET, right—a wonderful little dinner dress all wrapped and tied and slit thigh high. By Richard Tam, of Qiana nylon (Couleur fabric). About $410. Sara Fredericks; Nan Duskin; Roberts Gaffney. Vincent Wilson choker. Beautiful Bryans tights. Charles Jourdan sandals. **THE PRETTIEST QUILTED SILK COAT,** cen-
e, in a happy-go-flower print.
haped, belted, and perfect
over every little thing you wear for evening. Originala. About $395. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Mr. John hat. Randolph Graff watch. Go-lo boots. **THE PRINT IS PAISLEY,** far right, and it's got you covered. Black, red, pink silk with trumpet sleeves and a wide belt—Jacques Tiffeau's small evening dress. Abraham fabric. About $325. Martha; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin. Coup-de-feu wig by Halston. Scarf: Baar & Beards. Vincent Wilson choker. Cuffs by Oscar de la Renta. Red tights by Danskin.

PENATI

for evening

WHEAT KNI

T'S the thing for day

PENATI

SPRING FOR THIS COATDRESS, far left, and live in it from the first fine day to the last—wheat-beige knit, cut and buttoned like a shirt. to wear on its own or belted over all your little dresses and pants and shirts and skirts. Woolmark coatdress by Calvin Klein; Calvert Knit. About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rike's; Maison Blanche. Hat by Madcaps. Belt by Elegant. Watch and bracelets by Gucci. Aris gloves. **WHEAT KNIT FISHERMAN'S COAT,** centre, with a sporty little hood, drawstring waist and cuffs, all unbuttoned to show a flash of matching knickers—or whatever you want to put underneath. Woolmark turnout by Calvin Klein; Calvert Knit. About $160. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Watch: Jacques-Ferré for Semon. **JUMP RIGHT IN, ZIP RIGHT UP,** left—a seamed-around-the-hip wheat knit jumpsuit to ease you through the day, take you through the year. By Ginala; Duplex International wool, knitted in America. About $110. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat by Sant' Angelo for Sally Gee. Hector Jorge choker. Ariel Scornik watch. All scarfs by Echo; tights, Danskin; shoes, Charles Jourdan.

KNIT'S the thing for

HERE TODAY, THERE TOMORROW, left—a greige softly knitted pantsuit with straight legs, narrow shirty-looking jacket, and all as neat as ninepence any time, any place. By Kimberly, of wool knitted in America. About $110. At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Choker, Hector Jorge. Coco Creations bag. Marguerite Stix necklace. Shoes: Piero Nuti for I. Miller. ***TRIG AS A NAVY MAN'S RIG,*** right—this navy knit blazer over matching pants. Add its own turtleneck sweater and cast off. Pantsuit by Kimberly, of wool knitted in America. About $145. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Gus Mayer; J. W. Robinson. Earrings by K. J. L. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Echo scarf. Charles Jourdan boots.

day

THE HIT KNITS, left—uptown, downtown, all around the world, a patch-pocketed coat over pants, both white, right, and marvellous looking harnessed with a feed bag handbag. By Sony Schotland for Golet, of Berroco wool knitted in America. About $150. Bramson; Bullock's Wilshire. Bag by Lavin for Lederer. Watch: Jacques Ferré for Semon. Aris gloves. Charles Jourdan boots. ***GET THE JUMP ON EVERYONE,*** right, put a greige knit jumpsuit under a sleeveless brown suède coat whipped and tied with thongs. Just great! Jumpsuit (of Duplex International wool jersey knitted in America) and coat, by Frank Masandrea for Modelia. About $195. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Choker, Marguerite Stix. Thongs, Elegant. Amulets, Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. Petroff clogs by Abratt. Coifs, these four pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

PENATI

THE CUT AND THE CARE THAT GIVES YOU WASH-N-WEAR

HAIR

HAIRDRESSERS TELL YOU HOW TO GO SIX WEEKS WITHOUT THEM

"I never say to a client, 'See you next week.' *Never.* It's more likely 'Don't come back before three months because you don't need me.'" Why the swinging-est hair in town is paying such infrequent visits to the swinging-est hairdressers in town (like Louis of Louis-Guy D', the speaker above) is because it's acquiring a healthy new way of life, courtesy of the master snippers. They're teaching their clients the fine and wholesome art of wash-n-wearmanship.

Step 1 is *the cut.* With the skillful cut, thin hair appears thicker, short hair has more bounce, long hair looks heavier, excessive oiliness can be tamed. "If she has a style that's easy to cope with so she can wash it often and blow-dry body into it rather than teasing and spraying and all the other things one falls into, then most of her hair problems are licked," said Kenneth.

How often should hair be cut? Louis' cutting schedule: Short hair every 6 weeks. Long hair—3-4 months. Shoulder-length hair that wants to grow longer—every 5 months. Exception is when there are split ends, which should be trimmed immediately before the split travels up the shaft. Louis gives them his "health cut."

Proper cutting strategy actually can help the hair itself. A chemist explains how. The weakest area of hair is the ends, the only portion of hair not covered by protective outer cuticle, and the only area where the inner hair shaft is completely exposed. When hair is cut at an angle (a razor is usually the culprit here), the area of exposed inner shaft is greater, more protein and moisture can escape. As you reduce the ability to keep the correct moisture balance in the hair, the entire hair shaft gets drier and drier. *A blunt scissor cut leaves the hair stronger, healthier.*

Step 2 is *the homework,* what a girl should do when she takes her perfect cut home. "I can give you the most fantastic cut in the world, but if you don't brush and shampoo properly—and condition your hair every time you wash it, it just won't work," Louis said. . . . Details on the homework follow, next pages.

White blonde in a breeze

The colouring process has not always considered a head of hair's best friend. Now the master colourists have developed it to the point that tinted hair often becomes healthier hair. For instance, the clean Swedish blondness of Gunilla, the breezeswept Viking at left, can be achieved by wizardly doings that condition hair while they colour it. It's Preference, new permanent colour by L'Oréal, in which they've been able to wed cream-in tint with stay-in conditioning that you feel on first touch—and until the next touch-up. Champagne Blonde's the shade. Rest of the colour scheme: L'Oréal's Satin Skin fluid foundation, abetted by Iridescent Creme Blusher in peach and Brandied Apricot lipstick.

You don't have to stand on your head to get good hair

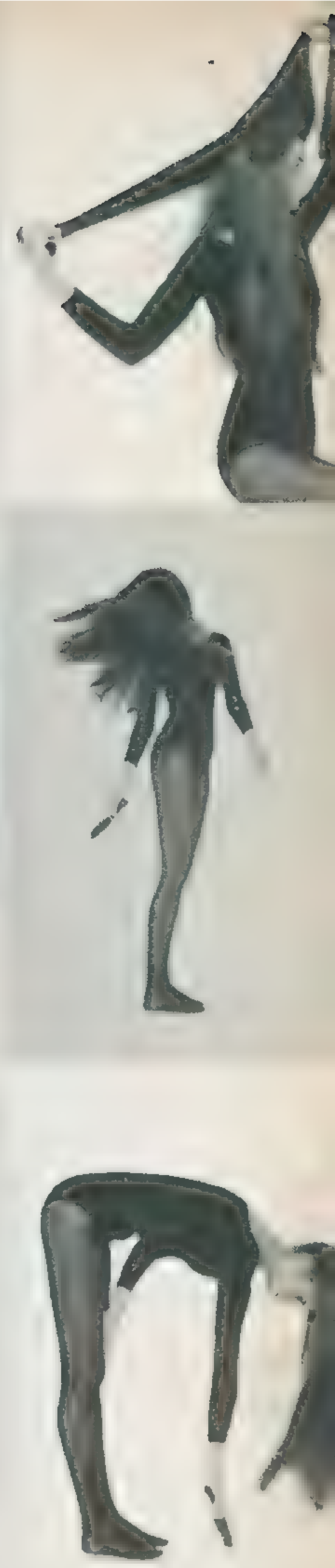
BUT, IF YOU CAN MANAGE IT, IT HELPS YOU MANAGE YOUR HAIR. MANY OF THE SAVVY SWINGERS START SWINGING THIS WAY EACH MORNING. . . . "ANYTHING THAT URGES BLOOD TO THE HEAD NOURISHES THE SCALP. BETTER CIRCULATION IS BOUND TO MEAN BETTER HAIR," SAID KENNETH, WHO KNOWS BETTER HAIR WHEN HE SEES IT. . . . BLACK STRETCH BODY SUIT WITH BLUE, YELLOW, AND RED DIAMOND PATTERN OF ROHM AND HAAS'S FORMELLE FIBRE. BY GIORGIO DI SANT' ANGELO. ABOUT $60. BONWIT TELLER

J P ZACHARIASEN

JACK ROBINSON

HOLD BRUSH FIRMLY. FLICK WRIST. BRUSH UP, BRUSH DOWN, THEN BRUSH OUT.

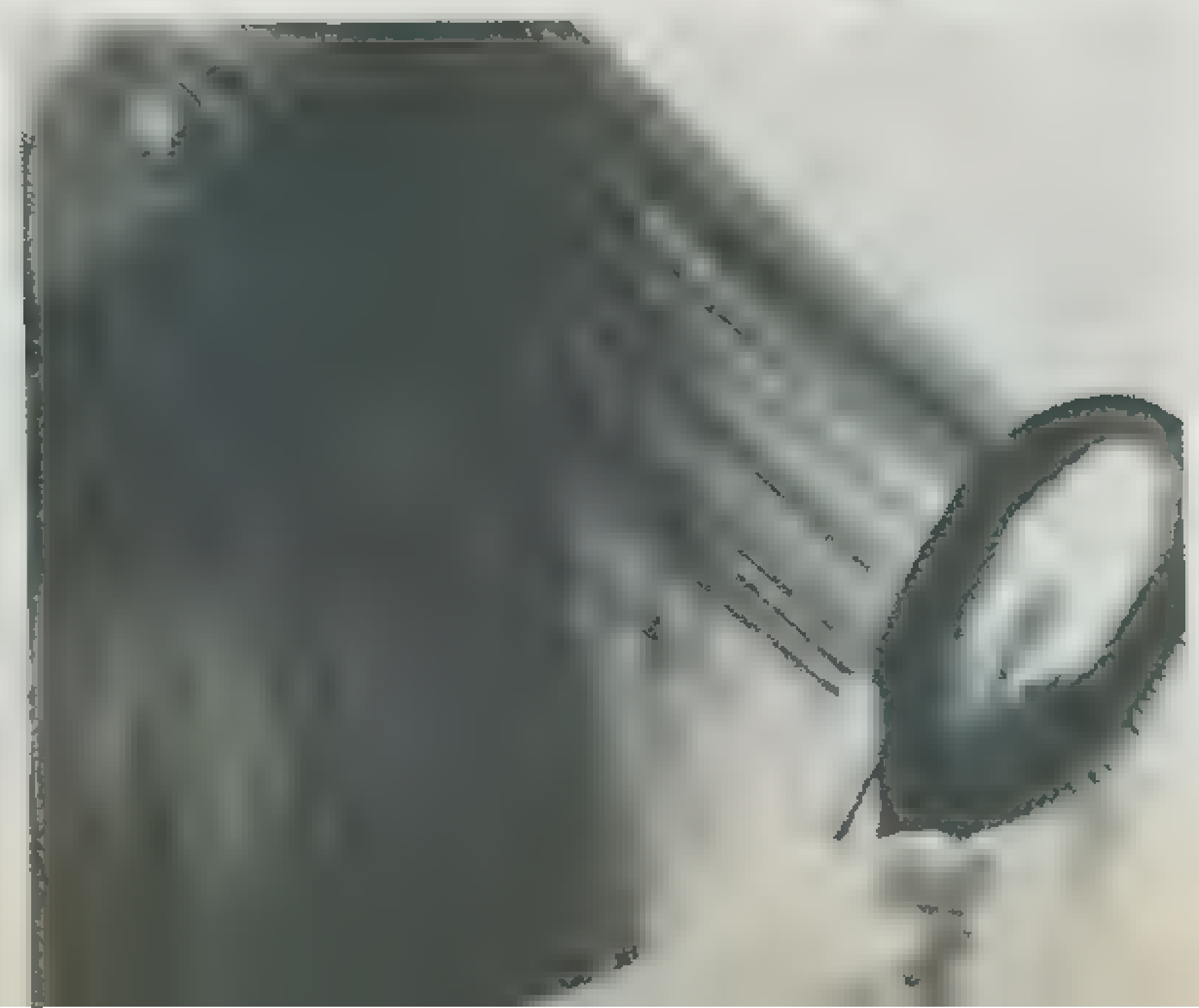
JACK ROBINSON



HOW THE WASH-N-WEAR HAIR GAINS SHEEN AND BODY, AVOIDS TEASING: AVID BRUSHING BEFORE SHAMPOO AND AFTER SET. THEN A BIG SHAKE-UP.

"Don't comb it, brush it," according to Louis of Louis-Guy D', who holds that a comb can do little for hair that a brush can't do much better. He teaches his wash-'n-wear clients the fine art of brushing, makes them practise in his presence. If scalp is sensitive or hair in a delicate condition, he recommends a natural-bristle brush (the one at work here is by Mason Pearson, $30 at Henry Halper.) **Brush before shampoo**...strong and in every direction. "It takes the tangles out, activates blood circulation, and gives you a sheen after the shampoo that you would never have otherwise."...**Brush after setting**...right through to the scalp to take all the curls out. "Start from underneath, work way up to top to remove all the set. Then go from front down the back and sides."...Then: **Shake it.** Toss it backwards and forwards. Bend down and let the blood rush to your head. "You've got to give hair air, relax it. Whether your hair is short or long, shaking makes it stand up from the scalp. 60% of the shaking will save 40% of the teasing," said Louis, who might be 100% right.

(More next page)



BRUSH IN SECTIONS ALL THE WAY THROUGH TO SCALP. BE SURE THAT EVERY STRAND GETS THE WORKS.

Hairdresser tips on the washing and rinsing of wash-n-wear hair

Wash hair as soon as it hangs limply. Soil and oil weigh hair down. Removing them gives bounce and body, another assist to the elimination of teasing. Louis of Louis-Guy D' instructs long-hair clients to shampoo three times a week, short hair twice. . . .Use bland shampoo, just one lathering. Many daily washers like baby shampoo. If special shampoo for problem hair is needed, dilute it. . . . **Lukewarm water.** Very hot water very bad for hair. . . .Gently massage with fingertips, pull lather through with long strokes. . . .**Rinse, rinse, rinse.** Louis directs clients to shampoo in shower. "I don't care what type of shampoo you use, if it's not rinsed well, you're going to develop a dry scalp and other problems.". . .**Condition**—for shine, body, manageability. After every washing No exceptions. Louis is especially attached to Wella's Gentle Care, a 60-second liquid conditioner that comes in two formulas: Regular and Extra Body for Fine Hair —and which he considers particularly persuasive with bleached, streaked, chemically-treated hair. "Apply conditioner two inches from scalp and then down to the ends of hair. It's hair, not scalp, that wants the therapy. Comb through with wide-toothed comb to distribute evenly.". . .Then **rinse again,** finally with cold water for extra shine. Louis' rule for well-rinsed hair: "Wet hair should look shiny before it dries. If it's dull while it's wet, there's too much conditioner left." **Shine. . . .**

JACK ROBINSON

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER, III

A shining example of wash-n-wear hair, good from any angle. . . .The wearer, Camilla Hoover, is a real beauty, a real blonde, and a student at The New York School of Interior Design. As far as her exterior design is concerned: The full and healthy head of hair you see four views of here was once "long, thin, and not very healthy." As Mrs. Hoover became increasingly busy (at, among other things, doing over the Hoovers' new duplex in an old, multi-fireplaced New York building), she applied to her hairdresser for a drastic coif revision that would require a minimum of upkeep and give her hair a maximum of substance. André of Cinandre complied with a short, blunt cut which appears an even length, but is actually about 1½ inches long in front, 10 inches long in back. Each radiant strand seems to lead a lively, but well-behaved life of its own. The soft curls have rhythm. They also have staying power, demand no trickier maintenance than a daily brush-up and a weekly wrap-up in tiny rollers. The streaks that *coup de soleil* her sun-smoked hair are painted on with a brush by Elie of Cinandre. . . ."You must treat hair like a good fabric," said André. "You don't just let it hang." Mrs. Hoover is delighted that she just didn't.

BERT STERN

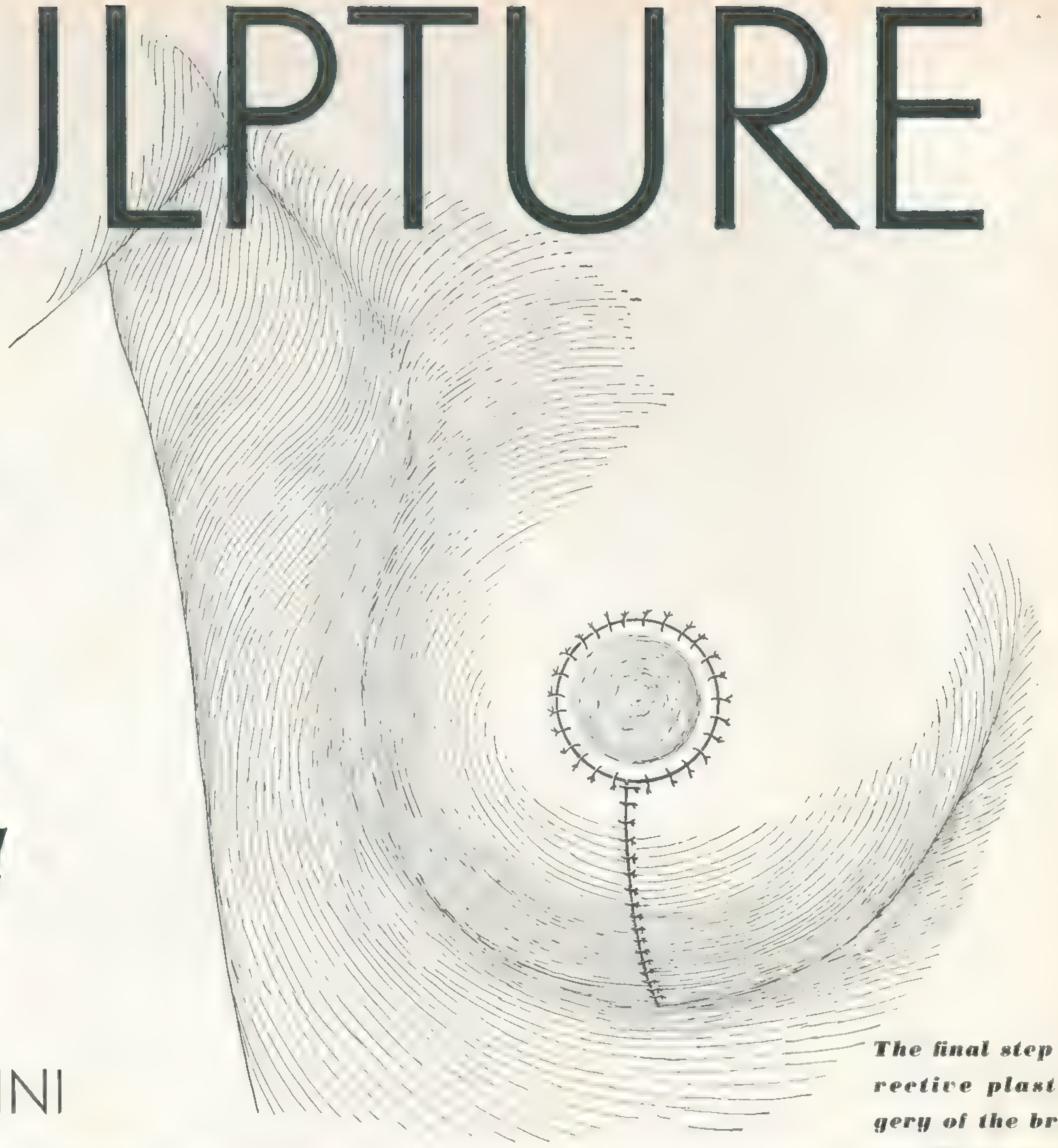
The high modern bosom is free and unshy of sun and air

BREAST

SCULPTURE

what plastic surgeons can do to give you a beautiful bosom

BY SIMONA MORINI



The final step in co
rective plastic su
gery of the breast
the Pitanguy meth

Can you imagine a flat-chested Mother Earth? Even a slender, boyish young girl has breasts, no matter how timidly they rise from the chest. Conical, hemispheric, or pear-shaped; fragile like cups of gelatine or hard as unripe apples; some shapelessly large and some barely bulging from the rib cage, women's breasts are much more than a textbook definition of mammary glands; they are the most visible characteristic, the very symbol of femininity in all its nuances and rôles. Through the centuries only the mode and amount of exposure and the ideals of size and shape have changed. The modern bosom is free, athletic, exposed to sun and air, it is coming out from secluded beaches into crowded ones—you don't need a top to water-ski. Back in the city, to be free means to stride braless and certain, the breast breathing under a liquid jersey. But from the bare-breasted Cretan snake goddess to the rouged nipples of Madame de Chatelet to the mono-bikini at St. Tropez last summer, women's breasts have always been the sensual and erotic preoccupation for man and, rightly or wrongly, the woman's index of her own sex appeal.

Of course, women's breasts are *also* two glands, of not great physiological importance, occupying on either side of the sternum (breastbone) an area usually extending from the second to the sixth rib. The glands are "slung" over the chest muscles and are incorporated in fatty tissue, whose shape and amount give the breasts their contour. The whole is covered by a tender and elastic skin intimately connected to the glands by strands of fibrous tissue that give the breasts their resiliency, bounciness, and keep them attached to the chest. Each mammary gland consists of fifteen to twenty lobes held together by fat. Each lobe contains a single, branching-off milk duct that courses from a cluster of potentially milk-yielding sacs—the alveoli—all t way up to the surface, opening up ampulla-like on the nipple: a crov of tiny holes at the centre of a sensitive, blood-rich, dark-pink ha —the areola.

Controlled by distant hormones, crisscrossed by important nerve three vital arteries, and dozens of veins, women's breasts are imm diately affected by glandular disturbances in puberty, menstrual di orders, pregnancy, heredity, "crash" diets, food binges, and pla gravity. Any of these causes can make them swell or collapse, often wi enormous rapidity, wilt or bloom frantically. Or else, while one brea may have developed normally, the other never develops or mysterious atrophies, causing a marked asymmetry—aesthetically, one of the m disturbing breast defects of all.

There comes a time for many women faced with an organic merely aesthetic breast problem. conscious that they can not rely their natural silhouette in public, let alone wear Saint Laurent's se through blouses, when cushioned, steeled-up, cilice-like brassières a of little help. When frustration, discomfort, acute self-consciousness b come more unbearable than the fear of major surgery or stronger tha the discouraging words of an old-fashioned physician, these women a ready for mammaplasty: plastic surgery of the breast.

Mammaplasty is a twentieth-century art. Unlike oral surgery ar rhinoplasty, whose history is ancient, there are no reports of plast surgery of the breast before the seventeenth century. In 1669, Dursta a British surgeon, for the first time removed a breast that had b come suddenly and excessively swollen. And after that operation, almo nothing happened—except for removals of benign tumours (Continued

BREAST SCULPTURE

(Continued) in the eighteen hundreds—until the turn of the century, when aesthetic mammaplasty really was born. Two French surgeons, Michel and Pousson, probably were the first to describe how they had reduced abnormally enlarged breasts. And a few years later, Villandes, another Frenchman, not only reduced a young woman's breasts but also transposed the nipples to suit the new shape.

Augmentation of undersized breasts is even more recent. With the exception of injecting paraffin, a dangerous practice popular forty, fifty years ago (consider those 1920's Folies Bergère stars, for instance, whose impeccably round, naked breasts never trembled when they descended their gilded staircases or towered over the heads of first-row admirers), absolutely nothing medically reasonable was attempted until 1945, when transplantation of grafts of skin and fat taken from the patient's buttocks was performed in the United States for the first time for aesthetic reasons. The procedure had been suggested years before, but only to reconstruct breasts removed because of cancer or chronic inflammation of the glands.

Today, however, such a technique is no longer recommended, first because the patient is left with scars on the buttocks as well as on the breasts, and second, because the human body tends to absorb, in part or completely, its own free grafts, which literally melt into the system.

For women who have breasts that are too small or asymmetric, breasts that have shrivelled after childbirth and nursing, or have aged prematurely, the modern solution is a permanent synthetic implant: a soft, resilient material resembling the consistency and weight of real breasts, that is non-allergenic, can be safely sterilized, can not be absorbed by the body, and, above all, is not carcinogenic.

Silicone has all these qualities. Naturally, not silicone in its *liquid* form, which for a few years in the 1950's used to be enthusiastically injected into the breasts and was later ostracized. Research regarding silicone's correct use is still in progress. What is used today is a specially tested gelatinous silicone sealed in silicone rubber envelopes shaped like breasts. This prosthesis was first devised in the early sixties by Dr. Thomas D. Cronin of Baylor University in Houston, Texas, and realized by Mr. Silas Braley of Dow Corning, and is currently manufactured by Dow Corning in eight different sizes. Through an incision of about six to eight centimetres in the breast fold, the surgeon prepares a pocket behind each mammary gland, where it contacts the chest muscles. Blood vessels of all sizes, exposed by the incision, are meticulously cauterized with electric current, lest they begin to bleed after the operation, causing dangerous swellings. When the area is dry, the surgeon slips the silicone bags into the pockets. He carefully positions them until they are exactly in place—the same gestures of a woman packing her breasts into a brassière in the morning, automatically making sure the nipples are neither lopsided nor "cross-eyed" but fit snugly into the brassière cone.

There is no need to suture the implants to the chest wall: the body takes care of that. Almost immediately after the operation, the tissue begins to heal around the implants by sending out little fibres that wind themselves about the entire implant. Most of the implants have a backing of Dacron mesh or a trimming of plastic lace, through which fibres will easily find their way and secure the implants to the chest wall.

There is another type of implant: smooth, balloon-like silicone envelopes that are inserted, empty, through a tiny submammary incision into the usual pocket behind the glands and then filled with a sterilized liquid through a little tube, which is then trimmed, sealed, and buried neatly underneath the balloon, lest it find its way out.

Detractors of the balloon implants point out the easiness with which these may leak or be ruptured in an ordinary accident, and disapprove of their perfect roundness, so unlike real breasts. Advocates praise their softness and smoothness which, some surgeons feel, discourage the formation of the often too hard fibrous capsule. Also, since the sterilized liquid can be dosed, in case of breast asymmetry it is easier to match two breasts by filling the balloons a little more or a little less, rather than using the bags, which are manufactured in standard sizes.

Another advantage of the balloon implants: smaller scars. And when the incision is made along the lower border of the areola, the scar is less than an inch long and almost invisible.

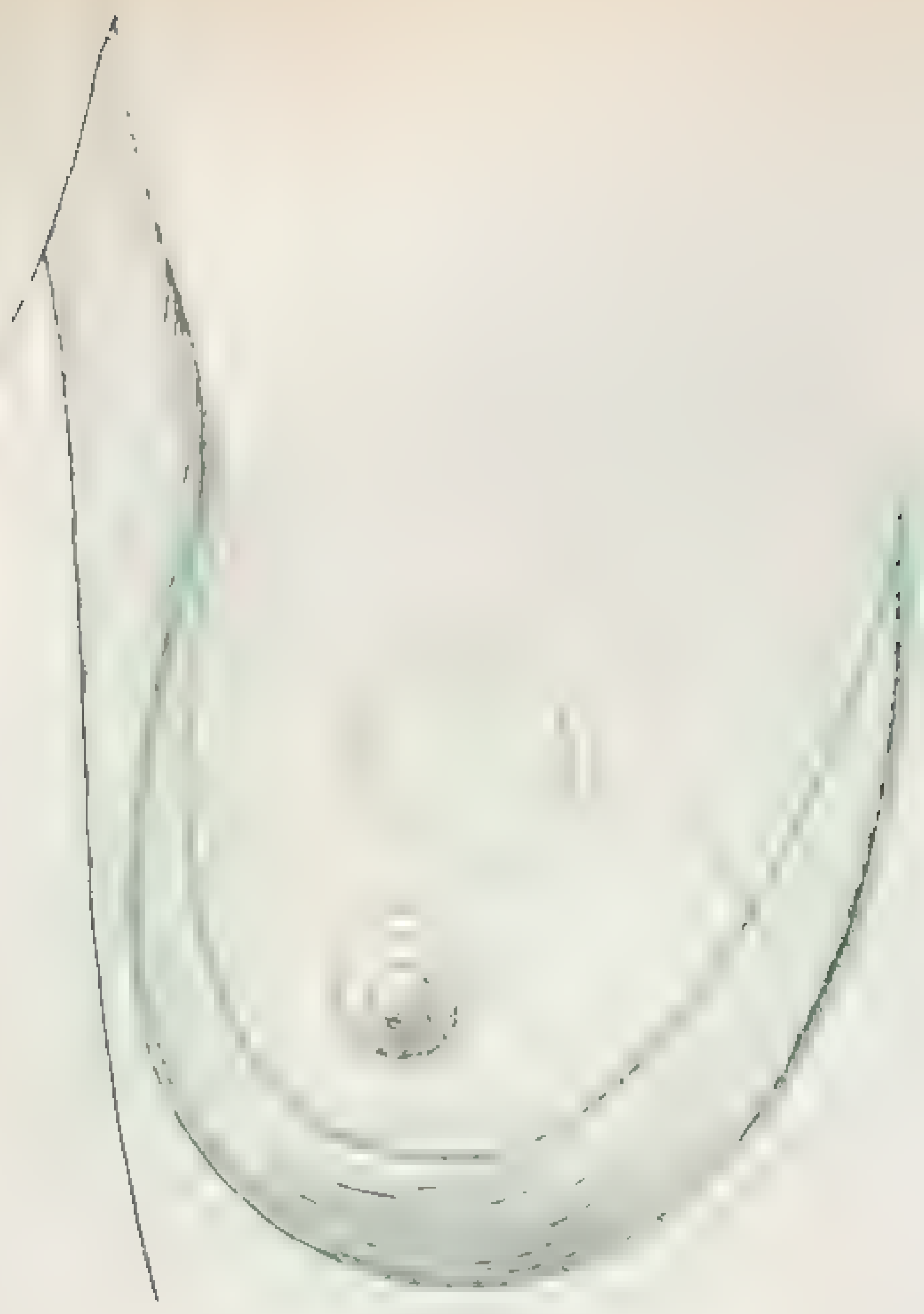
For this operation, general anaesthesia is used. Or, for very calm women, sedation combined with local anaesthesia and Adrenalin to reduce the bleeding during surgery. The stitches and the brassière-like bandages are removed after approximately seven days. The entire convalescence lasts about four to six weeks, during which the patient has to wear, day and night, a stretch brassière.

Augmentation mammaplasty, say the surgeons, is usually easy. Hard work comes with reduction of hypertrophic (very large), ptotic (sagging), or hypertrophic *and* ptotic breasts. Massively hypertrophic breasts, called gigantomastia, require special care and more radical surgery. There are many ways of reducing large breasts, as there are many ways of designing a brassière. In the last forty years, dozens of surgeons in Europe, Scandinavia, the United States, and South America have presented different solutions to this problem. But the basic steps are always the same: separation of the skin and fat from the mammary gland; reduction and trimming of the gland; reduction and trimming of the skin to suit the gland's new shape. Whatever the technique, a successful reduction mammaplasty means: normal-looking, proportionate breasts; sensitive, erectile nipples; a contour that remains unaltered for years; symmetry more exact than in normal breasts.

The only dramatic decision a surgeon and his patient are confronted with in an operation of reduction mammaplasty, is whether it will entail a *transposition* of the nipples or a free *transplantation*. The latter—necessary, many surgeons say, for gigantomastia, in order to ensure the nipples a proper blood supply often endangered by the extensive reduction of the gland—inevitably separates the gland from the nipple, thus precluding the hope of nursing a child. Besides, to some women, the idea of having their nipples literally, if momentarily, circumcised and transplanted is as distasteful and frightening as the idea of castration is to men. Nonetheless, transplantation of the nipple is a highly recommended, safe operation, and there are women for whom nursing a child has never been or is no longer important. Transposition, on the other hand, preserves intact all the breast's functions, for it doesn't touch the muscles, the nerves, and most of the blood vessels.

And then, of course, there are the scars. No matter how it is done, reduction mammaplasty leaves one or two scars on each breast. If the patient is a "good healer," scars on the breast are discreet, pale, and partially disguised by the breasts' natural folds. Yet they are permanent, visible, and in a few cases even hypertrophic, requiring injections of cortisone to flatten out their ridges. But then, to trade hypertrophic breasts—whose weight, as much as fifteen pounds each, can provoke real panic in a woman, not to mention neck arthritis, chronic exhaustion, painful furrows in the shoulders from brassière supports, even a humpback or, in strongly asymmetric

(Continued on page 116)



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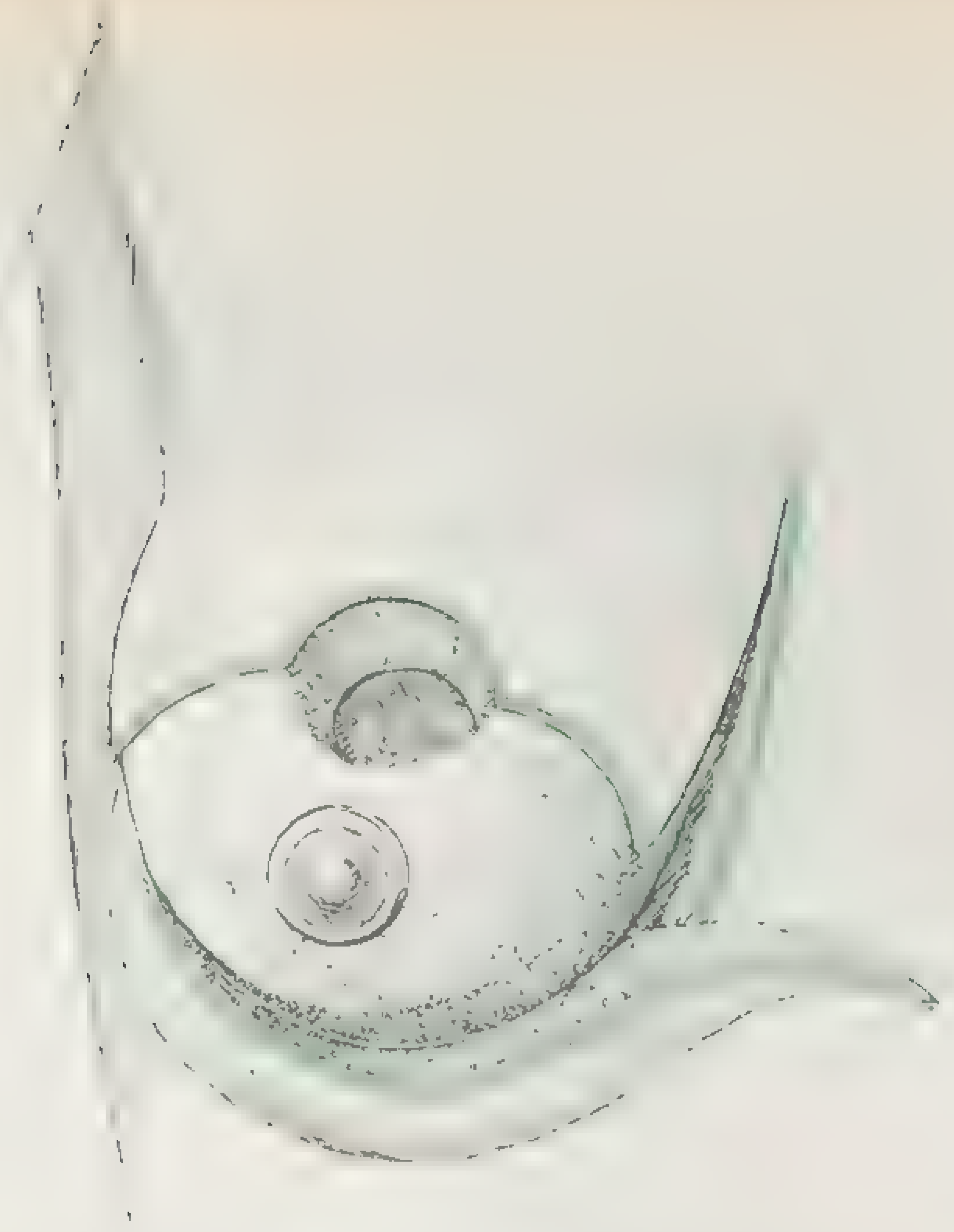

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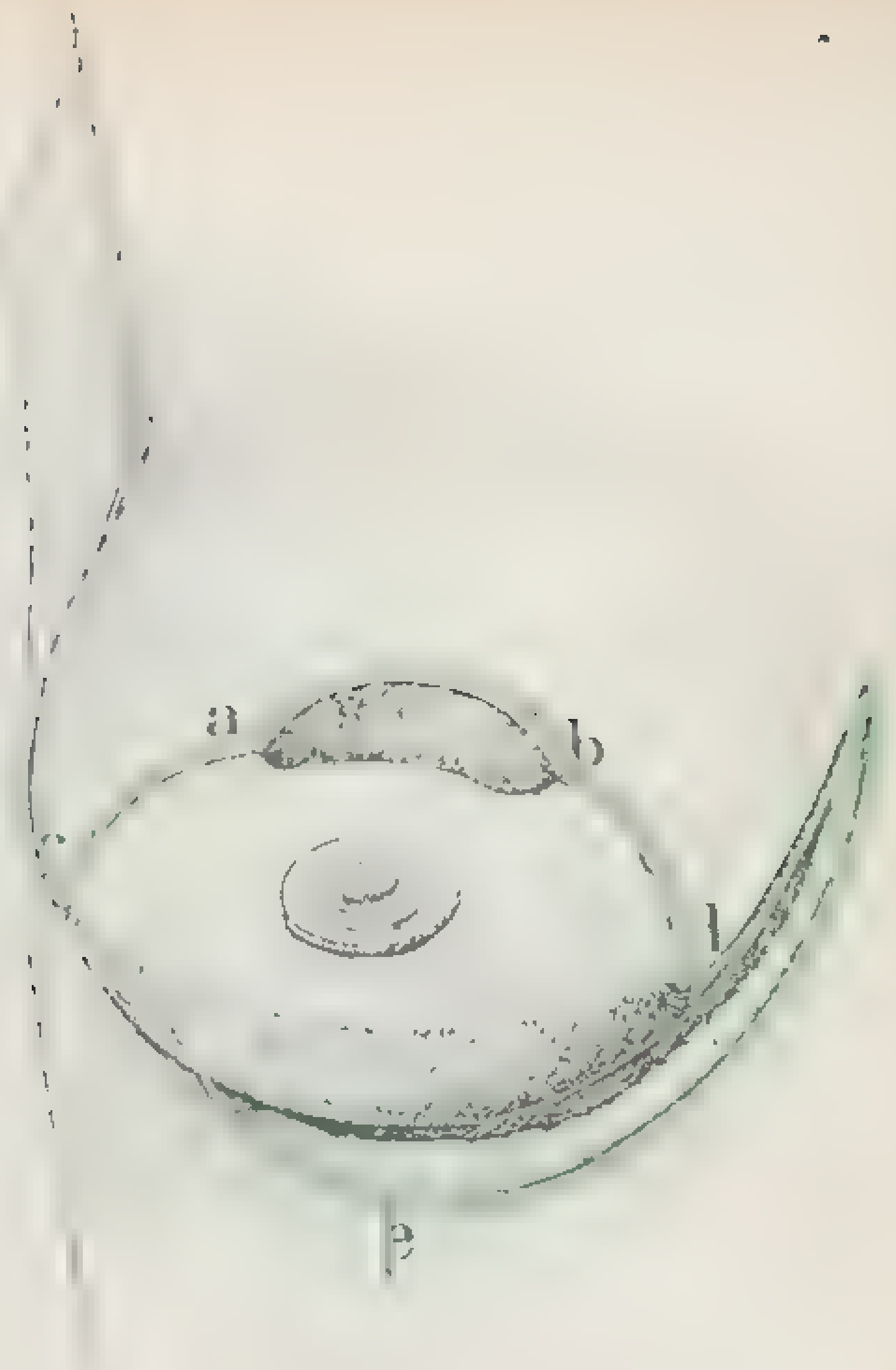

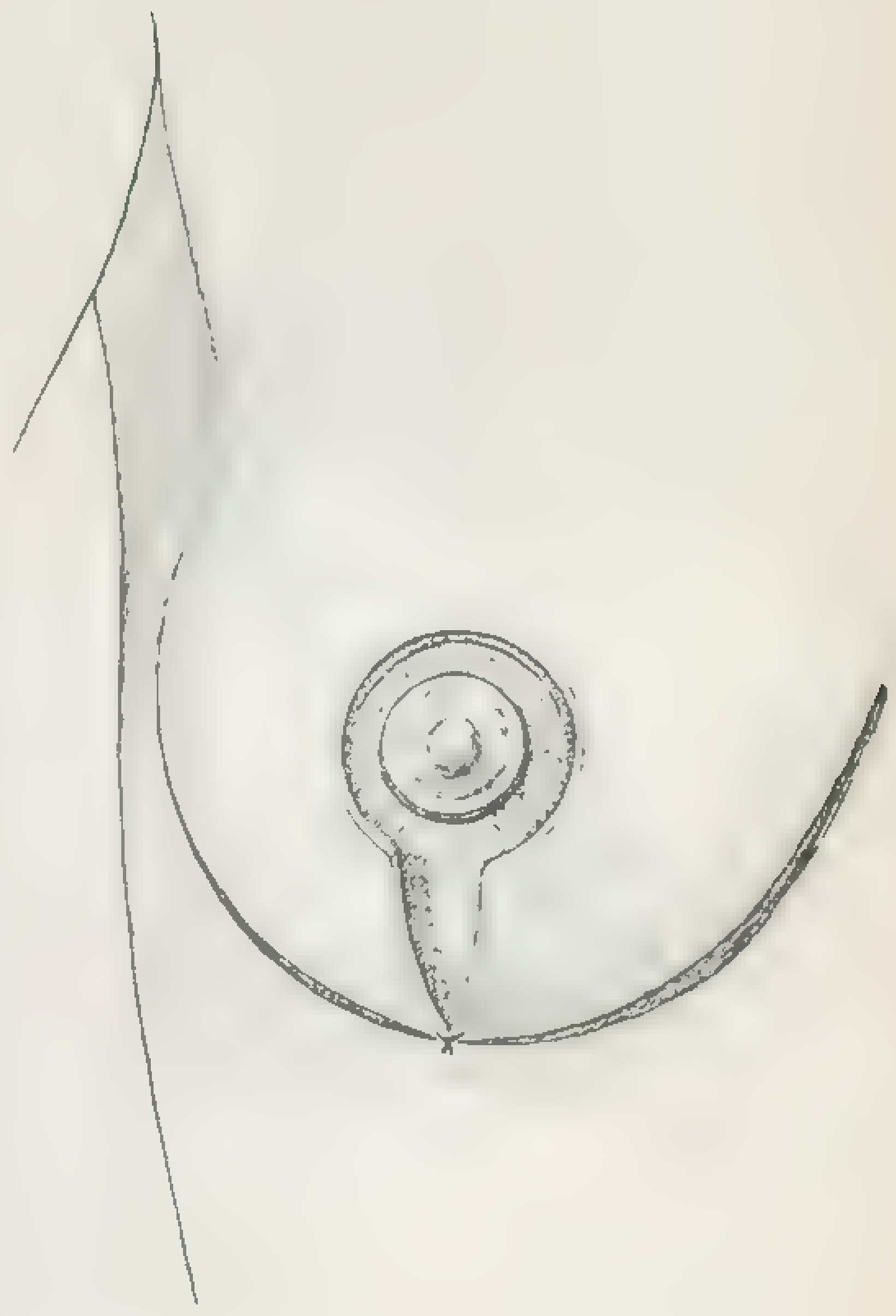

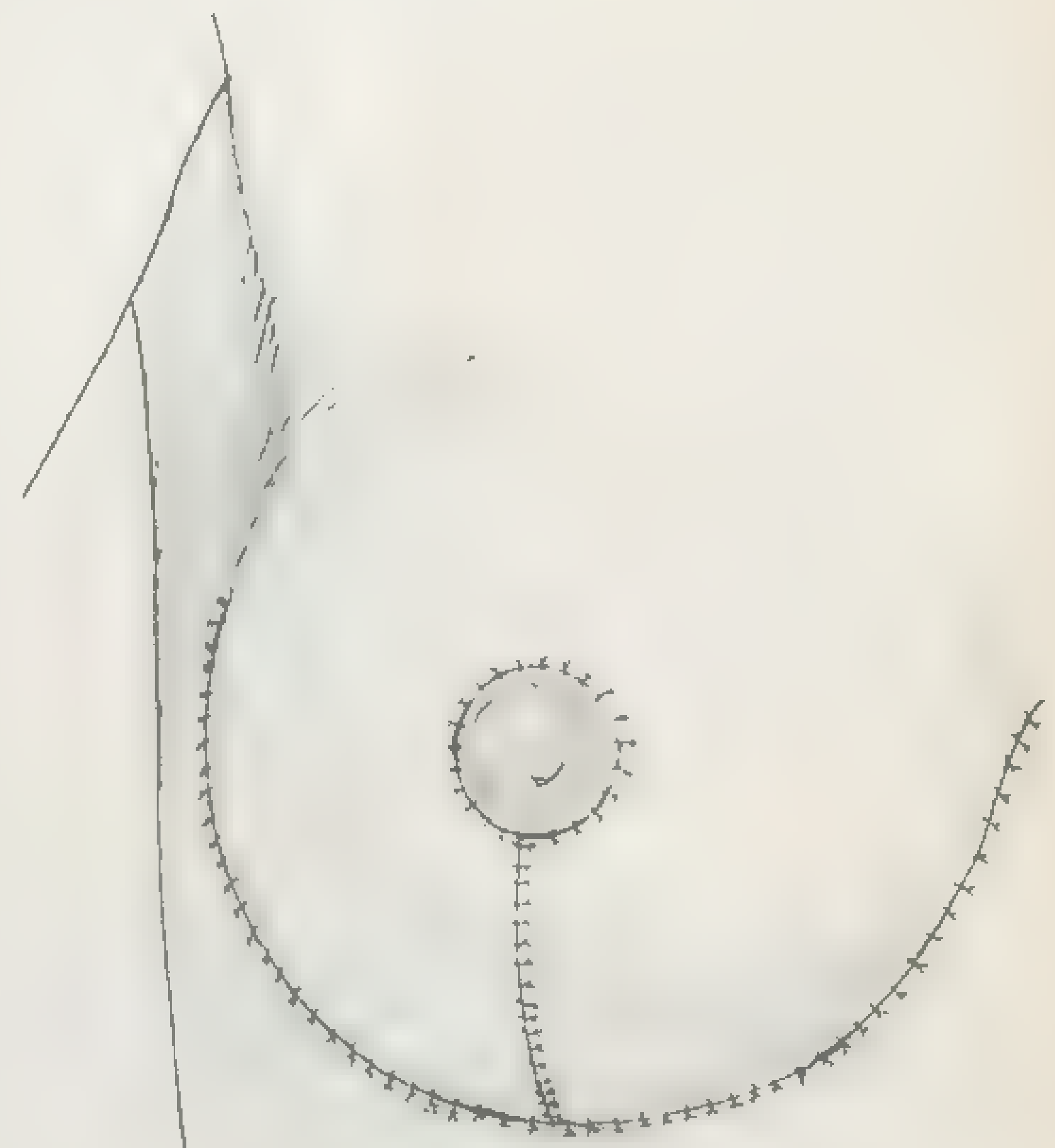

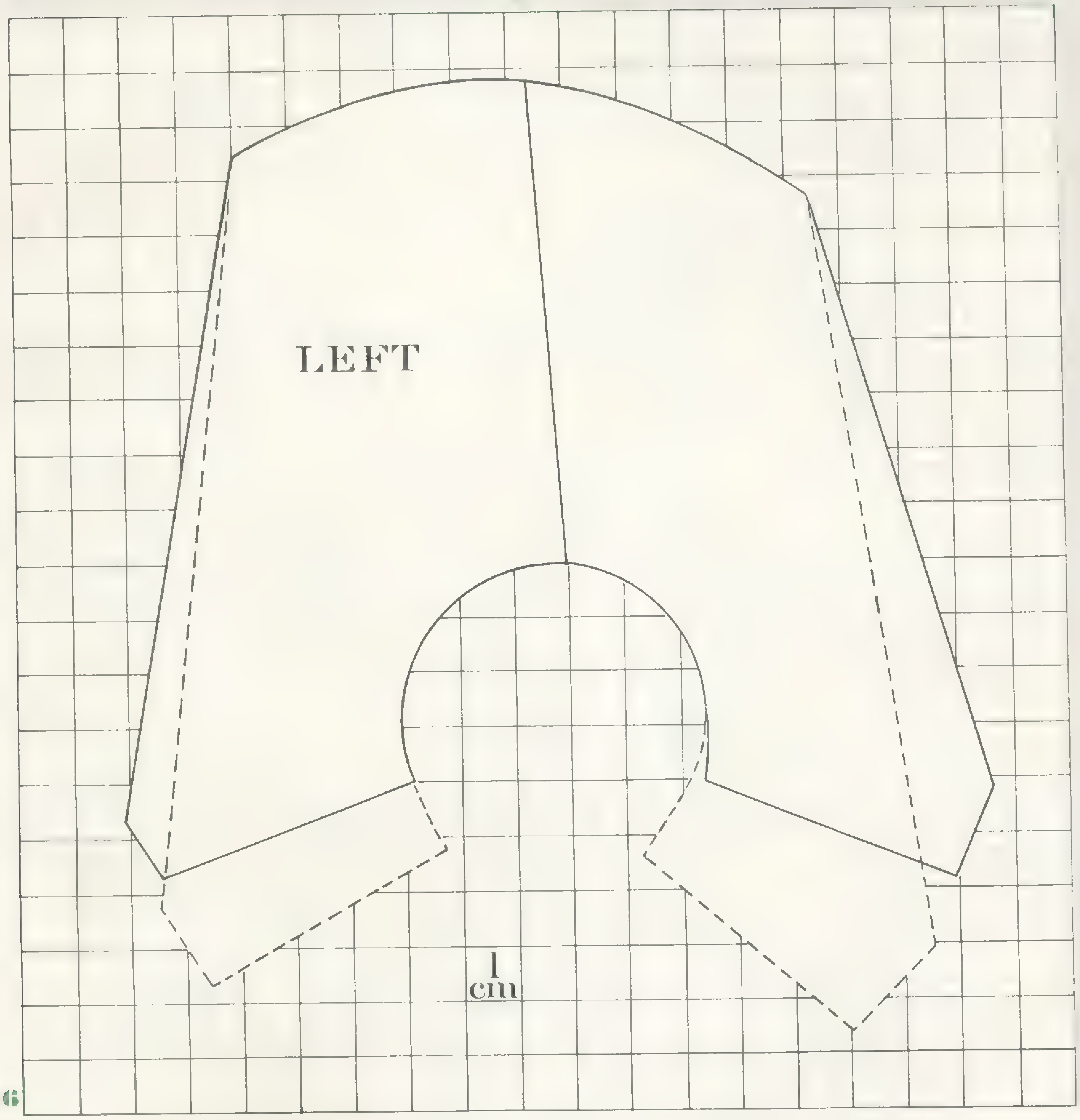

6

CAROL WOIKE

THE STRÖMBECK TECHNIQUE

1. On the marked breast, the surgeon makes a circular incision around the areola (the dark-pink area around the nipple) and cuts the skin along the green lines. 2. In the upper part of the incision, a round portion of the gland is cut out. 3. A portion of skin and gland from below the nipple is removed. 4. The lower corners of the skin flap, C and D, are sutured to E, a previously marked point on the breast fold. Next, the upper corners, A and B, are sutured together. 5. The areola and the inverted T-shaped wound are sutured in place. 6. The pattern used in the Strömbeck technique for skin marking. The one shown by dotted lines is used for larger breasts. The pattern (for the left breast, here) is reversed to mark the right breast.

your Looks are as Good

LUCIANA AVEDON
. . . five long narrow Filippino cigars

SOPHIA LOREN
Sophia always wins

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG
. . . at least a minimum of laisser-aller

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Luciana Avedon, the former Princess Luciana Pignatelli and a celebrated beauty in her own right, tells here of the daily ways which allow certain Romans to keep their looks about them while they "take advantage of living in one of the big cities that still is pleasurable." These excerpts are from a chapter in* The Beauty Book, *to be published in this country soon.*

Your looks are as good as your discipline. This means the way you eat, the hours you sleep, the amount you walk, and the balance you strike between work and relaxation. . . . Spectacular beauty, of course, is discipline plus dazzle. Without the stardust and moonbeams of makeup, hair style, and chic, city beauty, in particular, has little impact. But before you frost the cake, you have to make it. I believe in glamour only when the groundwork is done.

Forming healthy habits and attitudes requires more effort and discipline in urban surroundings. Sedentary, noisy, high-tension life in modern cities does not exactly foster a radiant glow. One even has to learn to handle the diversions and entertainments that make city life attractive. They, too, take their toll.

Yet with locale, as with everything else, what you have counts less than what you do with it. Sometimes I envy the smooth, relaxed faces of friends who live in the suburbs or country. It is tempting to think that anyone would look marvellous in those surroundings. But fresh air and quiet alone do not give them their look. They have it because they adore the country and know how to live there.

I adore the city, and of all cities, the one I most love is Rome. It is a tricky town to cope with, requiring highly disciplined habits. Rome's pace, charm, and geographical position equally favour personal beauty and the laisser-aller that destroys it.

In their fashion, Romans work as hard and as long as anyone else. Only they string their work day out with a long break in the middle instead of packing it tight. The long break gives us two fresh starts to the day. We have time to nap—or to drive to the beach and back in the summer. . . . A lot more people here than in other centres seem to be working on different wave lengths and schedules, a lot of women not working at all. One has to create one's own work hours, one's own discipline and beauty routine—or the years go by, one is never alone, nothing is accomplished, and the fat has invaded body and brain.

Without pressure, the onus is squarely on the individual. At bottom, that is where it always is, but in Rome perhaps more than elsewhere. There is nothing hateful about the surroundings to fight against or escape through work, nothing compulsive in the mentality about staying in shape. You alone have to will getting off the lotus.

"Everyone complains they are a bit tired," says Consuelo Crespi. (Consuelo is American, not Italian, but she has lived here so many years, she has absorbed the style by osmosis. She is Italian Editor for American Vogue.) "Blame the fatigue on the sirocco. Yet life is more casual, less demanding in Rome. The mood is good. In New York, you instantly sense the heavy pressure and responsibility. Here they creep up more insidiously, but we have them, and at some point, they have to be faced intelligently. You start eliminating."

The first things one gives up, of course, are the ones that are painful. Consuelo admits: "Nightclubs don't amuse me, and I never go except by obligation." Her system for deadline pressure and 12-hour days covering collections: "I see no one when work is over for the day. I pretend I'm out of town. No makeup, no hairdo, no effort. The evening is total quiet and early to bed."

Consuelo knows *how to change pace and totally relax*, one of the most important beauty tricks to learn. Even on normal routine, her technique is to find a half hour of oblivion before dressing for the evening. She puts on bossa nova or Burt Bacharach, stretches out, and in twenty minutes can recoup and reorganize life. She calls it "pulling out the plug." . . . Consuelo's other gambit, except in summer torridity, is to replace the long lunch break siesta by driving up to Villa Borghese for a walk in the park.

"I believe in organization—and working," Consuelo says. "Working gives you a sense of accomplishment and a proportion to the day. If I hadn't worked, I would have been completely hysterical raising children. The energies are distributed, and when one can relax, one enjoys it so much more."

My own routine now is to work half-days in Rome and around the clock on business trips. My basic discipline when home is to eat and drink little, smoke less, and walk miles. . . . Recently, I switched from five cigarettes a day to five long, narrow Filippino cigars. They have more savour, and I defy you to smoke more than five a day. . . . When, during trips, I am closed in for hours in hotels with meetings and interviews,

TALITHA GETTY
. . . use only rock salt

as your Discipline

SECRETS FROM THE LIVES OF BEAUTIES

CONSUELO CRESPI
If I hadn't worked . . .

I try to grab some air by hiking around the block. Much better than a coffee break.

In Rome, I arrange to go regularly to the gym, the pedicurist, and the trichologist . . . habits that I consider basic to health and beauty in sedentary city life.

DISCIPLINED INSOMNIA

But despite my careful plans and beauty discipline, there is one big snag. I suffer from insomnia. I have heard dozens of theories on its cause: fear of death, being so geared up one can not stop, or a perfectionism that makes one rehash the day and plan ahead instead of sleeping. Whatever the cause, the seizures are exhausting.

Getting to bed by midnight tames the monster more than anything else for me. And some day, when I have more time, I shall go back to yoga. When I practised it, I started to yawn in the middle of the day. My yogi, Grant Muradoff, was pleased I felt like yawning. He believes that yawning charges the batteries and gives you strength. It is one of the simplest rejuvenators anyone can find.

Muradoff confirms my intuition that going to bed later does not make you sleep longer. He cites the advice that Prince Felix Youssoupoff, who killed Rasputin, was given by his father. The young prince was told always to be in bed before midnight. If he wanted to get up at two or three o'clock to go out and dance, that was all right, as long as he did not miss his early sleep. . . . The prince was also enjoined, no matter what time he got back to bed on the nights he left it, always to observe his regular morning rising time. Shave, and have breakfast. Then, if he wished, he could go back to bed. The regular sleep-inducing pattern was preserved.

The yogi approach makes sense. It roughly translates: If you can't beat them, join them. . . . I write a letter or read a book. I know I will probably feel exhausted later in the day, but worrying about it will only make me look worse. . . . I do the yoga "elephant swing." I get up, take a standing position with feet apart and arms hanging loose, sway to the left, sway to the right, et cetera. It either puts me back to sleep or in such a frame of mind that staying awake is tolerable.

My insomnia strikes, I now realize, whenever I feel that all the responsibility is squarely on my shoulders. . . . When there is someone around who takes care, it gives me such emotional security I could sleep until noon.

ORGANIZED EXAMPLES

Former cover girl Mirella Petteni Haggiag is a beauty who feels the same compulsion to be super-organized and hyper-perfectionist. Tall, slender, dark-haired, with a superb pre-Renaissance profile, Mirella has two children, three houses, works for Cole of California in Italy, and is an editor of Italian Vogue. Yet sleep is no stumbling block. She *makes* herself get up. She rarely gets to bed before 2 A.M., still shines at 7:30 A.M. She usually naps an hour or so in the afternoon to compensate. She seems to thrive.

When her breakfast tray arrives, she picks up a bed-table agenda and gets herself organized, making lists and phone calls. On vacation, she still wakes up early, has breakfast and then—shades of Youssoupoff—goes back to bed until noon.

"I'm the anxious type that programs everything, but I also like good living," she says. "Having a bottle of wine with friends is important. When I'm travelling or away on country weekends, I eat anything I want."

The basics of her discipline come from modelling days. Appointments had to be kept, instant adjustments made, and the desired effect produced no matter how one felt. "Having been a model, I know I'll always keep certain things like body knowledge. If I cross my legs at 80, I'll cross them right."

Mirella, who weighed 30 pounds more when she was a teen-ager, is convinced that weight is a question of nerves and how you approach food. When you think food, you get fat. For lunch in Rome, she cuts carbohydrates two or three days a week, eating only meat, eggs, cheese, and fruit. Instead of vegetables, she takes the equivalent substance in vitamins. Working out in a gym several times a week fits into her schedule easier than sports. Shots of Vitamin B_{12} pick her up when she is overly tired.

Once every ten days, she has the works: hair, facial, hand, arm, and elbow massage. . . . I must say almost any busy woman can arrange one blissfully sybaritic afternoon every week or ten days. It might be an evening rather than an afternoon. It might be do-it-yourself rather than have-it-done-for-you. But the morale boost of a few hours total concentration on beauty puts one on keel for days.

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BY LUCIANA AVEDON AND JEANNE MOLLI

VISITÓ LA YSLA EN 1508
VOLVIÓ A POBLARLA EN 1509
TERMINÓ SU CONQUISTA EN 1511
HERIDO EN LA FLORIDA EN 1521
MURIÓ DE RESULTAS A POCO DE LLEGAR A CUBA

ARTS, PLEASURES, SURPRISES—AND OLD SAN JUAN, A CITY THAT ON ITS 450TH BIRTHDAY IS ITS OWN BEST CELEBRATION

PUERTO RICO

WHERE THE PAST GROWS YOUNG

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

What sparse memories do you have from your history books of Ponce de León? You remember a determined Spanish grandee, no longer young, dressed in fashionable armour, splashing through the swamps of Florida, looking for the Fountain of Youth.

A mildly foolish figure; yet—recalling pills and injections and visits to the Swiss gland expert Dr. Niehans—an endearing one. For suppose, just suppose he had found the Fountain: You'd be off for it tomorrow. It is for this so reasonable folly that you remember him. Who, for instance, was Vasco da Gama?

But Juan Ponce from León was more of a figure than that. As a young gallant he sailed with Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493, and so was aboard when Puerto Rico was discovered.

Some years later, in 1508, he was sent by Spain to conquer and hold the island. He was given a force of only fifty men, but it was sufficient. Ponce was a wily soldier, an efficient administrator.

If we use hindsight and stretch imagination a little, we can say that Ponce set the style for later rulers of Puerto Rico: As first governor he made himself responsible not only for the economy but also for the soul of the island. It was he who gave the land in San Juan to the Dominican Friars to build their convent.

And it is this huge convent, just now brilliantly restored, that serves as the headquarters for the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture. Juan Ponce's statue, high on a pedestal, stands just behind. He is looking very young and slim, he would be glad to know.

"Operation Bootstrap," which transformed Puerto Rico from a poor to a rich island, is well known. Not so its counterpart, "Operation Serenity." Luis Muñoz Marín, the great man, then governor, concerned about what rapid industrialization would do to the soul of the people, proposed to the legislature that an Institute of Culture be created for the preservation and propagation of the arts of the island. It was done, on June 21, 1955.

Ricardo Alegria was then, is now, and will forever be, I should think, its director. Its budget to begin with was modest, thirty-five thousand dollars. Now it approaches a million and a half, which seems to be more than any state in the Union—except New York—spends on activities of culture. The movement has lost its original name, "Operation Serenity," and is now referred to as *La Nueva Vida*.

Spain, in her colonies, built in earnest. Unlike the English, who put up pretty little wooden villages, Spain strove for grandeur. Palaces, churches, forts, monasteries: all were made of brick and stone, and on an impressive scale. They had to be decorated: so out from Spain came tapestries, furniture, chandeliers, paintings. Especially paintings! The trade in export masterpieces from Spain in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was enormous: So great a man as Zurbarán has his works all over Latin America and many masters of the second rank spent their lives at it.

Puerto Rico is dotted from end to end with these remains. The church, of course, keeps up its side, but there are many ruins, and these are the special interest of the Institute of Culture. A 1609 church in San Germán has been turned into the charming Porta Coeli Museum of religious art. Casa Blanca, the home of Ponce de León's descendants, is all but restored; already you can hear music there every Sunday, and wander in its large and immaculate gardens. Juan Ponce's own house, built in 1508 in Caparra, across the bay from San Juan, has been excavated and preserved, and a museum built alongside that contains materials found during that dig. The house of Muñoz Marín's father in Barranquitas has been restored and turned into a museum and a library.

But these are peripheral examples. The Institute of Culture has to its credit one gigantic accomplishment, and that is the city of Old San Juan itself.

This year is the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Old San Juan's founding. A number of celebratory events have been arranged, but as a matter of fact, none are needed. The city, simply standing, reborn, outshines any commemorative effort that could be imagined.

Only a few years ago Old San Juan was on the edge of becoming one large slum. The Institute changed that. The city is now a splendid amalgam of cultural, commercial, and residential buildings, alive, handsome, and flourishing. Over one hundred and thirty-five buildings have been redone, and another hundred are in the doing.

The Institute's policies make restoration highly attractive to a private buyer. He will be lent by the Government Development Bank 70 per cent of the cost of his building. Taxes are remitted for ten years, and the provisions of the rent law also do not apply for ten years. Architectural advice is given free, as are designs for façades, balconies, interior details. and the like. Tiles, hardware, beams are all sold at cost.

This largesse is not without a string or two. You may not restore a building in a style which is out of keeping

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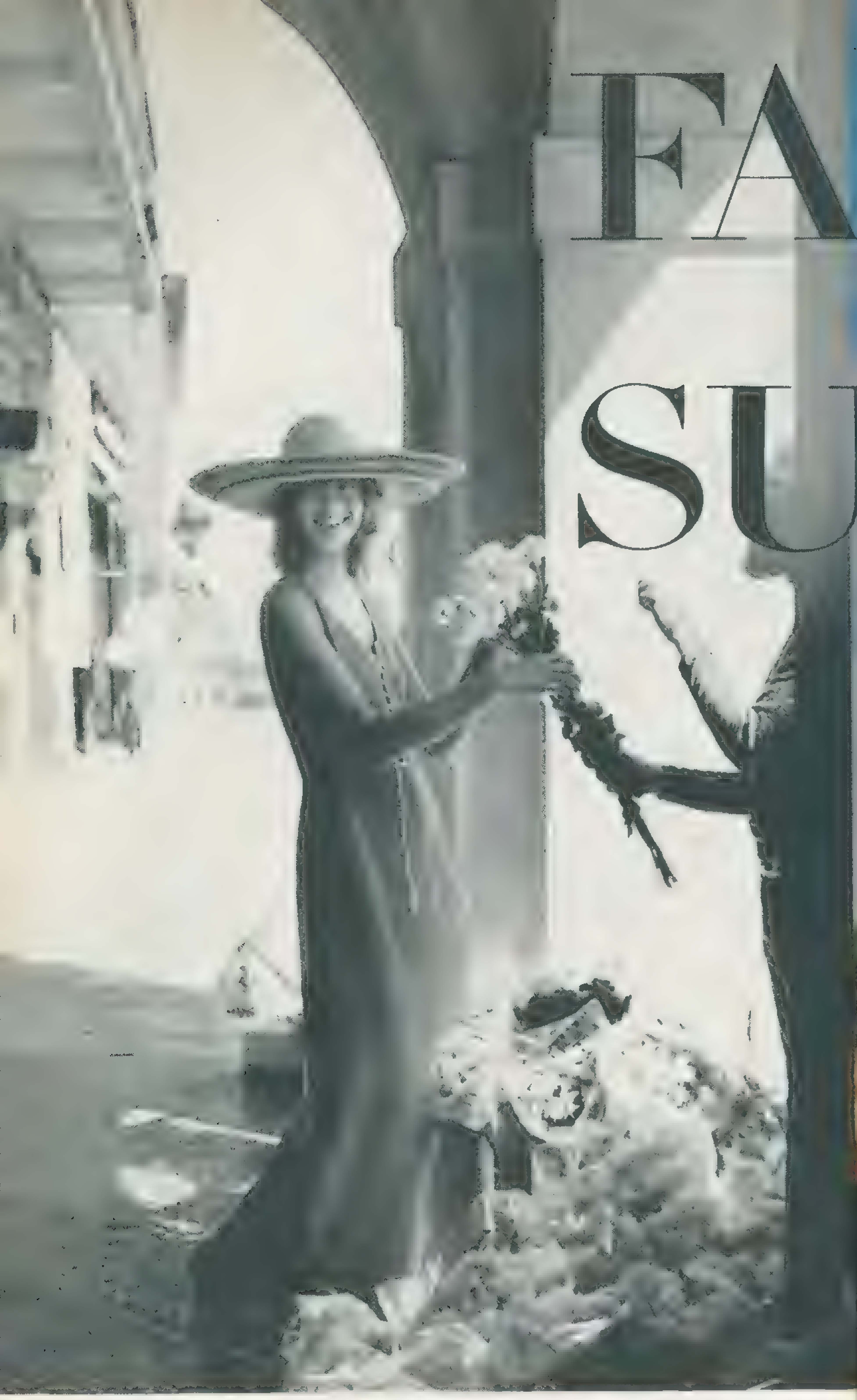
PONCE DE LEÓN, YOUTH-HUNTER AND HERO, SET THE STYLE FOR PUERTO RICO: HIS STATUE, NEAR SAN JOSÉ CHURCH IN OLD SAN JUAN

HANS W. HANNAU

FASHION FOR THE SUN RUN

ALL THE DASH YOU WANT SOUTH NOW, NORTH LATER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN A BRIGHT ISLAND SUNIVERSE—PUERTO RICO



Whatever you feel like doing, it's always there and ready to do in Puerto Rico . . . exploring the arcades and twisting streets of this year's anniversary city, 450-year Old San Juan, where you can browse for trinkets or treasures and have your rum with a view . . . discovering tiny, solitary beaches to call your own for a day . . . trekking through the Rain Forest where it always seems to have just rained, or through the rich sugarcane green where the sun always seems to shine . . . or snorkeling or fishing or gambling. It's all there for you—a small suniverse of Caribbean pleasures.

Sun-red knit in the morning, above, sailors take warning—it's the undershirt chemise laced to the waist, slashed to the ankles, and you can wear it to the Flower Market in Old San Juan, as here, or anywhere else you like, any hour. By Sport Sophisticates, in Duplex International wool knitted in America. About $75. At Lord & Taylor; Gidding Jenny; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

Sun-red knit, day or night, right, sailor's delight—and everyone else's—down by Old San Juan's waterfront where the beautifully weathered pink Customs House reflects the setting glow: a little striped shrink of sweater you wear with a brown midriff, a black knit slit, a *coup-de-feu* wig, and one of those great Puerto Rican straw bags that's lacquered to pure shine. Wool sweater and skirt by Juliano Knits. About $85. At Lord & Taylor; Filene's, Chestnut Hill; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Wig by Halston. Scarf by Ken Scott. What goes on all over the suniverse—and on all these sunny pages—are those ounces and ounces of prevention Bonne Bell has bottled for you to keep with you and on you every minute you're in the sun, starting with Sun Tan Lotion, ending with After Sun Beauty moisturizer, and not stopping one ounce short of Lip Gloss. Coiffures, these sixteen pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

PENATI

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with the architectural personality of the town.

The results are worth the restrictions. Walking down Cristo Street, say, on a sunny morning, seeing the greenery spilling from the roofs and balconies of the clean, fresh buildings, you realize that the hand of authority is reasonable and gentle.

If you keep on walking on that sunny morning, you can cover a good deal of the town. Old San Juan conforms to sixteenth-century Spanish models: massive walls and fortresses surround a civilized living space. The narrow streets, paved with blue cobbles, run every few blocks into parks and plazas.

The town planning considers not only commerce, culture, and living, but also pleasure. The plazas, as from the beginning, are thickly shaded and adorned with fountains, but now in nearly all of them large colour television sets have been added. They run day and night, and always in front of them is a scattering of old gentlemen and young boys, watching the garish adventures of cowboys.

The plazas give the town a comfortable family feeling. You can sit in La Paloma Park with its long wall of dove-cotes, watch the pigeons nesting and the students reading, and admire the view across the bay.

As everyone does, you can step into the cool depths of the Cathedral, and listen to a rehearsal of the boys' choir, with its soaring innocent sound; or at the invitation of a rooster crowing, you can turn for a beer into Nico's Bar where a great white fighting cock stands peering for his hen.

Or you can be tempted to buy something. The shop windows are crammed with goods, with no nonsense about reticence: There are more shoes—or watches or jewels or bags or cameras or shirts—on street display than there are inside.

Old San Juan is—everywhere—the people, the clean scrubbed people. I wouldn't guarantee that this cleanliness is so much due to virtue as to the fact that it just isn't easy to get

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PENATI

SUN RUNNERS

IN SHIRT SLEEVES —
THE LONG KNIT JUMP,
THE SHORT KNIT DRESS

Shirt-cut jumpsuit, left, just like a grease monkey's, in wheat-pale knit—it's seen deep in Puerto Rico's Rain Forest with Allagash hat, wide-eyed suède belt, and all the safari snap in the world. By Calvin Klein, of Trevira (Anglo Knits fabric) and about **$90.** At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Hat by Halston. Belt by Simon for Mike's Boutique.

Short-cut shirtdress, right, nifty length wherever it's warm—and what you wear for lunch at Mesón Vasco in Old San Juan because everyone wants to look her dashiest here: white knit tailored with the wonderful lean perfection of a man's shirt. By John Meyer, in polyester. About **$38.** At Altman's; Flah's of Albany; Nordstrom Best. Belt by Elegant. Bernardo laced white sandals.

SUN RUNNERS

BEAUTIFULLY BLACK AND BARE UNDER NEW SAIL

Little black maillot out under the stars, above—blowy, bare-armed robe dotted with stars and hooded, to toss on between dips in the jungly green deliciousness of Punta Peñones Beach, one of the little uncharted sea-and-sun spots along the Puerto Rico shore. Turnout: Jacques Tiffeau for Catalina. Maillot, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra, about **$28;** robe, of Dacron and cotton, about **$30.** Lord & Taylor; Maas Brothers, Florida; Sanger-Harris; Bullock's Wilshire. **Shiny bikini, cropped butterfly sweater,** right, and the newest Pucci—a brilliant sail to run up the mast of your painted-to-match Sunfish—and who could miss you out in Boquerón Bay. Shirt by Sidney Gould, in Wintuk Orlon. About **$16.** Bikini by Monika for Elon, in Antron nylon. **$18.** Both, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Marco Bergmann braid. Limited edition Dacron sail designed by Emilio Pucci for the AMF Alcort Sunfish.

PUERTO RICO

PENATI

Emilio

SUN RUNNERS

THE LEGGY ONES IN LEOTARD AND LACING

Calico patchwork leotard, left, so bright and adorable you could sun run all day down green, green lanes like "Sugarcane" Road—where Puerto Rico's daiquiris and piña coladas get off to such a fine rum start; come evening, wrap a long denim skirt around—and off to dinner in Old San Juan. By Donald Brooks for Sinclair, in Enkalure nylon (Soptra fabric). About **$40.** Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; H. & S. Pogue; Neiman-Marcus. For the sun-run here, there, anywhere, it's Bonne Bell's Lotion 2000 everytime—and just about everywhere: see how fresh and glowing it keeps your makeup, how shining and smooth your legs. **Grommets are the big thing** on La Playita beach, right—circling a little black bikini and a thong-laced smidge of natural canvas skirt. Geoffrey Beene for Roxanne; bikini in Du Pont nylon and Lycra, skirt in Wamsutta cotton. All three, **$32.** At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Shining silver on each wrist—cuffs by Celia Sebiri.

PENATI

PUERTO RICO

Any-hour chemise, left—all line and length and white twill piped up and down in navy. By Rizkallah for Malcolm Starr International, of rayon. About **$130.** At Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin.
All-time terrific—the undershirt, right, in navy and unbleached-white denim stripes. You pull it on over your head like a workman's, no zippers, no buttons, nothing but miles of dash . . . and all the silver you can pile on neck, ears, and arms.
Giudicelli Design for Mic Mac, in polyester and linen. About **$150.** Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Hector Jorge. Bracelet by Narcissa. Choker and necklace by Vincent Wilson.
Cuffs by Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. In the background on both pages are two of the romantic old buildings of Ponce de León's Old San Juan—Casa Rosa on the left and the gardens of the Governor's palace, La Fortaleza, at right.

SUN RUNNERS

GOOD FOR A LONG, LONG RUN—THE SLASHED CHEMISE, THE DENIM UNDERSHIRT DRESS

PENATI

(Continued from page 92)

dirty. Old San Juan is a clean town. There they are, hurrying along or sitting on doorsteps or talking on street corners: school children in their uniforms, older people in dark traditional clothes, and the young, like the young everywhere, in jeans and miniskirts, long-haired boys and pretty girls. They all seem to enjoy their rejuvenated town.

Lunch you should have in the patio of Hotel El Convento. This vast structure was built as a town house sometime in the early sixteen-hundreds. Some years later, its owner, Doña Ana de Lanzós, decided to turn it into a convent for Carmelite nuns. Ten years ago, private investors, with the aid of the Institute, turned it into a hotel. The nuns would, I think, recognize their old home—its arches, its balconies, its shady, flowery patio. They might like to move back in, permanently. As would I.

After lunch, go down Cristo Street to The House of the Book, a beautifully restored building that houses an astonishing collection of books, ancient to modern. It is the result of a collaboration between the Institute and the late Elmer Adler, who was head of the Pynson Printers and curator of graphic arts at Princeton. Don't miss its displays.

Directly next door is the Museum of Fine Arts, an eighteenth-century building that acts as a general art museum, showing everything from very early paintings to abstractions.

Restoration is only one—if the most noticeable—of the activities of the Institute of Culture. The barest summary of its programs takes up five tightly typewritten pages. It supervises and promotes everything from the Historical Archives to Ballet, Parks to Fine Arts. Films, Folk Art, and Celebrations. It is a powerful organization and a beloved one: Everybody from Governor Luis Ferré to the village schoolmaster is behind it.

Puerto Rico, along with its other economic miracles, has turned itself into the leading rum producer of the world. Production is the concern not only of industry, but of government as well. A pilot rum plant, established by the legislature and incidentally, I'm told, the only one in the world, constantly aids the

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industry and carries on its own experiments.

The distilleries are dotted all over the island, often in the middle of cane fields, and at many of them you are welcome to come in and take a look around. Of course you are given a drink on the house, a pleasant way to end a morning.

Rum is very important to Puerto Rico. The U.S. Congress has decided that every cent of Federal liquor tax—$10.50 per proof gallon—be returned to the island. This amounts to about a hundred million dollars a year, no small item in the budget.

While you are in Puerto Rico, you must go to Parguera. It is at the other end of the island from San Juan, but no matter, go. It is a pleasant village, on the sea, with a good little hotel—Villa Parguera—and there is lots of snorkeling and fishing and general splashing about to be enjoyed. But you must go on a moonless night. For what you go to see is Phosphorescent Bay, which only performs in the dark.

It's about a twenty-minute ride in a motor boat from the dock. You plow through an ordinary black sea—a little skeptical, at least I was—and then suddenly, from one boat length to the next, the waves break in white fire. I've been in a lot of phosphorescent waters in my life, but nothing like this. Analogies are useless. Diamonds? no diamond ever sparkled like this. You plunge your hand in the water and it comes up dripping the fire. And the fish. There are hundreds of them, thousands. They dart and scurry away from the boat, they leap into the air, everyone of them glowing in the white white light.

When you leave, there is the same sharp dividing line, and you wonder, in the dark sea, if you really saw what you saw.

In another part of the island, the present governor of Puerto Rico, Luis Ferré, has given to his home town, Ponce, a remarkable Museum of Art. The building is new, one of Edward Durell Stone's most pleasing and successful designs, and the collection is large.

The range of the pictures is wide, beginning with Sienese and Florentine and then going on to a great burst of Baroque. Along the way you will find some individual stunners—a Giovanni Boccati, a Bronzino, an extravagant Guido Reni—but through the lesser masters you get a real feeling of the history and development of painting.

You then go on to France, to Holland and Spain, all illustrated with carefully chosen examples. It was the English paintings, however, that surprised and delighted me as much as anything. For there, beside the alien Caribbean, is a room full of the Pre-Raphaelites. They have all survived their translation to the south and stand up beautifully.

Puerto Ricans love the museum. The day I was there it was crowded with students and teachers, some tourists, but mostly just ordinary citizens, for whom it was meant.

You must not leave Puerto Rico without going to the Rain Forest in *El Yunque*. It is easy to get to, no more than forty-five minutes from San Juan, just off the main highway to Fajardo.

You leave the lowlands, which are green enough, and immediately begin to climb into some of the most luxuriant foliage I have ever seen.

Expect a little rain: It seems to be the ambition of every cloud within a hundred miles to pay a showering visit to *El Yunque*. But there is a hot sun, too, and the combination has produced perfection. The stands of bamboo are gigantic, there are hillsides of breadfruit trees and coconut palms, the tree ferns are almost threatening in their numbers, and well, there are a thousand other beauties whose names I will never know.

Everywhere the ground is carpeted with what I call philodendron, and may well be. We stopped beside one tiny meadow of it. "That would cost," I calculated, "five hundred thousand dollars at Max Schling."

FENATI

SUN RUNNERS
IN UNDERSHIRTS

Great scoop for the midriff, left, in black cotton velours—a snug little top with undershirt neck that goes racing about town with matching hip-stop pants; it's seen here just leaving Casa Blanca, one of the recently restored buildings of Old San Juan. Turnout by White Stag. Top, about **$8;** pants, about **$13.** At Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; The Denver; J. W. Robinson. Halston hat. Pendants: Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. **Navy denim—and right off a road worker's back,** right, doing a fine job here as an out-from-under shirt worn with a wide-open white midiskirt. Another of the restored buildings of Old San Juan is glimpsed in the background—the Dominican convent—with the soft off-white patina of centuries. Turnout by Ginori. Top, in Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric), about **$20.** Skirt, in Fibranne, about **$44.** Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. All coiffures on these Puerto Rico pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

PENATI

SUN RUNNERS
OUT TO TAN

White fringikini, left, simply a capelet with lots of long fringe whirling about bare brown skin, tiny fringed pants—and wild green Punta Peñones Beach. By Sirena, in nylon. Capelet, **$22;** bikini (and bandeau, not shown), **$24.** Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Burdine's; J. W. Robinson. Bernardo laced white sandals.

Black—all wet and wide open, right, so you can take the plunge in sun as well as sea—and, of course, it's perfect for snorkeling in the underwater coral gardens near Punta Peñones Beach. Long-sleeved maillot by Oscar de la Renta Swimwear, in Du Pont nylon. About **$40.** Abraham & Straus; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous-Barr; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF LOVE

To love we have to sweat out the disillusionment of love.

Without a secure enough base in self-love, one inevitably and repetitively acts out the whole mass of implanted guilt in relations with others.

To be a boring person is to be a family person, a person who finds the primacy of her or his existence in the mirror reflection rather than in the mirrored.

Before one arrives at a marriage with others outside one's family, one has to go through divorce proceedings.

The self meets himself in a deserted inner world—where all the others have shriveled up from the irradiation . . . of his spirit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *David Cooper, at thirty-nine, is a London psychotherapist closely associated with the revolutionary British psychiatrist R. D. Laing, whose stubborn, brilliant resistance to the traditional forms of psychoanalysis has produced important breakthroughs in our understanding of the positive rôle of mental disease. Cooper's new book, to be published shortly by Pantheon,* The Death of the Family, *from which this excerpt comes, grew out of a breakdown in which he encountered, with full force, what he calls the "lethal gas chamber of our society": The Family. This abstraction—amounting, for him, to "a secret suicide pact" for all involved, exacting "false mourning" and an always destructive denial of self—is the next barricade to be stormed, the most annihilating political structure of Western civilization. Often shocking,* The Death of the Family *sees in the place of The Family, another family which values the individual and recognizes that the individual's life is necessarily a series of initiations into solitariness: "When will parents allow themselves to be brought up by their children?"*

From some partly assumed, partly appointed locus in the world, one has to see through one's family into the inviting but somewhat murky world of other people outside it. One has to see through one's parents' marriage and one's own state of, in some sense, being married to their marriage and one's own marriage to each of one's parents in turn. Also, one's marriage to each of one's siblings and to each of the "other significant persons" (and to their marriage to oneself, since marriage can be entirely nonreciprocal—one can feel married to someone who does not feel married to oneself). Then, before one arrives at any marital relationship with other people in the world outside one's family, one has to go through a whole lot of divorce proceedings with each of these people to a more or less partial or total degree. One may finally have to get divorced from one's relationship with one of one's parents, or divorced from one's infatuation with their marriage, and so on, seriatim, through the sibling ranks and the ranks of "significant others."

After one has gone through this more or less successfully, one is left on one's own ready to face the possibility of marriage yet once again, with someone else from outside the system, but no doubt within their own comparable if not identical system.

Ultimately, to avoid going through endless repetitions of what one has already gone through (but using new, i.e., unoriginal, other people instead of the original other people, i.e., the even less original others of one's family), one might decide on a return to oneself—and then to see what sort of relationship one might wish to have with oneself. One may further marry oneself or get further divorced from oneself, and maybe divorce and estrangement from oneself are not quite the same thing. So one retraces one's steps and reaches a point of either hating oneself enough to generate yet another repetition of the ancient scheme of half-made-up minds and lives, or of loving oneself enough—through a serial divorce from the relationships of all other half-married, half-divorced people in one's mind—in order to meet oneself fully enough, and then decide what, if anything, one wants to do with oneself in relation to all these other relationship possibilities.

One may attain a point of sufficient "narcissism" to re-evaluate that "psychopathological" category in the direction of a realization that one can never love another person until

SEX: THE IMPORTANCE OF LOVING YOURSELF?
MARRIAGE: LOVE RUNNING SCARED?
DIVORCE: NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL?

By David Cooper

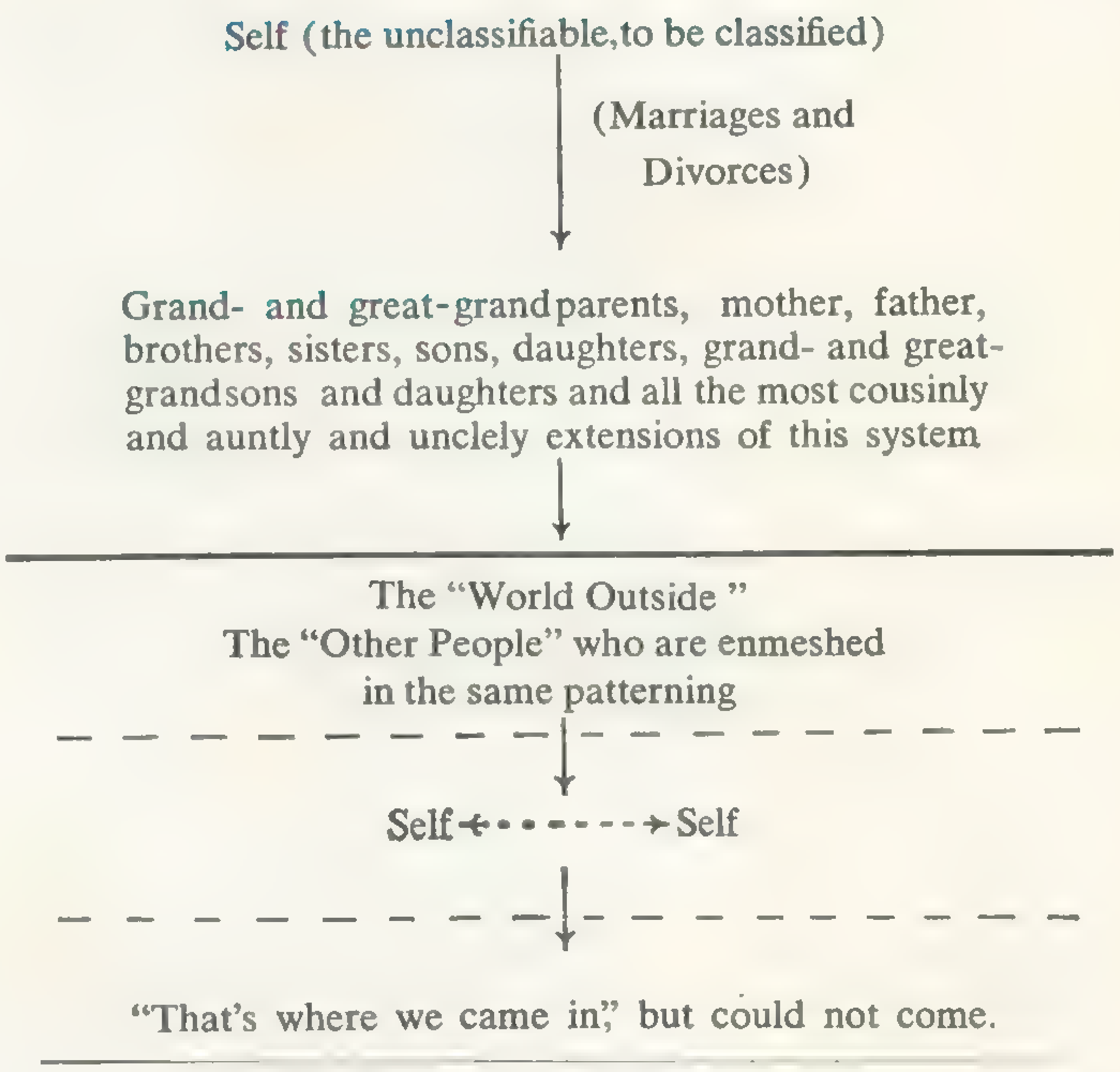
one can love oneself enough, on every level, including the level of proper (i.e., full, orgasmic) masturbation—that is, masturbating at least once with joy. And further, each should be able to masturbate in the full vision of the other. Without a secure enough base in self-love, one inevitably and repetitively acts out the whole mass of implanted guilt in one's relations with others.

In the earlier part of this century, mental hospitals in England supplied their staff with a large poster listing the causes of mental disease. Prominent at the head of this list was masturbation. The progress of liberal psychiatry has made this attribution seem ridiculous, but this is simply to displace a lie with another lie. Of course masturbation drives people mad, if one begins to see it as a form of sexuality that denies the family one has to prepare oneself to set up, if it is seen as a denial of the socially desired loss of oneself into otherness—but above all if one masturbates *properly,* that is to say in the sense of a limitless exploration of one's own body, including every form of "antisocial" withdrawal that might be entailed by this anti-epistemology of carnal knowledge of one's self that moves towards the other *when it is ready.*

I think it worthwhile at this point to distinguish between a loving relationship and a love relationship, although we may always hope for a merging of the two. A loving relationship is a relationship in which each person makes it possible for the other to love herself, or himself, enough to precondition a development of the relationship. It's all a matter of how one doesn't stop the other person from being *nice* and *kind* to herself or himself. These phrases are banal to the point of emotional idiocy, but we may have to become emotional idiots with a full respect of this need, first in ourselves and then in the other. My experience has been that one can do no good work with a group until one can preconditionally catalyze the possibility of being nice and kind to each other. This always takes time and it takes work. But then to love we have, perhaps, to sweat out the disillusionment of love.

Let us try to put this in slightly different terms.

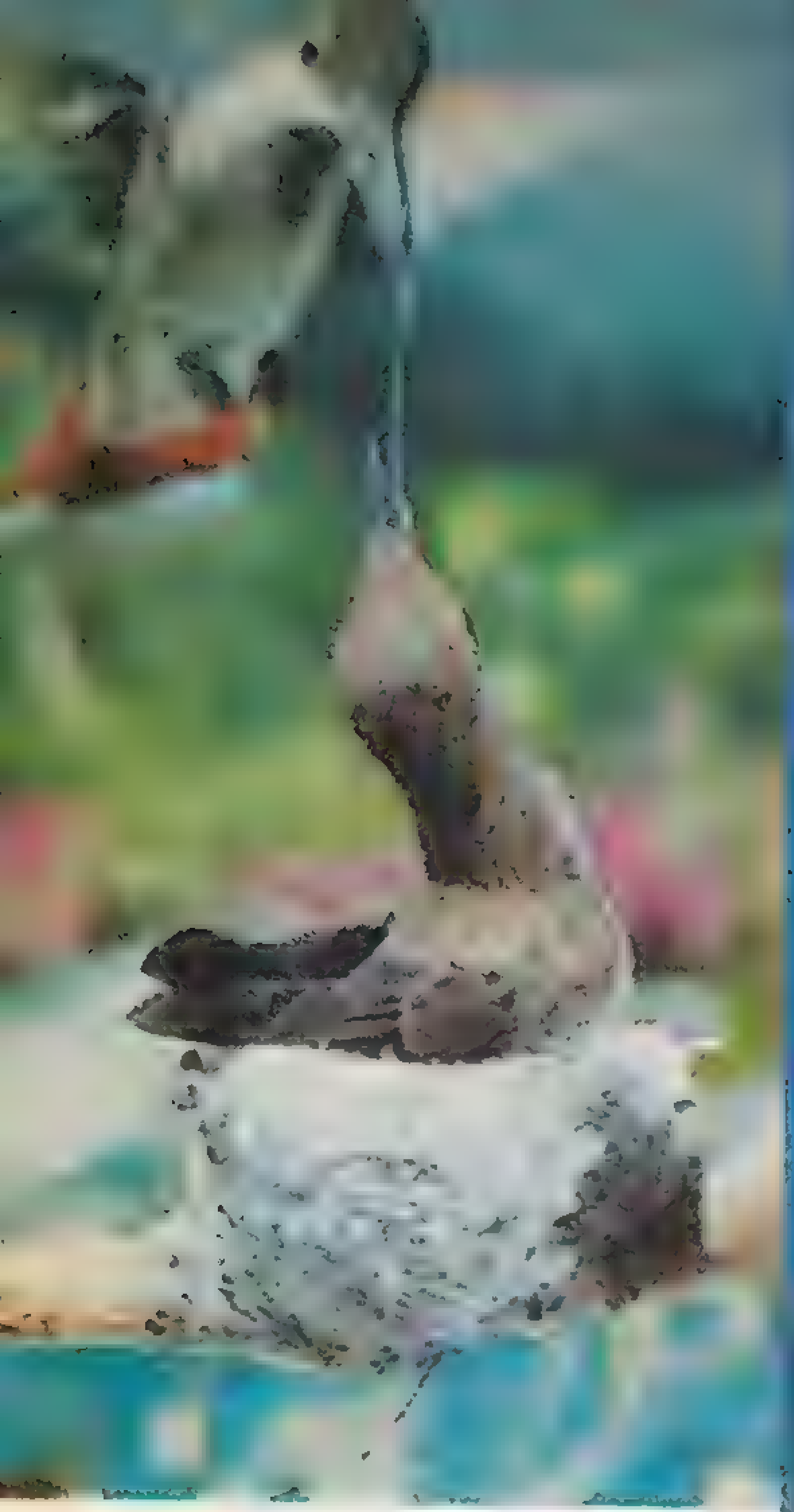
Why not gamble and "play the system" quite seriously in this sense? Let us talk about marriage as something real, a conjunction between people or between people and the opposites of themselves. In this sense we are internally polygamous to quite a remarkable extent. What we leave out, significantly, is our secret, and secreted, marriage to ourselves. So, the internal constellation looks somewhat like the chart, *above right.*


Self (the unclassifiable, to be classified)
(Marriages and Divorces)
Grand- and great-grandparents, mother, father, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, grand- and great-grandsons and daughters and all the most cousinly and auntly and unclely extensions of this system
The "World Outside"
The "Other People" who are enmeshed in the same patterning
Self
Self
"That's where we came in," but could not come.

The usual state of affairs here is that the self haltingly gropes through the family world, both inside and outside his mind, and then stumbles into the world outside the family. The world outside the family, he finds, tries to make itself as much like the family world he has known before as it can, just as the family world tried to make itself as much like the world outside as it could. There seems to be no worthwhile difference between the two, unless the self, the person, can invent such a difference. If the person realizes this, that in fact the essence of being a boring person is not to have gone beyond, in imagination at least, the limited horizons of one's family and to repeat or collude with repetitions of this restrictive system outside the family, that, in short, *to be a boring person is to be a family person, a person who finds the primacy of her or his existence in the mirror reflection rather than in the mirrored,* then the person may go back to where he started and try to meet himself, court himself, and marry himself.

Of course when the person returns to his self, his line of vision is distorted by serial refractions through others: first outside and then inside his family, and all the time through the others, inside as well as outside his mind (a sense of difference, if not a defining awareness, is always there). Finally, however, when this project has been accomplished, the self meets himself in a deserted inner world—where all the others have shriveled up from the irradiation effects of his spirit—and he wanders alone in the wasteland, finding sustenance in the stone he sucks and the ash ingested by the pores of his skin.

Then, if he wants an oasis, he will form one between the mounds of his sand with the tears he secretes. Then, he might invite another to come to him for sustenance and to sustain him. But (Continued on page 120)



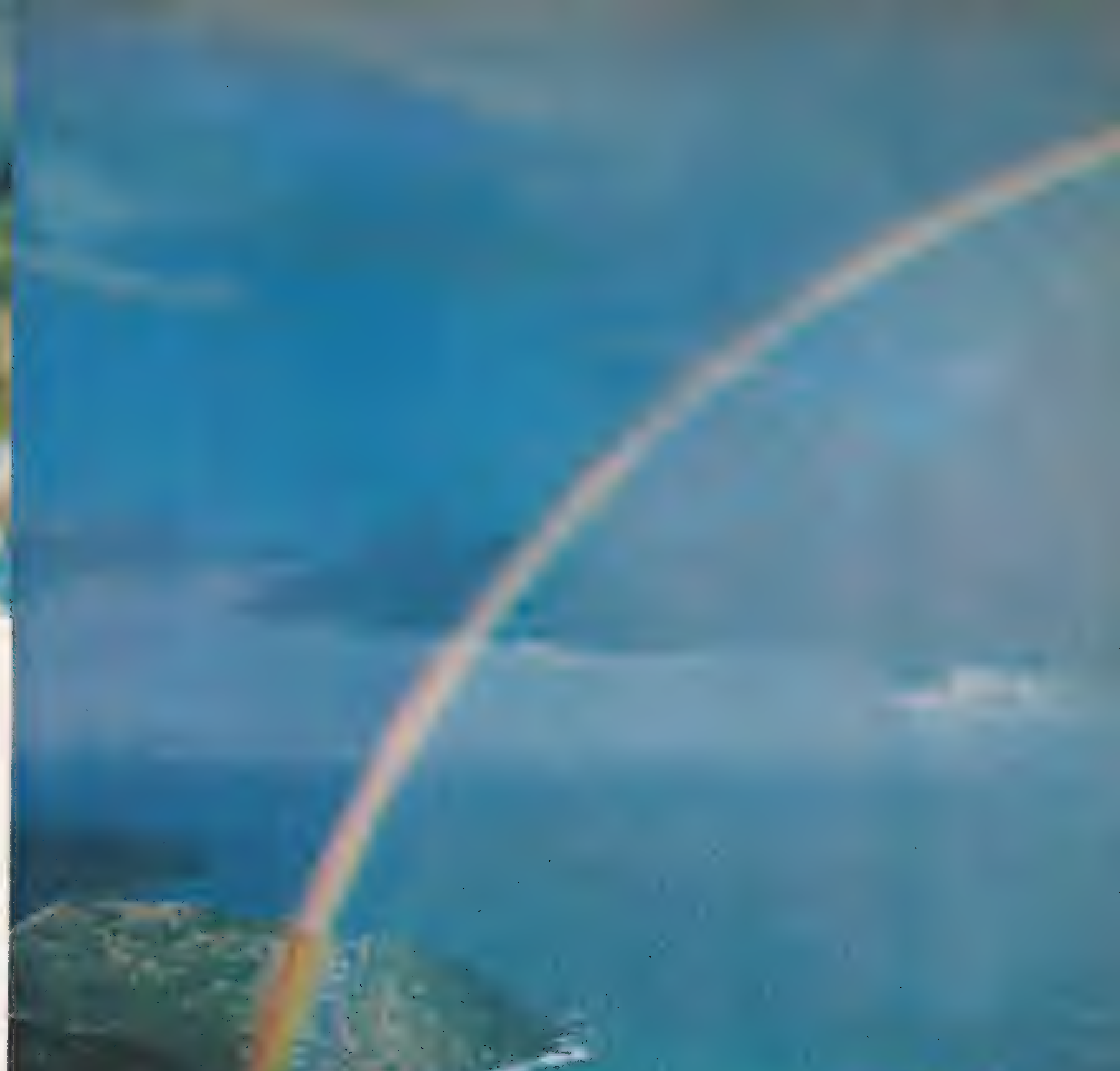
Galera Point hangs high on the crumpled green hills of Tobago, West Indies. Eight hundred feet below, the surf curls into a white bay deserted except for the pelicans and a lonely turtle lumbering wearily up the sand. The only sounds are bird sounds and the distant sea.

We wanted a house that was romantic but simple and uncluttered, with wide rooms to sprawl in and high ceilings in which to lose the midday heat. A house that would be open to every bird and breeze and yet could still be dim and mysterious. We wanted marble floors, soapy cool for our feet, a deep pool to float in. We wanted it to be calm but sensuous. I think what we were really trying to build was a temple.

That we also achieved a practical workable house is due to our Trinidad architect, Anthony C. Lewis. He used ceramic honeycomb open tiles for the walls, sliding coloured plastic doors designed

(Continued on page 123)

Above: This extraordinary photograph of a Ruby-Topaz hummingbird feeding its young—a thread of nectar clearly visible—was taken by Parkinson near his house.



Right: Looking west over a swimming pool to the Caribbean, the house rises in levels up a cliffside, mixes Canadian shingles, a Japanese roof line, Belgian and West-Indian tiles. All: "calm and sensuous."

A PLACE TO RAISE

RAINBOWS

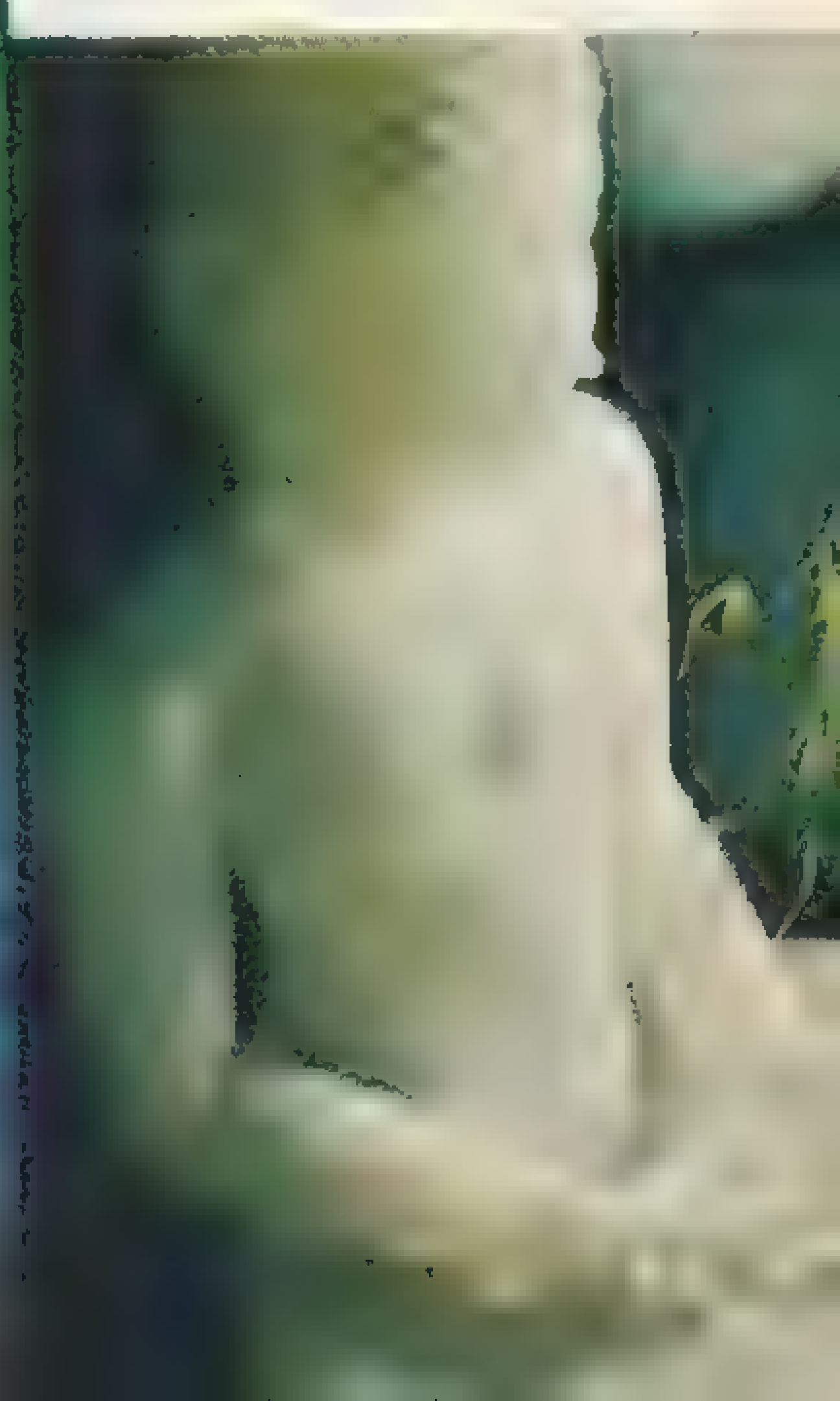
In Tobago, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Parkinson built an open house to birds, beasts, breezes, and rainbows; a shared celebration on these six pages, with his photographs, her text

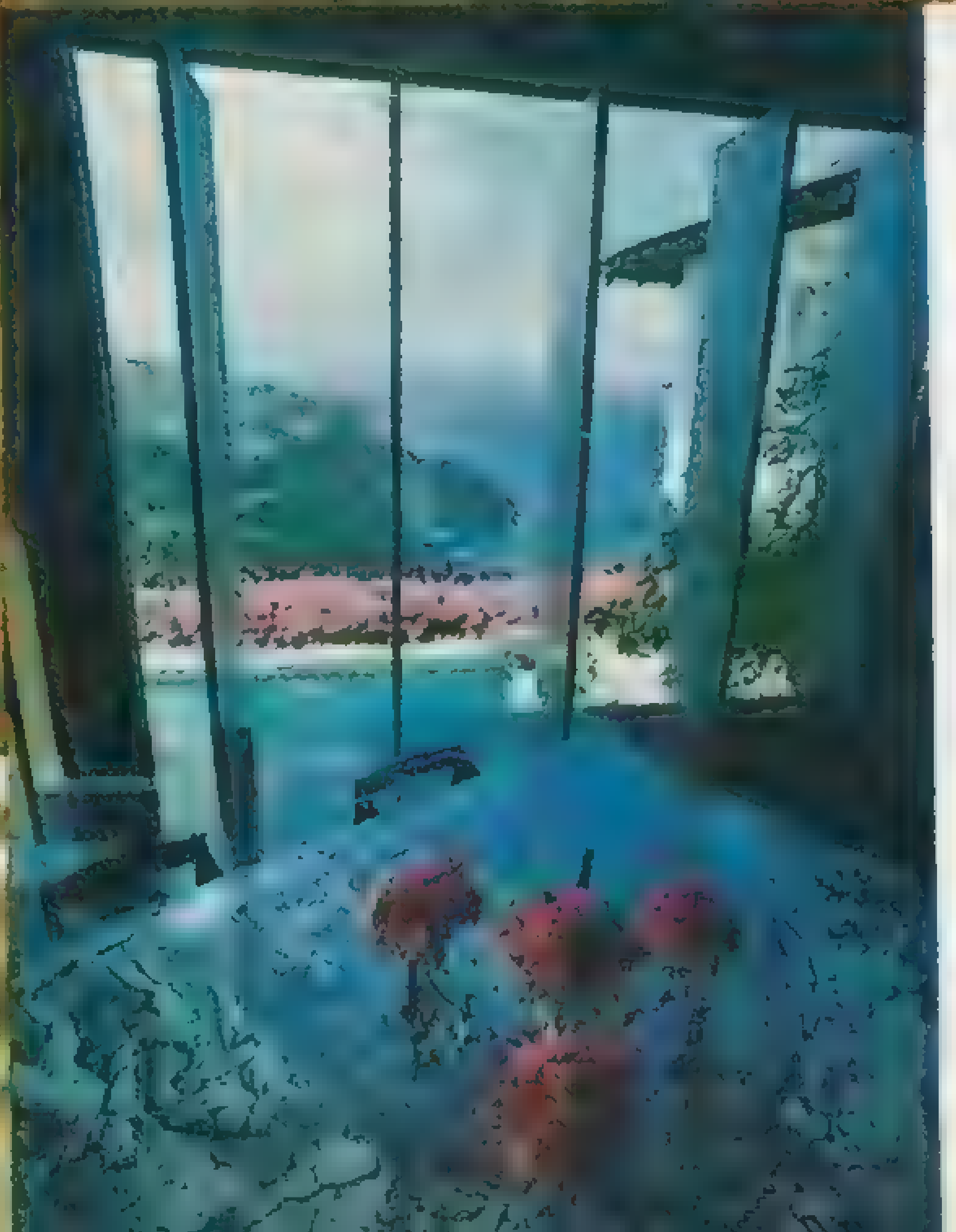
LIVING INSIDE A RAINBOW

In the Parkinsons' Tobago house, a fractured, geometric rainbow happens every day. Adapting an old West-Indian ruse of using coloured glass to break the harsh afternoon sunlight, the Parkinsons asked the British artist Kenneth Partridge to design the sliding wall of transparent coloured plastic that fills this marble-floorec living space (more a space than a room) with a magic carpet of light. The furniture is low-care: simple wicker and bamboo with white covers that slip of and wash like children's T shirts. Open steps sweep up to a raised entrance leve (foreground) with, along the wall, storage cabinets anc stereo music makings.

Below: In this house wher all manner of living thing feel easy, a white marbl Buddha attracts, of course a praying mantis.

NORMAN PARKINSON





In the bedroom, above and left, with Mrs. Parkinson stretched out readin
light is broken and patterned without interrupting the flood of air. A wall
pierced shining Belgian tiles scatters light on Trinidad floor tiles. Movabl
window fins let the outdoors in, keep hurricanes out. The fretwork bed w
made by a Tobago carpenter. Cages of lovebirds and other parakeets stan
about, and wild birds come calling—and sometimes stay. Near left: In th

LIVING AS A WAY OF LIGHT

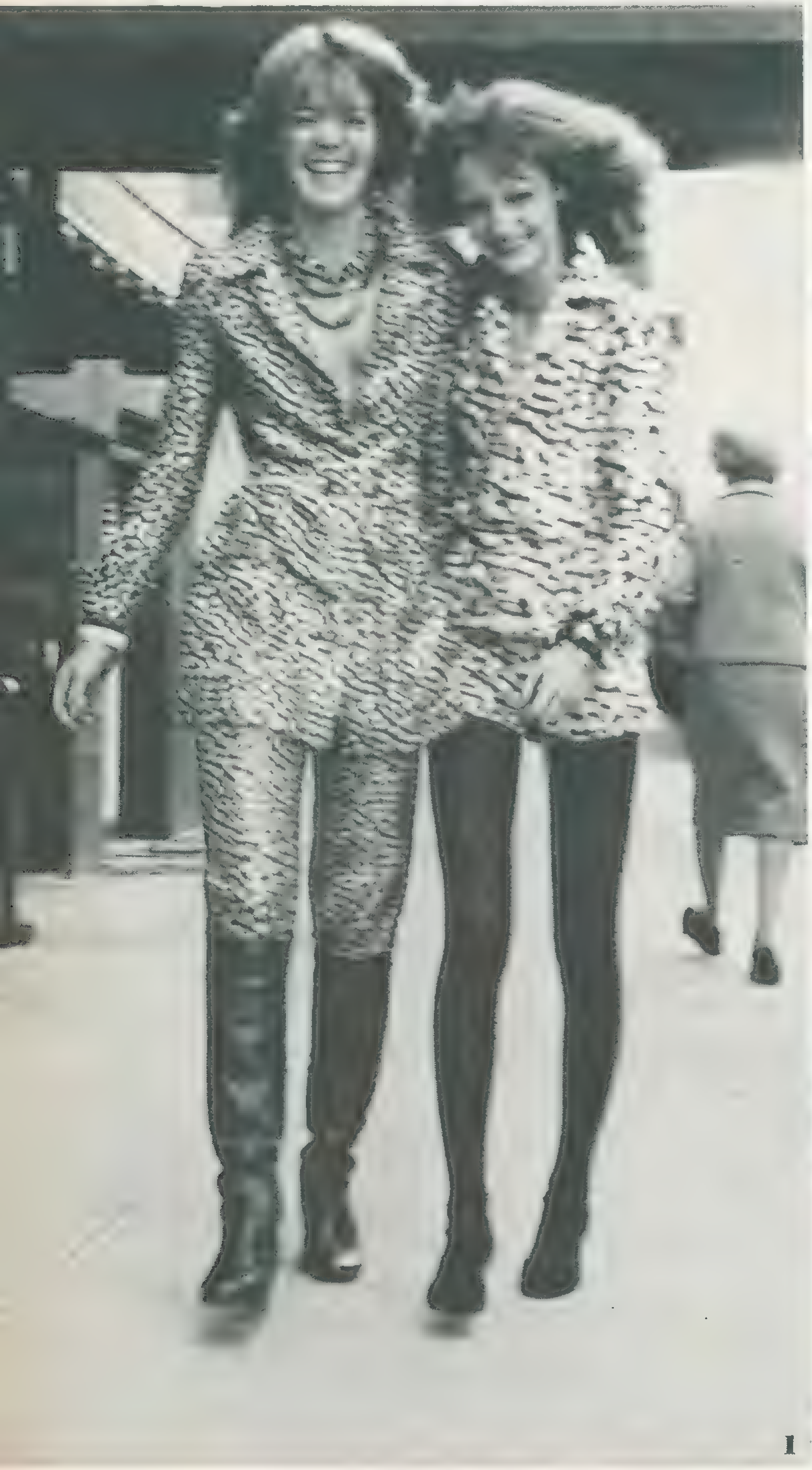
dining room, dimmed against the noon sun by dark-gree
window fins and black marble floor, the table is toppe
with a blowup of a Bartolozzi engraving for Capta
Cook's original report on his travels, showing romanti
improbable Tierra del Fuegans preparing a me

NORMAN PARKINSON

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

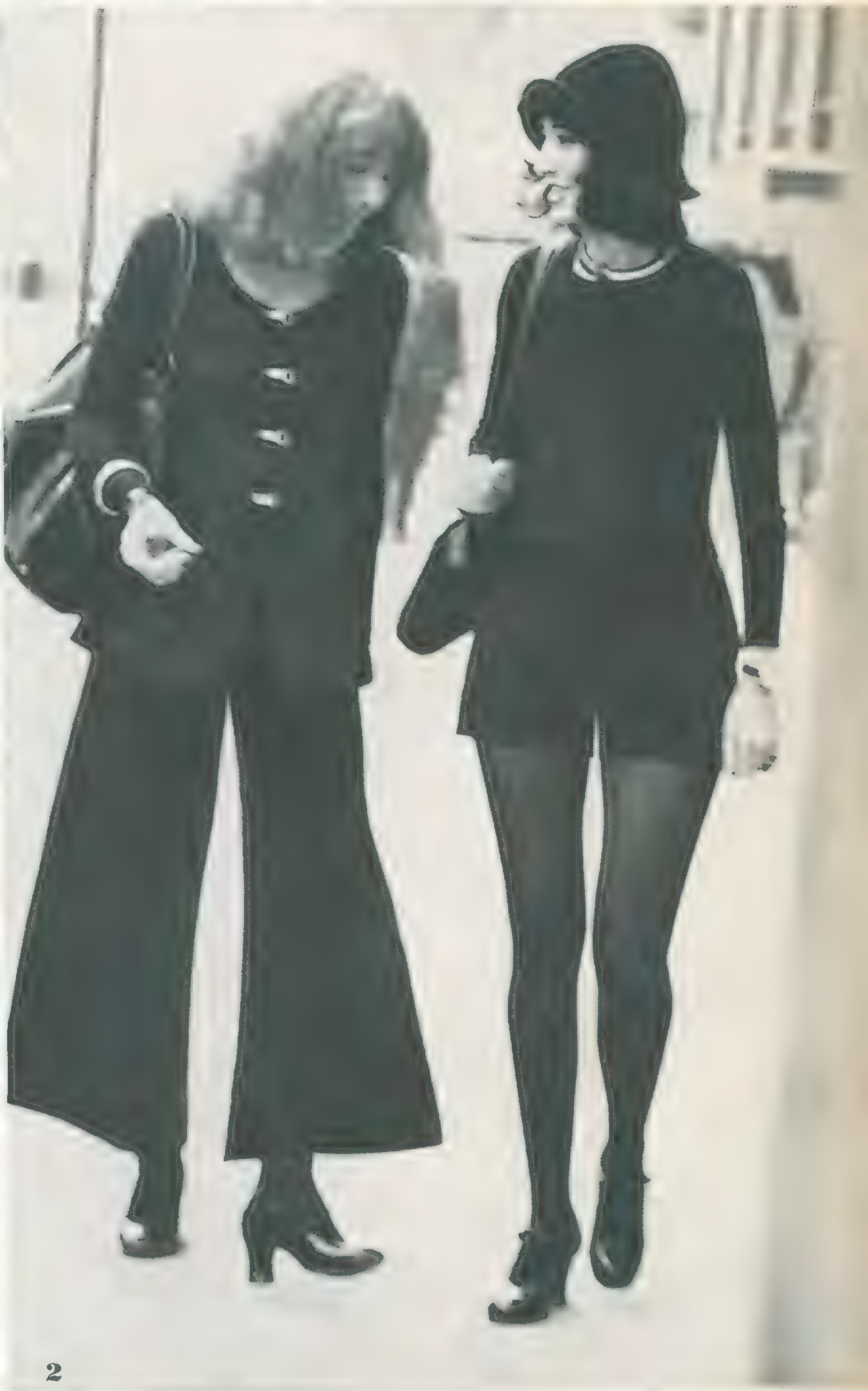
OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Sexy street legs—the long and short of it



1

JACK ROBINSON

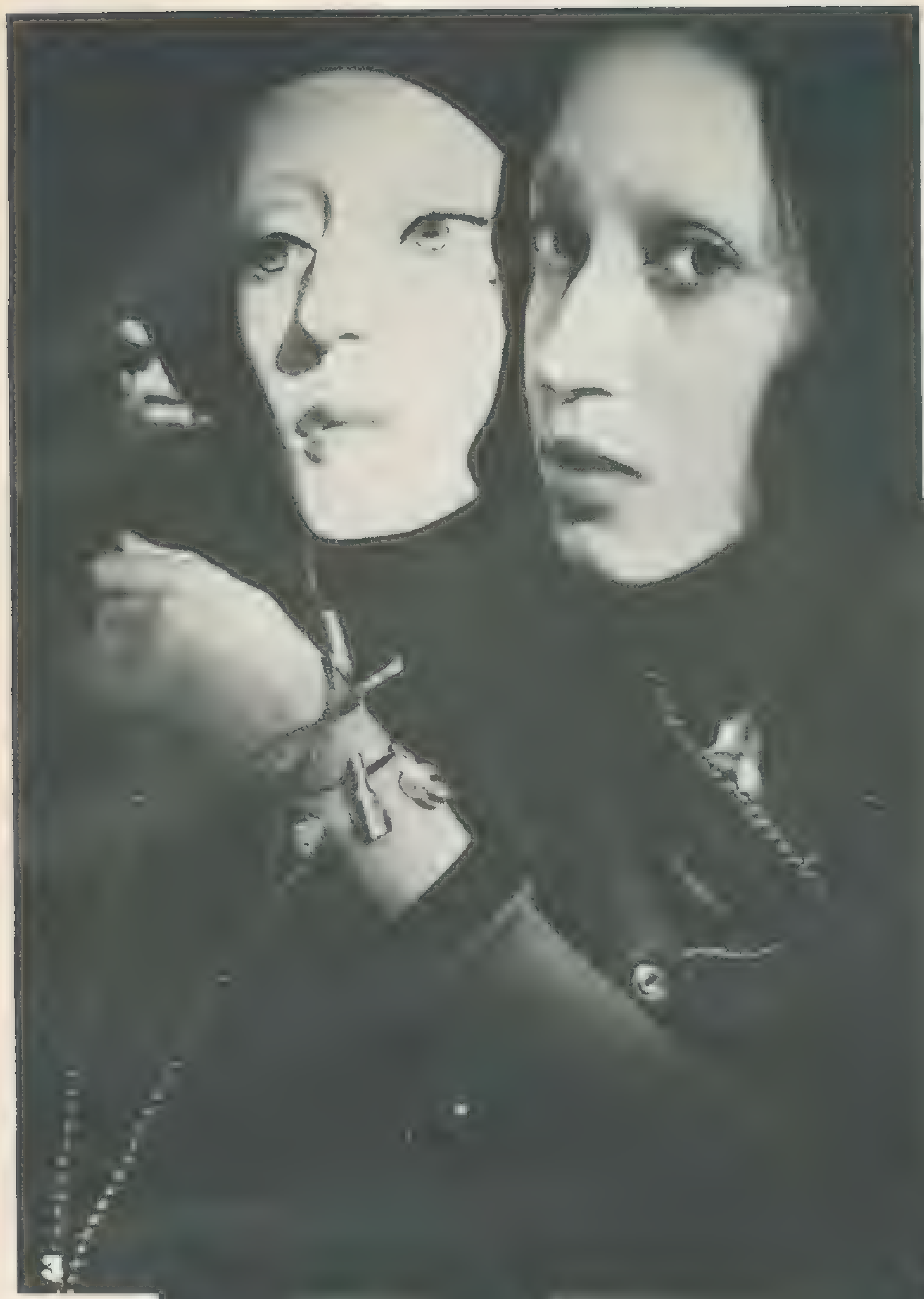


2

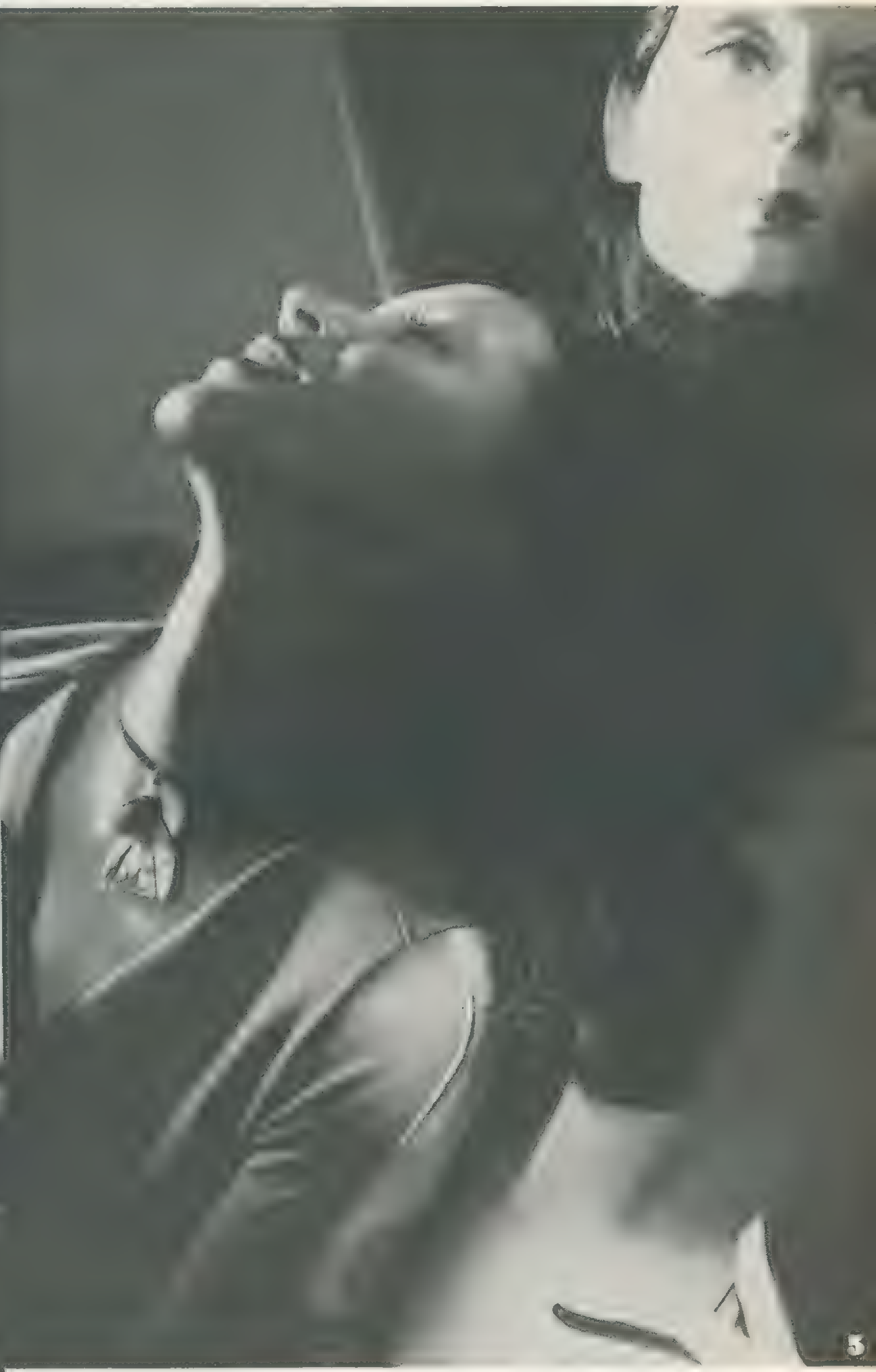
BERRY BERENSON

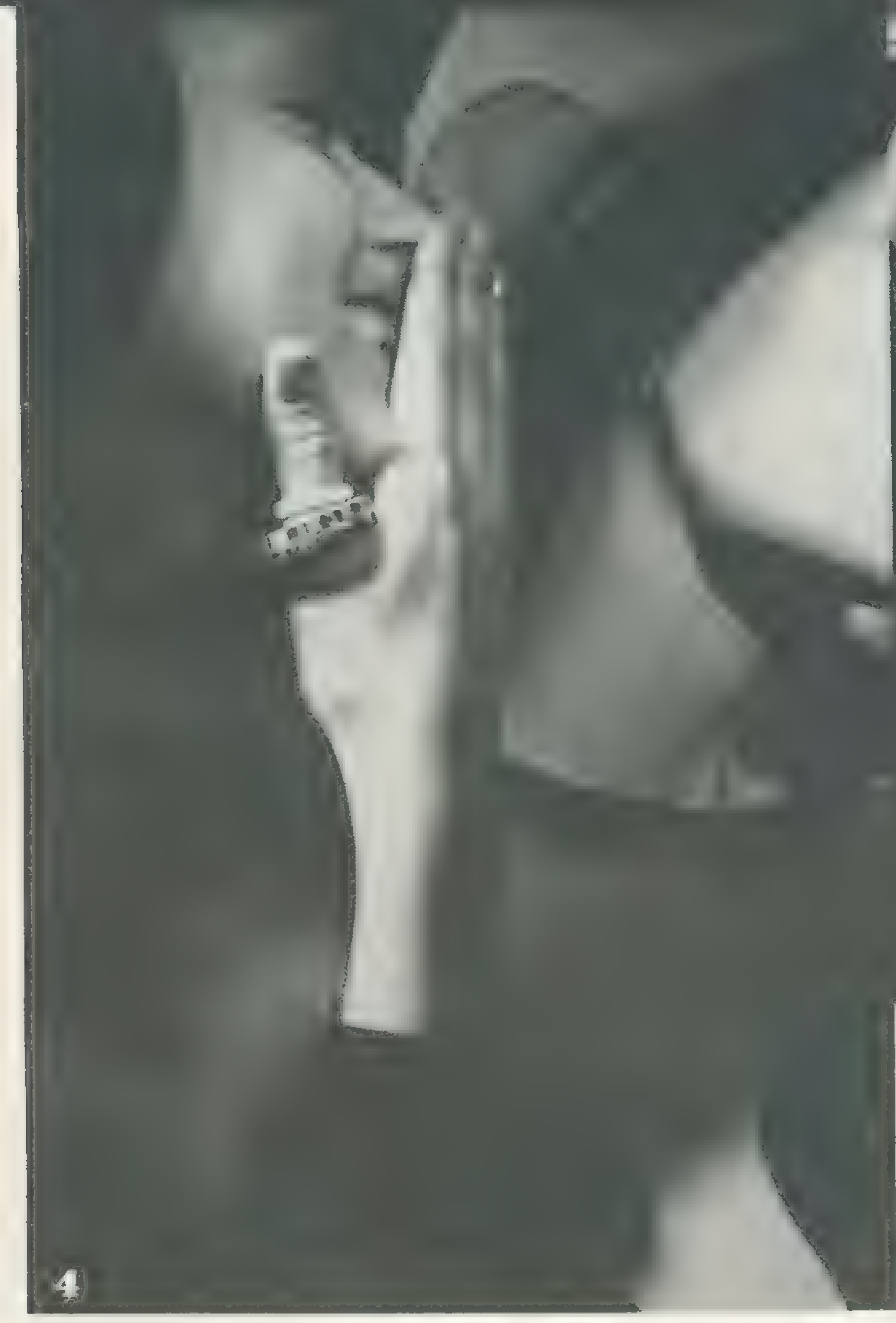
1. Pants in two lengths—***Berry Berenson*** and ***Loulou de la Falaise***—whipping down the street in shiny stretch satin shirts and drawers. Berry's—orange, black, and white, the long narrow trousers tucked into boots. Loulou's cropped shorts and shirt in a hot-pink print. . . . Both turnouts by Halston in the Halston Boutique at Bloomingdale's. . . .

2. New lengths for pants—***Sonia Rykiel*** and her assistant ***Marie-Claude Levée*** on a New York visit from Paris. Sonia's pants are her new sexy length—a little ankle showing. The fabric, new for Sonia too, is crisp Fibranne, which she works with the same magic as her famous clingy knits. Marie-Claude's sexy shorts are wool jersey. . . . The Sonia Rykiel Boutique at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .



Is this a very private conversation?



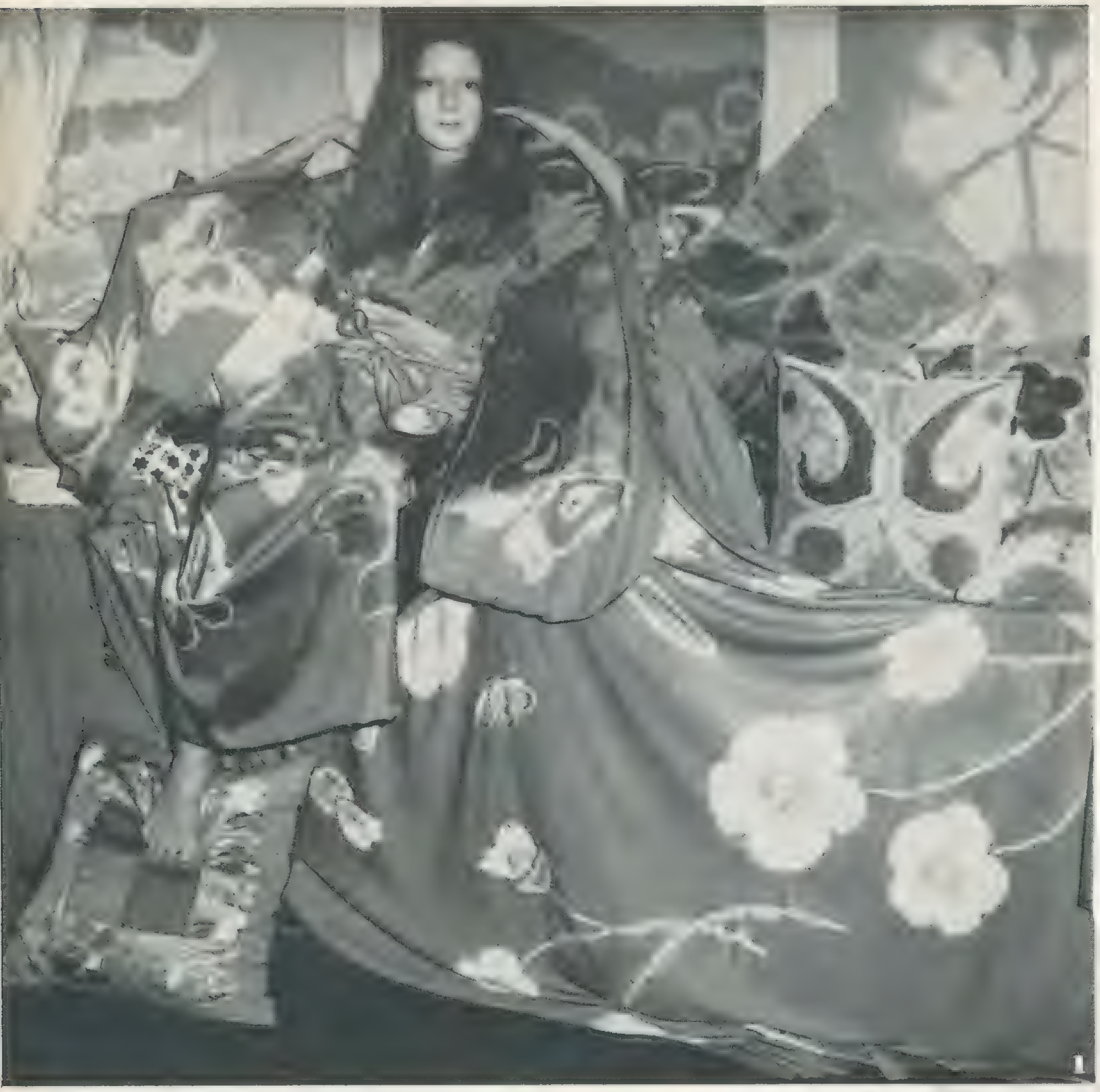


CHARLES TRACY

Well, not really. It's model Pat Cleveland playing "Who's the real live girl?" with a Bendel mannequin that looks like her twin. Of course, the real game is to show you Stephen Burrows' first jewellery designs—made of natural materials . . . all small, collectible things. . . . **3.** Bits of silver shaped like a tusk, a shell, an acorn. To wear singly, or strung on a leather thong. . . . **4.** A brace of horn rings to wear on the thumb. . . . **5.** An iridescent abalone shell, carved in a hand shape. . . . Everything, $12 to $18, in the Stephen Burrows' World Boutique at Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

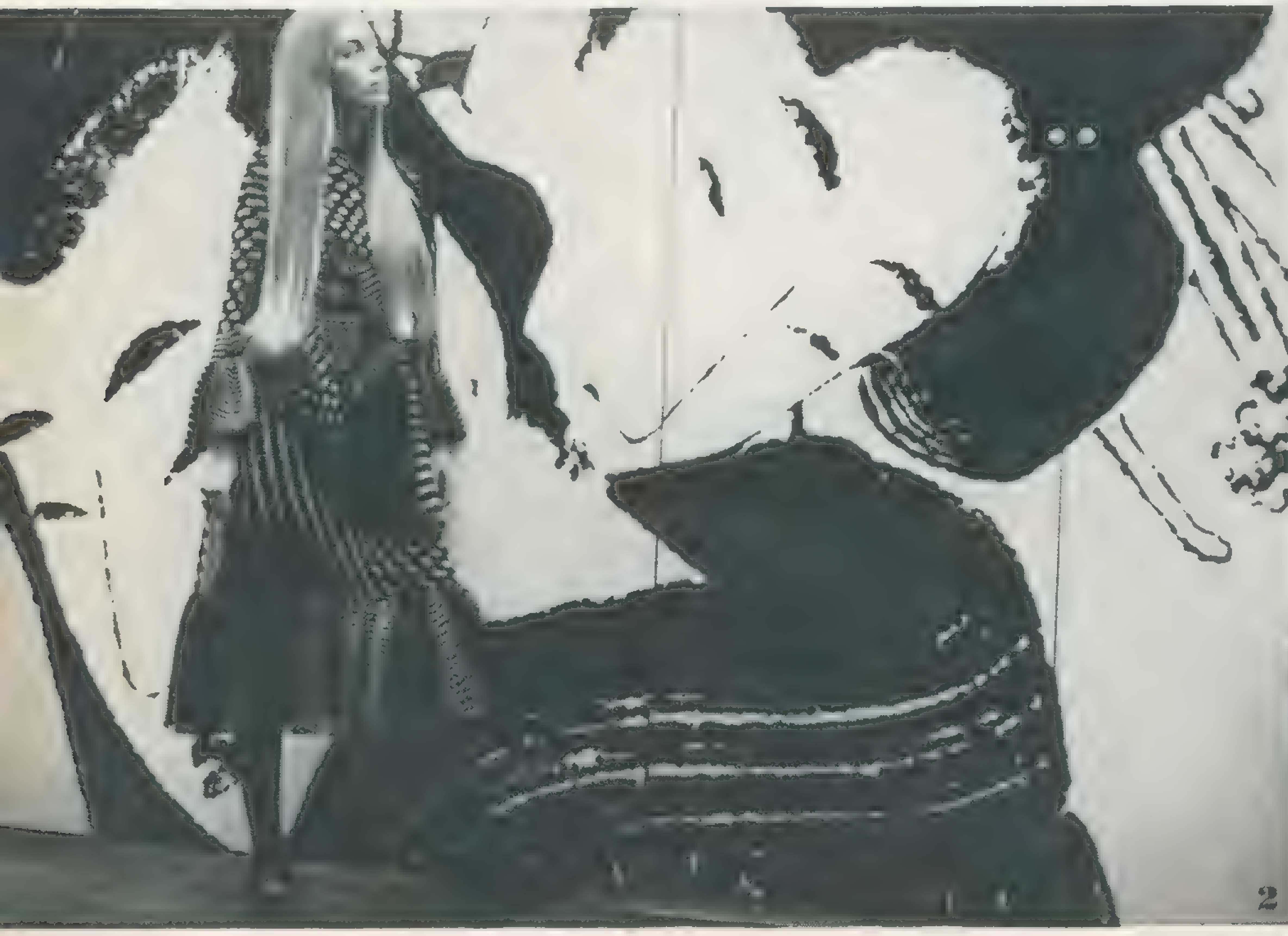

1

1. *Laura Miles.* a dream of the East in a great robe—orange silk tie-dyed with violet and emerald butterflies and flowers. a vivid green silk obi. Beautiful. Robe, made to measure. $250. Obi. $40. Ernst-Reiko Boutique, 400 East 82nd Street, New York. . . .

2. *Tonne Goodman* found the new Hanae Mori Boutique at the Waldorf. She snapped up a black-and-white silk chiffon dress, a mix of many prints, dramatic as the black-and-white murals of Hokusai prints that are the walls. $235. Hanae Mori Boutique, Arcade of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Park Avenue at 50th Street. . . .

3. *Sharif-Ermani.* in one of the pants turnouts in sumptuous swirls of violet on deep-purple tie-dyed panne velvet . . . long jacket, and trousers she tucks into boots, $315. Hanae Mori Boutique at the Waldorf-Astoria. . . .

On the Orient Express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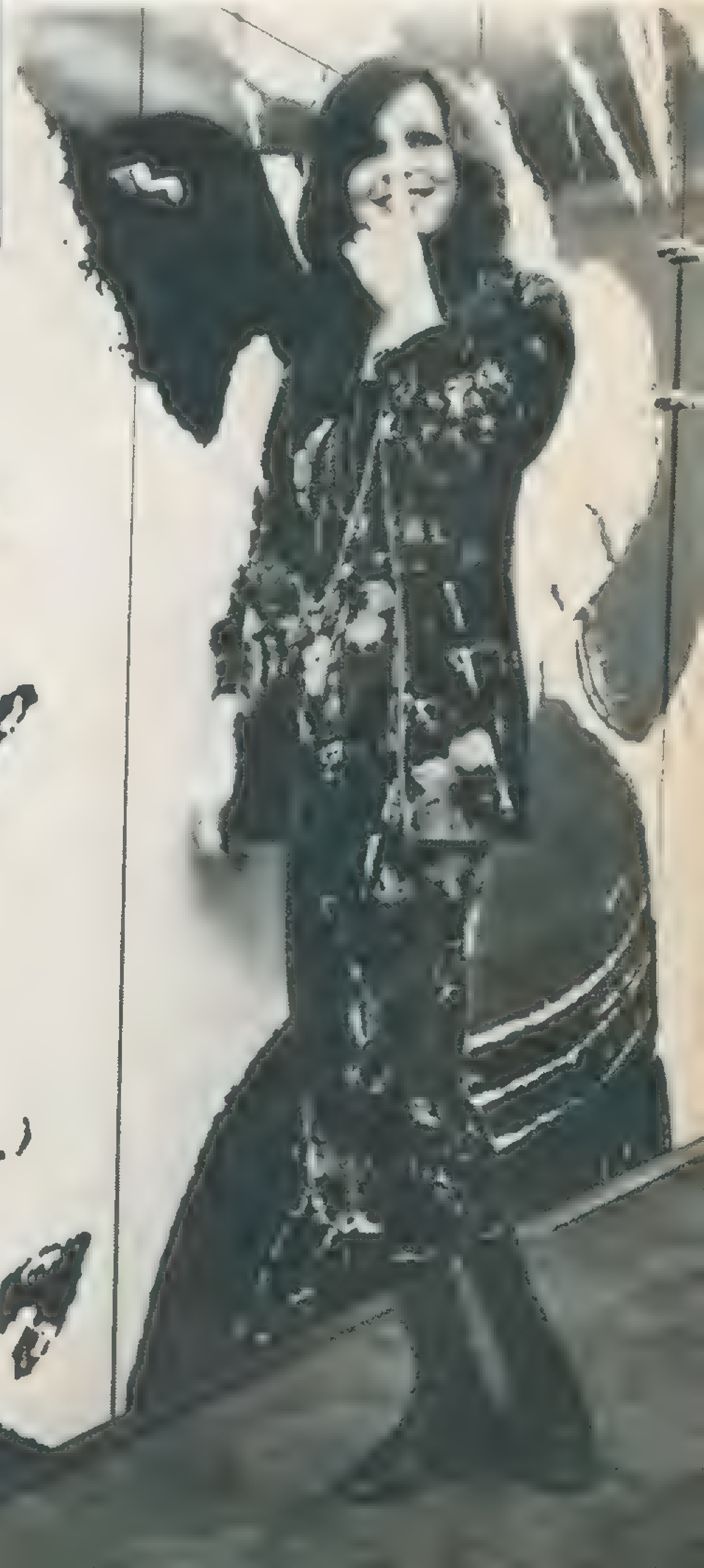
3

BERRY BERENSON

(Continued from page 59)

Polya's melodious, elliptic conversation, you'll understand better the roots of Pushkin, of Mandelstam, and Akhmatova. These roots are buried in the heart of the Russian countryside."

Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelstam is a woman who would be at ease in any literary salon anywhere in the world. Her friends throughout her life were members of a Western-oriented Russian élite—Vsevolod Meyerhold, Illya Ehrenburg, and a number of avant-garde painters, such as Tatlin and Tyshler. She herself travelled all over Europe in her youth. As was Mandelstam, she is at home with English and European culture. She has a Ph.D. in English literature and earned her living throughout her years of exile after her husband's death teaching English in provincial universities. Her spoken English is both slightly bookish, and at the same time whimsical. From the English governesses of her childhood, she has inherited many authentic Victorian phrases, but her sense of language is such that she uses them ironically, showing them off like eccentric period pieces meant to entertain her listeners. She has a sharp tongue and can be arbitrary in her judgments and capable of changing them freely. She was very attractive as a young woman—*laide mais délicieuse* Akhmatova described her—and she is still an accomplished coquette.

She is partial to dedicated, thoughtful young scholars who are ready to devote their lives to Mandelstam's scholarship (fortunately they exist both in the USSR and in the West). Then, there are the young, earnest poets in love with Mandelstam, whom she discovers and befriends for a season or two. Nadezhda Yakovlevna has a gift for friendships with women. She was devoted to Anna Akhmatova and to Vassilissa Shklovsky, the critic's wife. Of the Shklovsky household in the 'thirties, she said in her memoirs that it was "the only place where we felt like human beings again."

When I first met her in 1962, Mrs. Mandelstam looked a lot like her photograph of thirty years before. Her blue eyes were ironic, with an occasional challenging sparkle. Her mouth was smiling, generous. Her hands were small and delicate—the childlike hands celebrated by Mandelstam. Like most Russian women then, she had no concern —nor any possibility of concern —about clothes. For writing and entertaining at home, she wore a rather worn, flowered, flannelette robe. When she went out, she put on a brown shapeless suit and a small knitted cap. That spring, wearing this outfit, Mrs. Mandelstam took me on many walks throughout Moscow. We went to look at a small white seventeenth-century church, which Mandelstam had especially liked. We wandered around the Kremlin and called on Akhmatova, who was visiting in Moscow then, and on the Ehrenburgs, who gave us tea. Once, Mrs. Mandelstam invited me to an excellent Armenian restaurant and we had a feast, and made wild, impossible plans for a journey to Armenia and to Georgia. Mandelstam had loved these countries. and Mrs. Mandelstam was especially eager to return to Tiflis, where she had once been very happy with him.

As she had not yet obtained an official permit to reside in Moscow, Mrs. Mandelstam was spending the spring with her old friends the Shklovskys. She lived in a maid's room in their apartment in a Writers' Union building next to the Tretyakov Gallery. It was a small, narrow room opening onto a dark courtyard and had space enough only for a painted metal bed and a couple of very battered fibre suitcases filled with papers and photographs. It seemed that Mrs. Mandelstam owned nothing at all in the world except for those suitcases and an antique copper Persian bird which Mandelstam had especially liked. The famous saucepan which had held his manuscripts in 1934 stood in a corner of the room. When she received guests, Mrs. Mandelstam half-reclined on the bed. smoking her harsh cardboard-tipped *papirosas*, eating nuts, and conversing. The visitors sat on the other end of the bed, on the windowsill, on the floor. In the late afternoon the small room was usually filled with visitors. There were improvised poetry readings and discussions—often heated ones, as is the rule with Russians. There was also a great deal of laughter. Mrs. Mandelstam loves to amuse and be amused. She can be mischievous and unpredictable. With people who are not intimates, she enjoys playing rôles. This is an old habit from the distant days when she had to hold her own in difficult social situations—a very young woman married to a writer of considerable reputation.

Her hosts, the Shklovskys, surrounded Mrs. Mandelstam with affection and care, and bore bravely the flow of callers which increased with each week, as her presence in Moscow became known to more and more people around town. Mrs. Shklovsky, of course, is the Vassilissa "with the smiling blue eyes," as close to Mrs. Mandelstam as Anna Akhmatova. In the evenings, tea was served in the large dining room, and Mrs. Mandelstam and her visitors—mostly young writers and scientists and an occasional scholar—joined the Shklovsky family for a light evening meal.

Regardless of the number of guests, Mrs. Shklovsky—smiling, blue-eyed, as Mrs. Mandelstam describes her in her memoirs—produced some food to go with the tea. Combining gentleness with uncommon intelligence, slow moving yet extraordinarily efficient as a housekeeper, Vassilissa Shklovsky stands in my memory as an incarnation of old-fashioned Russian grace.

In the winter of 1965, the atmosphere in the USSR was a great deal less free and hopeful than in 1962. Nonetheless, while visiting again in Moscow, I was authorized by the Writers' Union to spend New Year's with Nadezhda Yakovlevna at the home of friends living in Tarusa. This old provincial town on the Oka River stands in a landscape of small birch-grown hills and of high river bluffs. Tiny hamlets with straw-thatched roofs are scattered around an ancient-looking wooden town, which, to a foreigner, appears like something out of Gogol: Surely Chichikov must have stopped there on his search for dead souls. Tarusa has wide, unpaved streets lined with high elaborately carved fences. Behind them lie orchards and vegetable gardens, which Soviet citizens are allowed nowadays to cultivate for their own needs. The log houses of Tarusa are secretive-looking and stylish, with ornate shutters. Because of its small textile industry, Tarusa was not classified as a rural area in the 'thirties. Though it looks as if much of its life had drained away long ago, it doesn't have the devastated air of many rural areas of European Russia, which suffered cruelly under Stalin.

In midwinter, Tarusa was buried under several feet of snow. Along the town's main street, an occasional truck drove by, skidding perilously on enormous frozen patches of snow. Polya, Mrs. Mandelstam's friend, lived on a snow-buried side street in a traditional Russian country house. The house had a spacious vestibule which ran the length of the whole building, a front parlour, a monumental ceramic stove in the kitchen. The immaculate parlour with its two windows overlooking the street had white crocheted curtains; an embroidered cloth covered a round table, and a cotton wall hanging printed with bright, stylized birds hung on one wall.

Polya was a woman in her sixties, as rounded as one of those Russian Matioshka wooden dolls. She had a soft, barely wrinkled face and dignified, formal manners. Her white kerchief was bound low on her forehead. Mrs. Mandelstam took me to call on her at dusk, and Polya started a samovar for us. We drank tea in the kitchen, and tasted some of Polya's wild strawberry jam. Polya moved quietly around the kitchen, then joined us to discuss local news with Nadezhda Yakovlevna. Her voice was low-keyed and melodious as she told of her son's new job in a bicycle factory in nearby Serpukhov. She spoke slowly, using expressive, aphoristic terms of speech, half folk sayings, half riddles: I had encountered them before only in Russian fairy tales.

(Continued on page 117)

BREAST SCULPTURE

(Continued from page 84)

breasts, a lateral curvature of the spine—for a few, magistrally sutured scars, can be a life-renewing exchange.

Is there a relationship between plastic surgery of the breast and mammary malignant tumours, the most common type of cancer in women? Are the tumours that are often discovered during or after a breast reduction activated by the surgical interference with the gland? These are questions that doctors have asked themselves for many years and which have prompted much research. To date, no instances of breast cancer can be imputed either to reduction or to augmentation mammaplasty.

1. Through a 1" incision on the mammary fold, the empty, folded balloon implant is inserted behind the mammary gland.

2. A variable amount of saline solution is injected into the prosthesis through a little tube, which is then trimmed and sealed.

3. The wound is sutured. This implant can be inserted also through an incision along the lower border of the areola.

In preparation for reduction mammaplasty, some surgeons place the patient in a semi-sitting position, her shoulders squared. Arms bent with hands placed flat under the hips, for a symmetric, natural view of the breasts. These surgeons calculate the breasts' new position before tailoring them out of the old one. They measure—literally, with compass and calipers dipped in purple surgical ink and using several reference points, including the navel—the nipples' future location, the distance between nipples and between the nipple and the breast fold. Calculations depend, in part, on the shoulders' width, and on the length to the torso. When the patient is ready for surgery, her chest is covered with lines, circles, dots: an aseptic, living pattern for the surgeon/tailor to work on.

Other surgeons disapprove of marking the new position of the nipples before surgery; flat geometry, they feel, is of no use in building a tri-dimensional cone, with the nipple at its summit. They prefer to determine the final position by comparing both sides *after* the glands have been reduced.

Of all the techniques that have been developed since the 1910's, no more than four or five, and a variety of their combinations, are still used today. But the history of plastic surgery of the breast is so new that at least three among the fathers of mammaplasty, Strömbeck, Dufourmentel, and Pitanguy, are youthful and active men who are performing the operations that bear their names in medical textbooks.

Dr. Jan Olof Strömbeck is Swedish, a tall, grey-eyed, reserved man of forty-five. Younger than his years in body; his face, older, almost ageless, capped by short-clipped pepper-coloured hair. He resembles a mediaeval monk in an Ingmar Bergman film, undecided between the extremes of asceticism and worldly pleasure. The pupil of the late Carl Gustav Allen Ragnell, one of Sweden's most distinguished breast surgeons, Dr. Strömbeck started out in the late 1950's to simplify Ragnell's technique, and developed a nipple-transposition operation considered one of the safest and most appropriate techniques for hypertrophic breasts. In the immaculate rooms of the city-owned St. Görans hospital in Stockholm, he works five days a week, punctually from nine to five—"a surgeon who keeps the nurses after five is not very popular," he said. And the nurses giggled, for in Stockholm everybody understands English and is entitled to be operated on by the best plastic surgeons practically free.

With the patient still awake and in a sitting position, Dr. Strömbeck first marks—always using an aseptic green marker and a ruler—a vertical line from each nipple to the mid-point of each collarbone. On this line, twenty-two centimetres from the notch between collarbones, he marks a point: the future site of the transposed nipple. On the principle that the circumference of the base of a woman's breast is approximately the same in normal, hypertrophic, and ptotic breasts, he places a plastic pattern (see page 85, figure 6) over the left breast, the reverse over the right, so that the mid-line on the pattern corresponds to the green line on the breast. The lower border of the pattern is marked on the breast, and so, too, a line coinciding with the breast fold. In the middle of this line he marks a dot, later used as a point of reference for suturing.

Ten minutes later, when the general anaesthesia has been administered on the supine patient—Dr. Strömbeck does not believe in the advantages of the semi-sitting position during surgery—the doctor makes a superficial circular incision in the skin around the areola. (See page 85, figures 1-5.) Then he cuts along the green lines and, leaving the areola intact, removes the skin delimited by the lines, taking care not to touch the deepest layer of derma that protects the mammary gland. In the upper part of the incision, a circular portion of the gland is cut out, as deep as the chest muscles, to make space for the areola which, after a portion of skin and gland from below the nipple has been removed, is lifted and fitted into the niche.

The shaping of the breast starts with suturing the lower corners of the skin flap, C and D, to the previously marked point on the breast fold, E. Then the upper corners, A and B, are sutured together, and the areola is sutured in place with silk or nylon threads. The very last step is the suturing of the inverted T-shaped wound: the vertical bar from the nipple to the fold; the horizontal, along the fold.

In addition to preserving the nipple, the Strömbeck technique spares the superficial blood vessels and nerves. Also, by cutting the mammary gland only on the upper and on the lower parts, Dr. Strömbeck leaves intact the gland's lateral section, in which the blood flows from the important lateral chest artery. But since the course of the blood vessels varies from breast to breast and, except for the superficial veins discernible on X rays, can not be established with total accuracy before surgery, not everybody agrees with Dr. Strömbeck regarding which portion of the gland is safest to cut off.

Precisely which of the branches of the three large arteries that nourish the breast is of primary importance in maintaining a good blood supply to the gland and nipple has been a controversial subject for decades. The Brazilian Dr. Ivo Pitanguy (Professor of Plastic Surgery at the Pontíficia Universidade Católica and director of the Pitanguy clinic in Rio de Janeiro), for instance, in his own version of this operation, preserves the upper part of the breast tissue and removes the excess from the lower and lateral parts. Other surgeons are convinced that all sources of arterial blood are important, and that for a successful reduction mammaplasty it is enough to leave intact just *one* major source, no matter which. Dr. Strömbeck removes stitches in seven to fourteen days; bandages in about two weeks, after which a special brassière is fitted. Convalescence lasts at least four weeks.

For breasts that are moderately hypertrophic and ptotic, the Dufourmentel-Mouly technique is sometimes favoured. Based on the same principles as other nipple-transposition methods, this technique claims the advantage of having a single lateral oblique scar, which is easier to disguise and has fewer opportunities of becoming hypertrophic than scars close to the centre of the chest, one of the body's most susceptible areas.

Dr. Claude Dufourmentel is a slender, soft-spoken, aristocratic Frenchman, grandson of the distinguished surgeon Pierre Sebileau, whose bronze bas-relief greets him every morning in the corridor leading to his plastic surgery department at the Paris Hôpital St.-Louis, an historical landmark of stone, bricks, and slate roofs built in 1610 as Paris's first skin-disease hospital. "Not even a doorknob can be touched at St.-Louis without the Ministry of Culture's permission," said Dr. Dufourmentel, whose department has the same difficulties as the rest in fitting modern medical equipment into seventeenth-century walls. "But we manage," he added with understated pride, "as you can see." The operation begins with two dots marked on each breast. One, laterally on the mammary fold; the other, at a short distance above the areola, corresponding to the future position of the nipple. The two dots are joined by two curved lines on either side of the nipple. The surgeon makes a circular incision around the nipple and along the two curved lines and, leaving the nipple intact, excises the wedge of skin and gland between the two lines, down to the chest muscles.

Once the surgeon has reached the chest muscles, he detaches the rest of the gland from them and rotates the lowest lateral part of the gland upward, tucking it lightly in the pocket between the gland and the chest muscles. Three or four stitches of catgut (catgut is absorbed by the body) secure the flap in the proper position. A few additional stitches are placed on the surface of the gland. The wound is finally closed with nylon thread, temporarily burying the nipple underneath the skin. When the second breast has been operated upon, a disk of skin is cut off the top of the cone and the surfacing nipple is sutured in place all around.

Another Pitanguy method, which in some texts is also called Arié-Pitanguy, is quite popular for moderately hypertrophic breasts. A vertical ellipse of skin and gland is marked below the nipple. A circular incision around the areola is then made, followed by limited undermining of the skin. The ellipse of skin and gland is excised and the resulting gap sutured with catgut. Finally, the excess skin is removed below the nipple to form a skin brassière, and the vertical incision is tailored and sutured about the nipple.

For the small *and* ptotic breasts, which need not only a lift but some consistency, after the vertical ellipse has been marked on the breast, the excess skin is buried inside the incision and sutured vertically.

The question is: Can a prospective patient of mammaplasty choose one technique rather than another? Is it up to her to be concerned about which is best for her and then, perhaps, fly to Paris for an authentic Dufourmentel, to Rio de Janeiro for plastic surgery and the Carnival, or to Stockholm to acquire new breasts "signed" by the master, Strömbeck? What about Dr. A. of Chicago, who hasn't invented anything and can contribute only experience and flawless accuracy, *and* has done beautiful work on a friend's breasts?

In the last year I have witnessed breast operations all over the United States, in Europe, in Scandinavia, and in South America. They all were so similar that I have difficulty keeping the various operating rooms and surgical procedures in the various countries from merging into one another in my mind. I remember that some operating rooms dinned Muzak favourites, in others there was only the clicking of the instruments and the whispering of the surgeon's orders. One New York surgeon wore a Pucci-fabric cap and most others, penicillin green. Some hospitals had voluptuous nurses, others, smiling fragile nuns. In some cases I was given a tailored gown and left my street clothes in a locker in the nurses' quarters; in others, I had to change into huge paper sacks along with the surgeons. But the mammaplasty techniques were the same everywhere.

Some women, I know, would prefer to hear that plastic surgery of the breast is performed only—or better—abroad, in order to plan trips that would be a kind of vacation, starting with an appointment in an exotic clinic and ending with sight-seeing, before making their triumphant re-entry home. But I am convinced that a woman in the United States who needs mammaplasty, unless she follows a personal recommendation, should not go farther than the nearest excellent hospital that has a major plastic surgery unit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article on breast surgery is one of several about cosmetic and reconstructive surgery which will appear in book form and will be published by Delacorte Press.*

POEMS

(Continued from page 115)

Later, Polya's son came in and the four of us each had a small glass of vodka with last fall's salted mushrooms and some delicious pickled apples. The son was a quiet man in his forties, with a flat, slightly Asiatic face. He looked like someone out of that enormous, anonymous crowd of provincials which streams through the main arteries of Moscow during the holidays.

We walked back in the dark to our friends' house, holding onto each other in order not to fall into the snowdrifts. Mrs. Mandelstam said: "During our terrible years, Osip Emilievich and I often found help among simple people like Polya. In their core, the country people of Russia have remained kindly. How Mandelstam loved Russia! The day his poems are published in this country, Russians will love him back. How I wish that it might happen in my lifetime!"

In 1966 Mrs. Mandelstam was at last allocated an apartment in Moscow. For the first time since the ill-fated Moscow flat of 1933, where her husband was arrested, she has a place of her own. To this day, Nadezhda Yakovlevna takes a childlike delight in it, in the independence and solitude it gives her. Yet, a great number of people visit her in her new lodgings, and old friends tease her, accusing her of frivolous pursuits, such as wanting to establish a full-fledged literary salon.

Mrs. Mandelstam's apartment would not lend itself to such an ambition. It is small and located in a housing development near Moscow University, on the outskirts of the city. The famous saucepan has now reverted to its original use. Mrs. Mandelstam, like so many painters, is an excellent natural cook. Usually there is something delicious in the saucepan for the friend who drops in unexpectedly. A drawing by Tyshler, an eighteenth-century Old Believers' icon full of esoteric symbols, and the Persian copper bird help create an atmosphere of calm and coziness.

For me, there is no greater pleasure in Moscow than to visit with Nadezhda Yakovlevna on evenings "where there isn't a mob"—to sit with her on her bed under a knitted blanket, to hear new stories, full of loving details, about Osip Emilievich, to speak about Russian poetry and painting. Like her book, Mrs. Mandelstam's conversation astonishes because of her never-failing ability to feel deeply, fully, vividly.

As I read and re-read *Hope Against Hope*, recapturing her intonations beyond the English, which can not quite fully seize them, one of Dostoevsky's wildest predictions came to mind. Aware of the horrors of Russian history, he said that Russia would bring salvation to the modern world. An incredible idea—but then, paradoxically, where is one to learn to feel more deeply about the modern world than with Mrs. Mandelstam, in a country which has known so much suffering?

BEAUTY DISCIPLINE

(Continued from page 87)

Sophia Loren

To my mind, the most striking example of balance and discipline in Rome is Sophia Loren. It is as if she took her insecurities and, by sheer force of will, turned them inside out and made them work for her.

When Sophia films, it is a twelve-hour day, and her life revolves around it. In between films, she rarely sets foot off the grounds of her villa near Rome. She may fly off to an important gala or to Paris for fittings, or dine out with a visiting VIP, but these are "special events, they aren't life." . . . Old friends, women she trusts and likes, come out to see her. They listen to records, swim in the pool, play cards. Sophia always wins.

"If you don't have discipline of body and spirit, you can't be an actress," Sophia says, "unless a bad one. The only pill I take is Vitamin C—I'm afraid of getting the flu. . . . I never eat in the morning, except for three or four cups of coffee. But that's because I'm Neapolitan. . . . I go to bed at nine. Before, when I smoked, I would stay up later." . . . Sophia is so used to getting up early for work, she wakes up at seven regardless. Regular hours may sound dull, but they are one of the oldest beauty recipes.

Princess Ira Fürstenberg

Italian on her mother's side, with her dark hair, rounded form, and sensuous mouth, Princess Ira Fürstenberg is the picture of luscious self-indulgence. Yet her basic regime is austere. She is early to bed, early to rise, and does not smoke or drink. In Rome, between films and travelling, she goes to a gym every day for two hours.

Ira puts on weight easily, knows she has to be disciplined about eating. When you have to watch calories, she says, it is much easier if you eat alone. "A man orders pasta, rice with curry, and how can one resist?" When she's alone, she skips lunch or orders just salad and mozzarella cheese. When she does a film, the tension makes her lose weight. But she tries to avoid ups and downs. "When you lose weight quickly from fatigue and tension, everything falls."

The Roman weight problem

I understand Ira's food temptations. One would have to be more insensitive than a stone not to have them in Italy. Rome is an eat-late-and-linger town. This is particularly the case in good weather when one can eat outdoors in the country under grape arbours, surrounded by prowling cats, friendly dogs, and the incessant motion of Italian children, who never seem to go to bed. The food is simple, substantial, and has colour. Like the food and most of the conversation, chic in Italian restaurants never loses a down-to-earth quality. . . . I would not trade the warmth, confusion, and relaxed atmosphere of an Italian trattoria for the best restaurants in the world.

Who could resist a little Roman beach restaurant off-season? You sit there in a blissful daze from the sun and wine, fingers sticky from broiled prawns. You go for a walk on the deserted beach, stick a toe in the freezing water, stop for a coffee to pick you up, and drive back in a half an hour to town. That beats a beauty salon.

I like to eat: sauces, those divine salami, wild boar, broiled mushrooms, baby lamb, pork with fennel. Surely, a woman's warmth and charm depend on at least a minimum of laisser-aller. Have that wine, eat that pasta!

But you can not do it every day, and happily I tell myself—you get to the point where it does not matter. If you practise discipline, the tummy gets the message and shrinks—really. . . . I am against dieting unless it is planned for individual need and supervised by a doctor. For taking off a few pounds, the secret is and always has been to eat less, keep the proteins, vitamins, minerals, fats, and carbohydrates balanced, and eliminate the gooey enchantments.

Italians with weight problems are beginning to go to Dr. Fulvio Rossi, an endocrinologist and gerontologist, who usually works out of the Florentine clinic Villa Il Cedro. Dr. Rossi does not pretend to make his patients young again, only to slow down the ravages of ageing. . . . His "cure" consists of 12-15 intravenous feedings, at a rate of three a week, of what he describes as "biological and biochemical products to disintoxicate the body, especially the liver, as well as additives of tracer minerals and non-fattening vitamins." During the first week, the patient eats only hulled wheat and apples and may drink black coffee. Gradually, potatoes, vegetables, and, last of all, meat is added.

But most people I know with real reducing problems take them to Rome's Salvator Mundi clinic. The 500-calorie diet is uncompromising. (One friend discovered she had to give up her face cream. Absorbed by the skin, it showed up on the scale during her daily weigh-in.) . . . One makes the daily trek to the hospital because the calorie count is just part of the cure. It is only effective, according to the doctor, with daily injections for a month of Human Chorionic Gonadotrophin (HCG), a substance extracted from the urine of pregnant women. Presumably the combination of HCG and diet allows the body to consume abnormal fat as food, then stabilizes the weight.

Health foods, Italian-style

The discipline of natural foods as a way of preserving beauty intrigues me. The Italian idea of health food, rather than yeast or wheat germ, is unadulterated wine and olive oil, country ham and salami, fresh truffles, hand-picked mushrooms, homemade bread. It is a lovely idea, and I would not quarrel, except that most of these delights are on their way to extinction.

Unfortunately, Rome is not a health food centre, and devotion becomes an import operation. Angi Rossi of the Munemann family, now married to Rome life, imports hers by the carload from Germany. Norwegian algae, pine honey "from Christmas trees," a juice concentrate from seventeen kinds of plants; Fruchtzucker, a very white, very powdery, sweet fruit sugar, and Granaton, fermented wheat germ in liquid form. Angi says Granaton "contains vitamins B, C, I, P, and E, and I feel it's stimulating sexually and you can drink as much as you care."

Another true believer is Talitha Getty. She and her husband Paul drink carrot juice by the gallon, dote on yoghurt and "Birchermuesli," use only rock salt, wild or unpolished rice, and brown sugar. In Rome, she grows herbs on the terrace, including mint for tea. "For a while, I became a vegetarian like Paul," she said. "It works for him, but I had to give it up. It made me grossly fat." . . . Talitha buys some of the products locally. Usually she stocks up in Baker Street in London, except for vegetarian pâté, ham, and bacon that, to meet her standards, come from Holland.

Lots of Romans swear by honey, which is said to improve stamina (Sir Edmund Hillary took it with him while climbing Mt. Everest) and to boost virility (have heard of no outstanding exploits here). Public Relations man-about-town Giorgio Pavone gets his honey from bees that bzzz on a farm about fifty miles south of Rome. But that's only the beginning. He has virgin olive oil shipped from land he owns near Paestum. His mozzarella cheese for protein comes from a corner shop that gets it fresh every day from the South. . . . A little old lady brings him salad from the Roman countryside three times a week. His brother sends him natural pollen from California

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CORRECTION

Because of a regrettable Transatlantic confusion, the magnificent photograph of a horse's head which we published on page 159 of our December issue was not Nijinsky—recently voted horse of the year by all but two of England's forty racing writers—but his younger brother Minsky, a chestnut instead of a bay. Like Nijinsky, Minsky also is from the stables of Charles W. Engelhard, has a powerful style, and was bred in Canada.

as well as natural vitamin pills. His mineral "Viobin" tablets arrive via Switzerland. . . . To be sure of fresh eggs, he not only keeps his own hens in Villa Savoia near his office where he jogs every day, he also pays a watchman to look after the fowl.

I assume his lentils, chick peas, beans, nuts, and fruits come from the corner market. . . . What he refers to as his secret vice also is widely available in Italy. This is "Laurentina Cappuccetto Rosso," which roughly translates as "Little Red Riding Hood" mineral water. He drinks it while doing the rounds of the clubs until two or three in the morning.

To organize the natural food life in Rome takes dedication. Maybe it pays off. Tall, slender, wavy-haired, and an indefatigable girl-cruiser, Giorgio Pavone, at 54, puts most playboys to shame.

Whether it's supervised dieting, special treatments, or health foods, the lesson is always there. You have to want it—want to discipline yourself—care enough—and you can go a long way toward staying younger and looking more attractive. Two weeks' care and discipline—and you can find the right formula for you. Experiment. Probe. Read. And try!

JEAN DUBUFFET

(Continued from page 65)

as he hoped, for Dubuffet is convinced that public approval for him must be a sign of artistic failure.

Dubuffet prides himself on being an eccentric loner outside the cultural mainstream, perhaps because he became a serious artist only in his forties after a successful career as a wine merchant. With artistic success and celebrity, Dubuffet has found it increasingly difficult to maintain the illusion of standing apart from the contemporary art scene. On the one hand, he spurns association with groups and movements, since he basically believes in unsophisticated expressions and amateurism; yet, no one has shown more sensitivity to his relative standing or claim to a historical niche.

By way of image-building, Dubuffet efficiently manages a team of loyal subordinates who assist him in the studio and in some exceptional record-keeping. In Paris he maintains a "secretariat," whose small research staff exhaustively documents his work with photographs, keeps track of criticism, and conducts a voluminous correspondence. He even has his own Boswell in Max Loreau, a brilliant, unconforming philosopher and poet who recently abandoned a university post to undertake Dubuffet's critical biography.

Loreau also edits the Dubuffet facsimile albums of illustrations with commentaries that have been appearing for a number of years. Now in their twentieth volume, these will eventually form an unrivalled, definitive catalogue of a living artist's *oeuvre,* far more complete than Christian Zervos's fragmentary *Cahiers d'Art* devoted to Picasso's production. One could more readily applaud this scholarly enterprise if it were not for the somewhat disconcerting element of *amour propre* in their auspices.

Generally imperturbable to criticism or curatorial slight, Dubuffet is capable of decisive action when he feels his public position threatened. Three years ago, finally aroused to justifiable wrath by a disgraceful record of neglect by the National Museum of Modern Art in Paris—he had never been offered a major retrospective nor had a significant work purchased there—he made a princely gift of one hundred and fifty works to the more sympathetic and avant-garde Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris, whose director, François Mathey, had organized the definitive Dubuffet exhibition in 1960. That gift now is installed handsomely in a suite of galleries in the museum's quarters at the Louvre, and probably constitutes the best permanent representation of a living artist in a public institution, barring the Barcelona Picasso collection. By taking on the rôle of cultural emissary for himself, he managed to circumvent the petty rivalries, provincialism, and outright chicanery of the official Paris art bureaucracy.

Despite occasional propaganda work on his own behalf, Dubuffet generally takes a detached and Olympian view of his art. Since he brings so much wit, energy, and perception to the intellectual constructs that support his actual production, it is difficult to cut through his brilliant but perhaps misleading pamphleteering to see his art in perspective. One suspects that Dubuffet represents not so much a revolutionary spirit, as he contends, but the last and best flowering of vintage European modernism. He seems essentially an artistic moderate and one of acute sensibility like Paul Klee, with whom he shares surprising affinities. Like Klee, he has a faculty for turning art into a philosopher's stone and for extracting a subtle poetry from all manner of psychic and physical phenomena, as well as a literary flair for suggestive titles. Beginning with *l'Hourloupe,* Dubuffet's more quirky, subjective tendencies may have been absorbed and energetically rechannelled by the influence of Pop Art. It is difficult to imagine which association he would more fiercely contest, Klee or Pop Art, yet the cosmic ruminations of the first and the inflated banalities of the second both neatly fit his present scheme.

Dubuffet prefers to be understood through *l'Art Brut,* which he has used as both standard and refuge, since its hermetic world rejects conventional criticism. His "anti-cultural" position received a thorough airing in his collected essays, which proved him as formidable in argument and pungent phrase-making as in the subtle management of his own career, no matter how irascible his point of view. A long derisory essay published separately two years ago as "Asphyxiating Culture" best summarizes his irritations with and suspicions of big-city culture. There he builds the case in burlesque strokes against cultivated art and manners, André Malraux, "the professors," and "all acquired values," with a hectoring, anti-élitist tone. Dubuffet's anti-intellectual charade acts to purge received cultural ideas and to replace them with his own cherished mystique of folk innocence, delirium, madness, and sadistic delights that appeal only to the unfettered creative spirit.

Behind the virulent polemics and elaborate myth-making stands perhaps the last European master of the older generation who continues to strike out in new directions, refusing to be bound by his own past successes or visual clichés. Although it once seemed plausible to think of Dubuffet's achievement only within the framework of the demoralized and anguished mood after World War II when Giacometti produced his spectral sculpture, that is no longer the case. With his *Hourloupe* paintings and monumental painted sculptures and visionary architecture, Dubuffet has enlarged his image and boldly sought a more expansive public style. He is probably producing the most vital and original European art outside of the younger "process" artists.

To add another dimension to the Dubuffet "problem," he has one of the most acute and unsettling intellects on the Continent. With his undisguised contempt for the Art Establishment and his devotion to *l'Art Brut,* he is also one of the few contemporary artists truly "possessed" in the subversive meanings of Artaud or Céline, who were early friends and intellectual heroes when Dubuffet tardily launched out on his spectacular art career in Paris during those desperate war years.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An exhibition of Dubuffet's most recent three-dimensional work, including three full-size constructions and more than thirty scale models, is at The Art Institute of Chicago through January 31.*

LOVE

(Continued from page 105)

he will always remain in his desert because this is his freedom. If one day he no longer needs his freedom, then this is his freedom also. But in any case, the desert remains.

If we attempt to look at the expression of love as a social fact, one social reaction becomes dominant in the whole field of responses—the reaction of hatred. The appearance of love is subversive to any good social ordering of our lives. Far more than being statistically abnormal, love is dangerous, it might even spread through the aseptic shield that we each get each other to erect around ourselves. What we are socially conditioned to need and expect is not love, but security. Security means the full and repeatedly reinforced affirmation of the family. A man marries a woman whom he will never leave, and because she knows that he will never leave her, she will never leave him. She accepts the conditionality of her situation because there is a social bribe built into it, in the sense that her husband can only opt out of the conditional system if he, as the apparent initiator of the whole scene, accepts guilt that may be lethal or nearly lethal to him. So he suffers, this poor man, at least until at last the penny drops, and he sees through the megalomania that he has been so well instructed in and sees his own pay-off in terms of the capacity to feel endlessly guilty and to lacerate himself with this alien guilt.

A man in his late thirties, married with four children, once told me this story. One night, not having taken alcohol or any other drug, he awakened at 3 A.M. He had been in a dreamless sleep until he suddenly awakened to a startling realization about what he thought to be the meaning of his whole life. At first it seemed very gentle, a gradual silting up of the blood in the small vessels at the extremities of his body. It started under his fingernails and toenails and in the lobes of his ears and the tip of his nose. Then it spread as an ominous clotting through all the major blood vessels of his body. At each moment he felt he might cancel out the experience by disappearing—flying off from his fingertips, dropping off from the tip of his nose. The capillaries in his brain filled with coagulating blood, and one by one his cortical neurons died; just enough were left for a consciousness of his heart. Then his coronary arteries clotted up, until his heart stopped, died, and then burst into a huge galactic ejaculation that spread throughout the cosmos. In that moment of universal dissemination, he experienced a melting away of every bit of anger and resentment to anyone that he had ever experienced. It was all pure love and beyond love, compassion, until he told his wife of the experience later in the morning. He had been through a death-and-rebirth experience, he knew at last the meaning of compassion, there need no longer be any problems that really mattered between them.

But how she hated him for that. And how right she was. The social collective exists, after all, and as long as we need it to exist as a collective, we will need families that define love as subversive to security and normality. And we will also need all bluffs to be called.

The tragedy in this case was nothing less than the fate of being married, of having one's relationship defined, not in an interior way, which would allow the possibility of indiscrete personal revelation, but from the outside, in a manner that proscribes the utterance of truth—or else "it all breaks up."

Only, even if it does, it never does. Merely divorce may happen.

In an almost naïve way, it always seems strange and ironic to me that people can not dare speak *their* truth, however distorted their perspective in this respect, in the relationship of marriage in any sense of the latter term, whether legally confirmed or based more straightforwardly on agreement and understanding between two people who want to love together, with or without other people, such as children, coming into the ménage. People would rather go to the heavily stereotyped, complex figure called the psychotherapist, whom one pays by the hour, who has the full nature of the prostitute (being all things for anyone)—often without the honesty of realizing his vocation—but to whom one can trust one's experiences, although not too optimistically, on the level of death and rebirth.

With regard to "problems" such as narcissism and homosexuality, it seems to me that psychoanalytic theory is overburdened with puritanical doubts about these states.

We can, I think, reduce this complex region to one very simple statement.

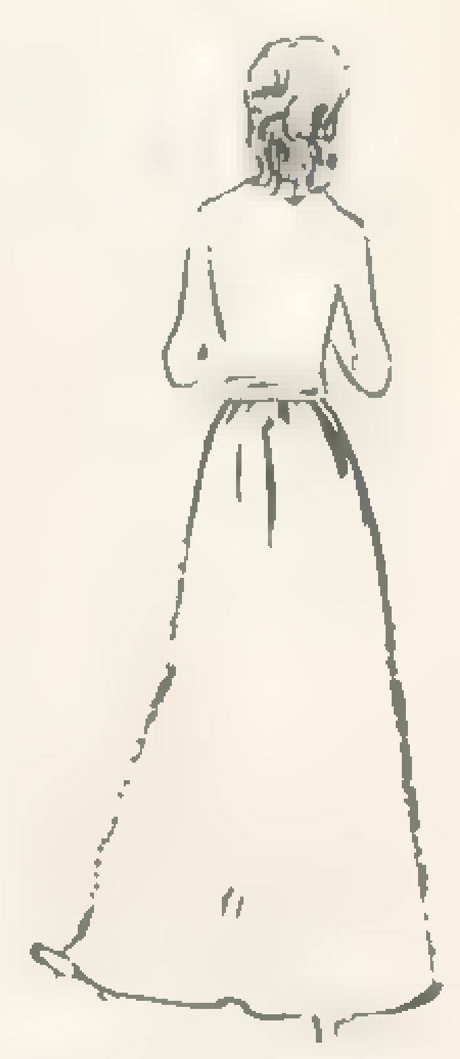
One can no longer think of loving another person until one can love oneself enough. Love of oneself here means a full realization of one's body: both its outside folds and creases and fullness, its dark and light zones, and also the full experience of the insides of one's body—one has to know the fluctuations of one's bowel musculature, the sound of ureteral dripping into one's bladder, the blood in each ventricle of one's heart. Then, with a quasi-objectivity, having studied one's body like a physiologist, one can break down the compartmentalization of it into a gesture that means self-love.

Before we can love another, one has to love oneself enough. Before one can love another of the opposite sex, one has to be able to love another/others of the same sex "enough." Whether one overtly lives out one's homosexuality or not is immaterial, but it is certain that one has to recognize its inruptions into one's fantasies and dreams—even into the fantasies a man has with the woman he loves, but even more (because of the prevalent suppression of the full sexuality of women) into the fantasies between the woman and the man whom she loves.

In fact, narcissism and homosexuality are no more diseases or fixated states of development than are phenomena such as holding down a steady job, duly providing for one's family, or, in general, being a pillar of society. The real problem for the therapist arises when people sink and drown in the latter state.

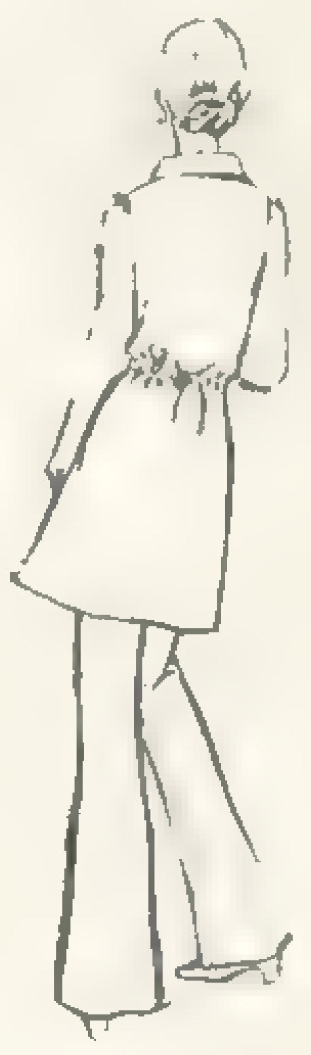
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 48-49; other views, yardages, details)



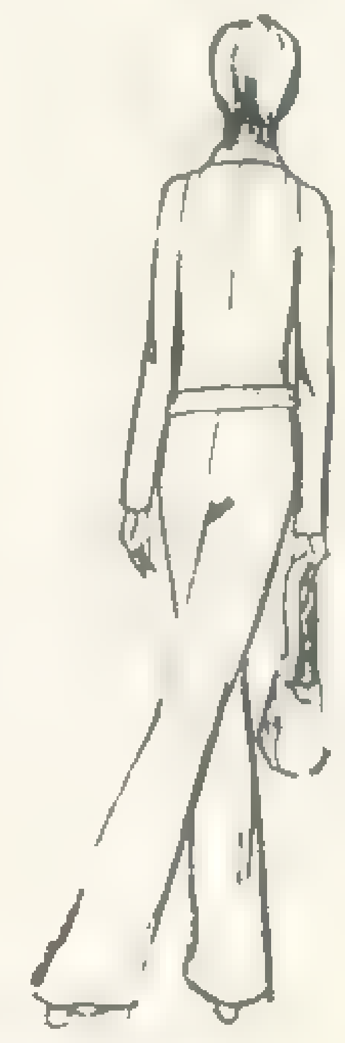
7788

Above: The button-up dirndl. Vogue Pattern 7788. Sizes 23 to 29. For size 24 waist: 3⅛ yards of 45″ fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10.



7860

Above: The lace-up tunic. Vogue Pattern 7860 (pattern also includes sleeveless vest and flared pants). Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 dress: 2⅛ yards of 45″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.



7882

Above: The straight-legged jumpsuit. Vogue Pattern 7882. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 dress: 3¼ yards of 45″ fabric. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN TRAVEL

Puerto Rico now . . . its pleasures, fiestas, and sun places

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

The newest amazement in San Juan, Puerto Rico, is Old San Juan, now celebrating its 450th anniversary. Instead of an unfurling of banners, the pageantry of pleasures begins with the small, walled, sixteenth-century city, a remarkable setting for the long list of fiestas planned for this year.

"Spanish-spirited art . . . music . . . kite-flying . . ."

In the Dominican Convent, the newest restoration, the bone-white, bare, Spanish-Moorish courtyard framed in two-storeyed arcades is now a double-decker art gallery. On Friday nights, visitors looking at art also hear the concerts played inside the convent. Every Sunday afternoon at Casa Blanca, recently turned into a museum, chamber music fills the cool Spanish-spirited salon that has balconies overlooking the lovely spread of gardens and the bay beyond. At Casa de los Zaguanas, another old building revived, the common denominator of its exhibitions—pictures, furniture, tapestries—is Old San Juan. All summer long, the arena for kite-flying championships is the windy promontory of El Morro Fortress.

On the beachcomber waterfront near the lovely pink Customs House with grass-green trim, El Arsenal, now being revamped, will open in June with a large review of Inter-American Folk Art gathered from Canada to Chile—dancing, crafts, and music. Outside the walled town, the superstar event of any celebration will be the Casals Festival, May 29 to June 13.

Among the fascinations of the old city is the simple delight of strolling. Like paintings, there are the unexpected views of tiled steps and sun-stained patios framed in tall carved wooden doors. In the evening when shuttered windows are thrown open, iron grilles, making filigree shadows, lure to good restaurants.

"In a convent, flamenco . . . in a museum, mountain kid . . ."

On a small, tilted square, broad flights of steps lead to Hotel El Convento. The grand proportions, beginning with its tremendous arched entrance, walls hung with tapestries, and beamed ceilings, sit easily with air conditioning, elevators, and prettily mirrored bathrooms for austere bedrooms. In the restaurant, beneath a high vaulted ceiling, guests dine well to the music of quiet strings until the excellent flamenco dancers (imported from Spain) erupt.

A delicious introduction to island specialties is La Fonda del Callejón, a restaurant on Fortaleza Street on the first floor of a restored town house that contains a museum and an art gallery too. Begin with hors d'oeuvres called "Treats": plantain and meat balls, hot Puerto Rican sausages, crisp fried codfish, puffs of Parmesan cheese and cornmeal. Try mountain kid with rice and plantains. Finish with fresh mango slices, Puerto Rican coffee. Also on Fortaleza: La Gallega, a well-lighted, comfortable, noisy restaurant where Puerto Rican families assemble, serves Spanish food, an especially memorable black bean soup.

"Victoriana . . . guitars . . . red gaming rooms . . ."

La Zaragozana, a top restaurant on San Francisco Street, is pleasantly formal—strolling musicians, beamed ceilings, grillwork. Specialties: Lobster Catalán, baked clams, good Spanish wines. Reservations necessary. At La Chaumière, a new place near the Tapia Theatre, the two goateed and suspendered French maîtres d' like to force homemade *pâté maison* and wines on their guests: "Don't resist, they're excellent."

Puerto Ricans often nightcap at Ocho Puertas, a jumpy Victorian place with piano and guitar and spoofs about the island's politicos and tourists. At the flamenco cave Las Cuevas de Altimira, the dancers are pleasing.

On the fringe of the old town, the Caribe Hilton overlooks the small eighteenth-century San Gerónimo Fort. Constantly revamped, and now adding a tower with new rooms, the Caribe—the first in the global Hilton International chain—remains, after twenty years, one of its best. Bunched with pleasures, it has good beaches, pools, superb gardens, tennis, and masses of eating places. From the open-to-the-sea-breezes lobby, a broad sweep of stairs leads to the casino, red as the ace of diamonds. To play this government-controlled game, men wear ties and jackets, women look pretty.

"Small dukedoms of sun and sea . . ."

Beyond San Juan splendid seashore resorts, as varied and complete as small dukedoms, pinpoint the four compass points of Puerto Rico. On the north and Atlantic coast at Dorado, where the salty air is cooler than in San Juan twenty miles to the east, is the posh Dorado Beach enclave built by Laurance Rockefeller who put Dorado on the map some thirteen years ago. On a separate domain stands the Dorado Hilton, a later addition to the scene. Both establishments have everything, but some of the good things at Dorado Beach come in pairs: two eighteen-hole courses designed by Robert Trent Jones; two superb beaches sheltered by reefs that brake the Atlantic rollers. Two miles away on a two-mile stretch of beach, a new Rockresort Hotel, Cerromar Beach, opening this fall, will have for starters: two eighteen-hole courses, half a dozen tennis courts, and a health club. A plot still in blueprint is Villa Dorado, a palmy colony of condominiums.

At Ponce on the south, the vanilla-white Inter-Continental Hotel standing high on a hill, overlooks the pretty Spanish town and the Caribbean. Except for golf and sailing, everything else—pool, tennis, casino, nightclubs—is, like the air conditioning, built into this quiet compound.

On the west, at Mayagüez, there is a charming hilltop Hilton with a beautiful pool as well as tennis, a casino, excellent deep-sea fishing grounds.

On the east coast near Fajardo, the Hotel El Conquistador is a spectacular. Built up and down a cliff, it is connected to itself with both a funicular and cable cars. In addition to the expected, El Conquistador has a seawater pool, two bowling greens, all the gear for fishing, sailing, a health club, misty views of mountains on one side and, on the other, the sea with the island of St. Thomas in the distance.

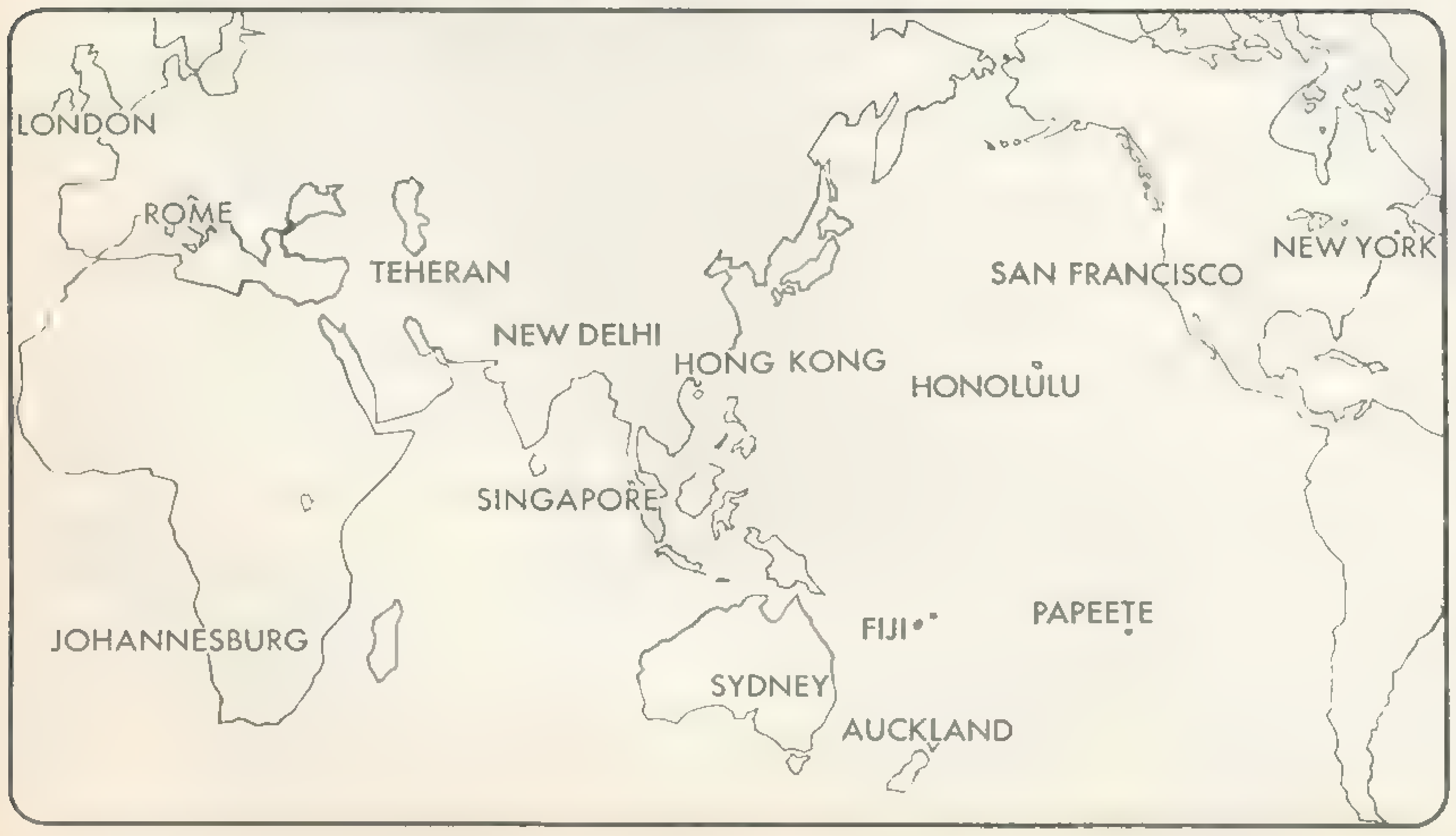
FLIGHTS TO THE FIESTA ISLAND. Pan Am, Eastern, and Trans Caribbean fly from New York to San Juan in three-and-a-half hours. The best buy on any of the three airlines are those flights taking off late in the evening during the middle of the week. From New York, one-way travelling in Thrift Class (which means sandwiches in a box) is $57 for one person. On the same flight, a first class seat costs $84. Every day, Pan Am flies three 747's from New York to San Juan. Eastern's new big birds go there twice a day. Another new lure on the Eastern flights to San Juan: Miami stopovers included in the fare. Trans Caribbean flies DC-8's and 727's, those cosy planes as comfortable as old shoes. *Note:* The great Mayan monuments in Mexico's Yucatan and Guatemala are the exciting ports of call on a new fourteen-day cruise aboard the young ship "Jason," sailing from San Juan on February 27. These days fleets of white cruise-ships float to Puerto Rico as the Spanish sailing ships did 450 years ago.

QANTAS
CITY OF DARWIN

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Jet jots

from two world orbiters



Two beautiful birds-in-world-flight, Pilar Crespi and Lauren Hutton, *above*, brought back these hard fast tips for global orbiters. First: "No hippie clothes for Asia . . . hip means hash to Indian customs men." Here, twice shy, they deplane at Singapore in shirtdresses and yards of bare leg. In-flight on long hops, Pilar jumps into a jumpsuit and cardigan "against drafts," slathers on hand cream "against dehydration," sleeps with ear plugs and a face scarf of black chiffon: "Eyeshades mess the hair." More of Pilar's Qantas flight plan: "Take a sexy book or a pithy political one . . . eat small samplings of all good things . . . first-class Iranian caviar, Sydney rock oysters, Outback lamb, served by crack crews." Try the flight cellar specials . . . Shiraz Mataro Bin 2Q, great Adelaide claret, and Gramp's "Orlando" Tawny, not a koala bear but gutsy half-century port bottled to celebrate the Qantas jubilee year. On east-to-west global flights, beat the 24-hour time lag by city-hopping a few days at every stop. Top tip: "Stick with the same airline—Qantas, so reassuring . . . those groovy Australians." . . . All mapped out, *left*, some key places where Qantas stops in its global orbit of some three dozen countries. This summer, powerful new 747B jets join this fleet that links up with California and New York from all directions.

PARKINSON HOUSE

(Continued from page 106)

for us by Kenneth Partridge to deflect glare from the sea: The sun throws unexpected patterns into the whiteness of the room, as if we suddenly were living in a kaleidoscope. The broad overhang of the gutterless shingled roof keeps out the rain, which cascades down from it like a watery Japanese bead curtain.

We settled for marble in the living rooms, white in the main room and black in the dining room, which we wanted to be dark and cool at midday when, in Trinidad fashion, we eat our main meal. In the bedroom wing we used local traditional patterned tiles—it's not just one's pocket that says too much marble is banal.

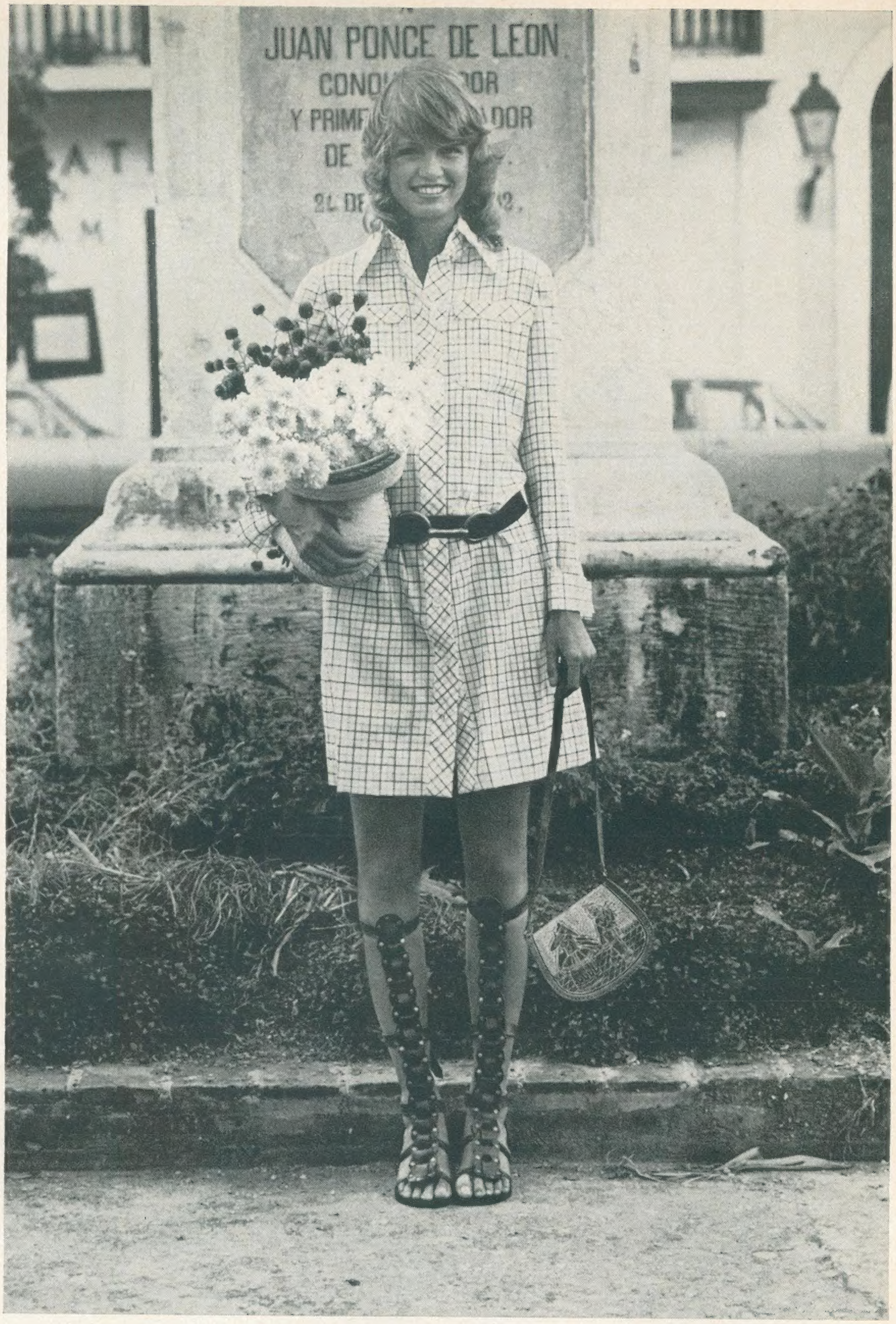
Kitchens in the bush should be functional, with high-quality equipment and as non-gimmicky as possible with no pretty lairs for cockroaches or mice, both of whom find one's house more inviting than their own.

Our bathrooms are our individual concessions to absurdity. Full of pictures, memorabilia, and the scribbled graffiti of our friends, these rooms are as personal to each of us as our diaries. My room has a window above the bath so that I can bird-watch as I soak.

We planted the terraces with indigenous plants found in the forests and the riverbeds. We search for cactus and for orchids which we attach to the branches of the trees. I am now collecting ferns for a grotto and there's a hibiscus garden to plant next rainy season. We grow all the plants for the terrace pots from seed: all white—zinnias, petunias, geraniums. We cherish many pet birds and scatter their cages through the house to gossip to as we pass. Wild birds fly in and out and whole families of sugarbirds grow up in the tall bamboos in the dining room.

Maybe, after all, we did build a kind of a temple, I'm not sure to what, perhaps to living. Here at Galera there's at least time to look and to see, to sit and think, to laugh and lie in the sun. Here it seems enough to be content to be alive and to know it.

BY WENDA PARKINSON



PENATI

Sun runner–

the short belted shirtdress

One for the sun, and running short—a Tattersall-checked shirtdress in yellow and black and white; long-sleeved, buttoned up the front, and fresh as an armful of flowers—to cover you up when you're out of the sea, off the beach, and running into town. Here, it's Puerto Rico's Old San Juan where statues of the first governor, Ponce de León, flourish like this one in the Plaza San José. Dress by Serbin Fashions, of polyester and Polynosic rayon. About $26. Lord & Taylor; Maas Brothers, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neusteters; Frost Bros. Belt: Elegant. Bag: Henri Bendel. El Greco sandals. Coiffure: Franklyn Welsh.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Heavenly body

Every year it gets easier to be beautiful. The mystery is, why would any woman opt for less than her optimum? Why, for example, flounder through life with thin, limp, disobedient hair just because it runs in the family, when wonderful Wella is at hand? In fact, Wella Balsam has hair-conditioned so many heads that the company has decided to launch a new version—Wella Balsam with Extra Body. This, like the original Balsam, works with lightning speed, gives a feeling of abundance and polish by permeating each strand of hair and supplying it with silkening, luxury-giving properties in a unique Wella kind of way. A body-giving blessing, too, for hair that has been buffeted about with too many chemicals or too much weather. The mane becomes more do-able and, what is nicest of all, infinitely more touchable. Could that be why a chicerino we know says, "I shampoo my hair three times a week, so I use Wella Balsam three times a week. It's part of my hairkeeping."

This little wiglet goes all ways

Every girl who gets around a lot should have a working knowledge of First Aid. What to do with a collapsed hairdo? How to resuscitate a pouffy bang that comes all over seedy five minutes before you leave the house? Immediate and inventive help is to be had from Carousel Fashions' new Flex-A-Curl, a jazzy little brace of Dynel tresses that attach to your own hair or wig in a flash, and are as agile and bendable as twin acrobats. Pin them on as bangs, coil them into a smacking-great chignon, fluff them—together or singly—under your top hair for fullness and height. Take your choice from twenty-four specially blended shades. (A set of frosteds might mingle well with your monocoloured hair.) Flex-A-Curl can do very nearly everything but grow. Dip-dry washable, need we add. $10 for set of two.

New gel in town

This year's bathing beauty winner has just got to be a gel, if for no other reason than its gorgeous gloppy texture. There are plainly loads of reasons, from what we hear re Bristol-Myers new Moisturelle gel, which works with equal enthusiasm in tub or shower, foams up like a fountain as it hits the water, thorough-cleans you all over, and, if that weren't enough, behaves like a deodorant. There are two versions: pink for girls, green for boys.

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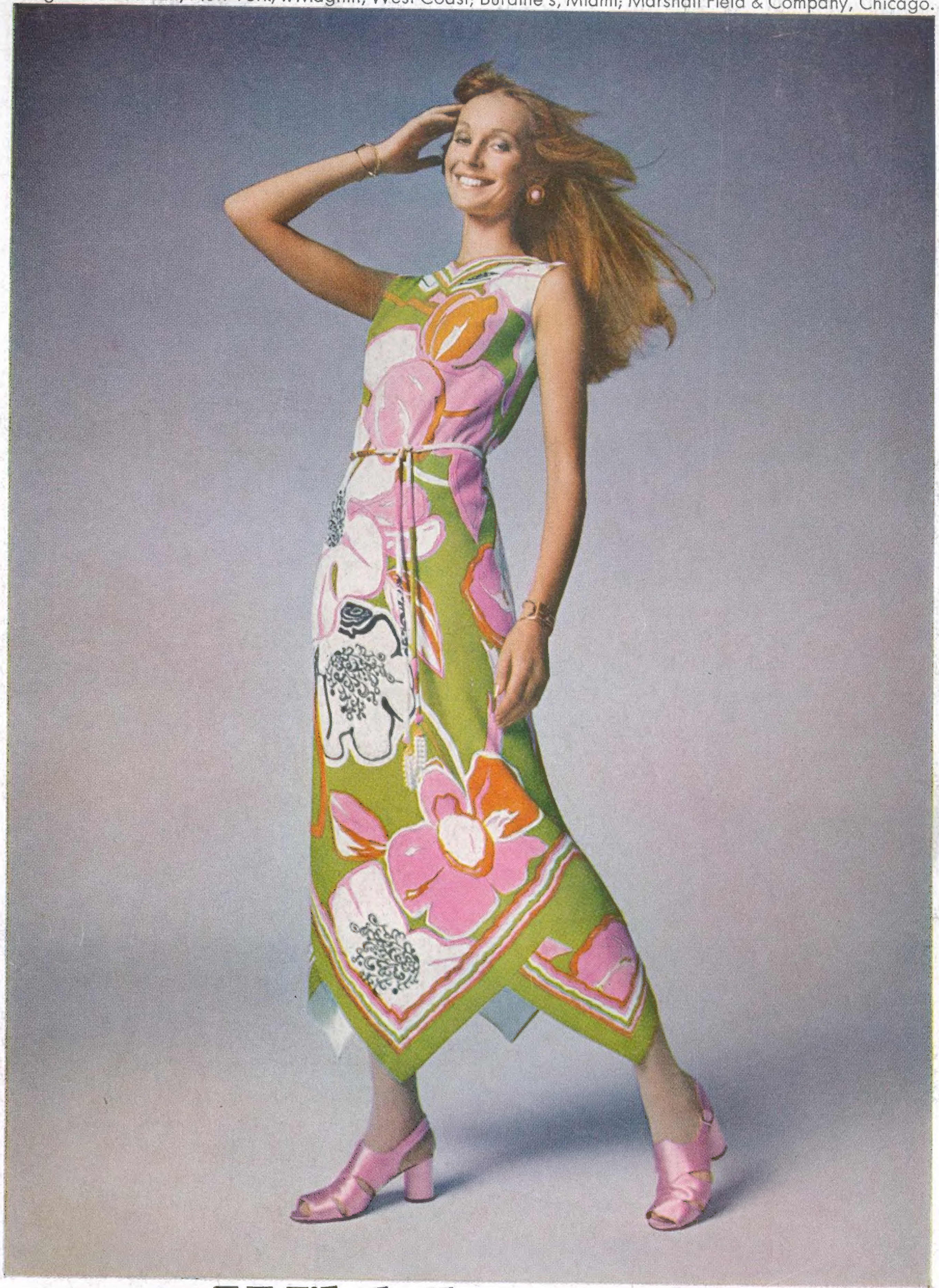

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